

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1991

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



THE SPEED EPIDEMIC:

AUSTRALIA'S WORST
DRUG PLAGUE

UNBELIEVABLE!

MORE WEIRD FORUM LETTERS

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

Before you buy a hi-fi it's best to get a few quotes.

Never before in the history of high fidelity sound has a range of hi-fi equipment received such rave reviews from the world's experts.

NAD, standing for New Acoustic Dimension, is a European company which set the entire hi-fi world on its ear by providing the previously unheard of. Superlative quality sound at a ridiculously low price.

We're not just talking about superior sound performance to competitors in NAD's price bracket, we're talking about superior performance to competitors at any price.

As you can imagine, this really put the woofers amongst the tweeters.

Just how much it did, you can judge from the following:

"Nothing gives us more enjoyment than that rare event of finding a product to rave over and the cheaper the product the bigger the thrill. So when something (like this NAD) comes along that is both ridiculously cheap and ridiculously good, we tend to get rather ridiculous."

HI FI ANSWERS-(U.K.)

"What makes this receiver congenial to knob-shy listeners is that fact that it hides

its sophistication behind a facade of rare simplicity. In welcome contrast to gaudy models speckled with flashing lights that make them seem like refugees from a penny arcade, NAD opts for visual reticence. In terms of audio styling, this is Saville Row. Front panels are dark, matte and muted. Controls are happily kept to an unconfusing minimum but amply serve all normal needs."

NEW YORK TIMES-(U.S.A.)

"All in all, this new NAD compact disc player is an obvious sonic winner. As a further bonus, its front panel controls are a pleasure to use, in contrast to (others, which are) baulky, frustrating and touch sensitive."

I.A.R. HOTLINE-(U.S.A.)

"Clearly the tuner is far above average: indeed there is no other we know of that can match its overall measured performance."

STEREO REVIEW-(U.S.A.)

"The NAD 6220 is a new cassette deck on the market and is yet another example of (NAD) putting all of their effort and most of their budget into producing a machine with excellent sound quality performance rather than offering lots of

extra facilities. It is this very excellence of sound quality at a low price that gains this player the winner's prize in the budget category this year (1986)."

WHAT HI FI-(U.K.)

"If you believe that I'm impressed with NAD equipment you're right. In some 25 years of audio experience I have rarely encountered such fine sounding equipment at such realistic prices."

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH-(AUSTRALIA)

"...the NAD 5120 (turntable) stands out for me as the most interesting to listen to. Quite simply it allows you to hear more of the music than any of the other three, (Sansui, Harman/Kardon or B&O)."

POPULAR HI FI-(U.K.)

"In fact, the NAD units had such a good measured performance that no product (of the five) in this group could manage significantly better, which is astonishing (since all were double or triple the price and very highly regarded). It is directly due to the ability of their London based designer Bjorn-Erik Edvardson. As a comparative guide, I have never tested a Japanese amplifier that could match the NAD in this sort of detail!"

NEW HI FI SOUNDS-(U.K.)

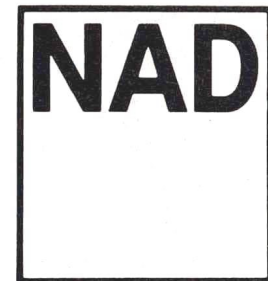
"In the case of the NAD 3020, we're dealing with an inexpensive, modest integrated amplifier. Don't let that fool you. It is capable of real-world performance far in excess of what its specifications indicate and cannot be judged by the same standards as other equipment in its price or power class. Quite simply, it's one of the best buys in audio."

STEREO/HI FI EQUIPMENT-(U.S.A.)

Now you've read what the hi-fi critics had to say. (Although you couldn't say they found much to criticise.)

However, if you can hardly believe your eyes at what you've just read, you are cordially invited to visit the specialist NAD dealer near you or phone (02)597 1111 for further information.

We're confident you won't have any trouble believing your ears.



"Ridiculously good.
Ridiculously cheap."

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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 12 No 2/February 1991 Black Label Edition

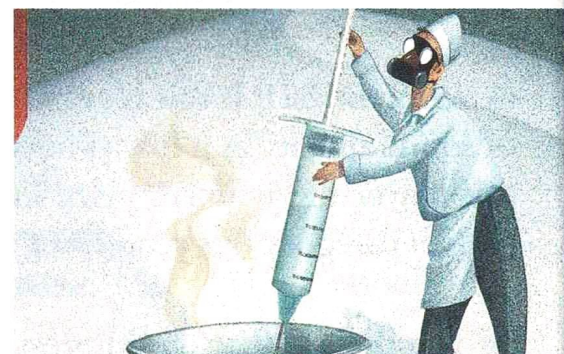


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Australian and New Zealand Editorial and Advertising Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655.

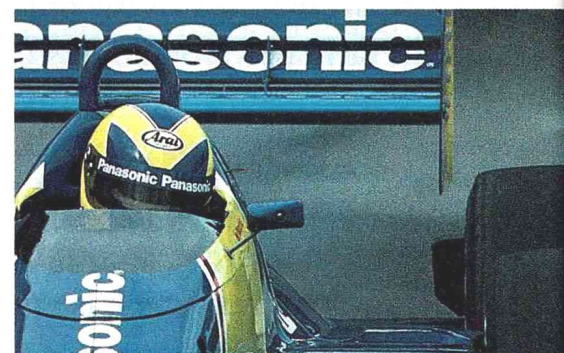
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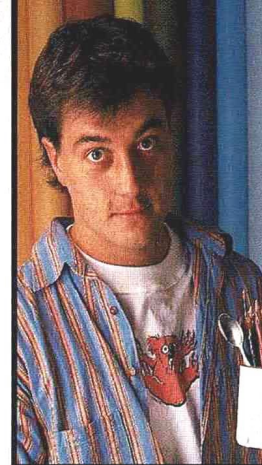
Pet Of The Month



The Indy Car Invasion



Lifers



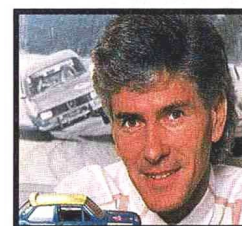
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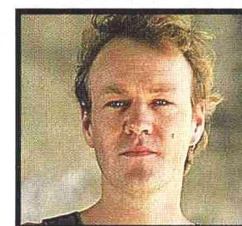
ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO



NIGEL BUCHANAN



PETER MCKAY



JOHN FARRELL

HOUSECALL

NO SPEED LIMIT

Amphetamines are threatening to overtake marijuana as Australia's illicit drug of choice, riding on the back of a cottage industry that promises huge profits at virtually zero risk. Crime reporter Linda Carter reveals that the rapidity of the speed boom has caught local police unawares and with hardly a clue what to do about it. Nigel Buchanan illustrated an important investigation starting on page 34.

MORE WEIRD FORUMS

Sure are some kinky readers out there. Overwhelming public demand has forced us to delve back into the Forum files with gloved hands to extract another batch of the weirdest, wildest, nuttiest and plain stupidest letters submitted to this journal in its 11-year history. Relax, breathe deeply, open your mind wide and turn to Eric Lobbecke's illustration on page 50.

THE INDY CAR INVASION

In March this year the American Indy car circus will hit Surfers Paradise for the first time at 1000 decibels. About the same noise level is being generated by the heavies of the Formula One establishment, who appear hell-bent on stopping the Indy car incursion at just about any cost. On page 54, Motoring Editor Peter McKay presents the inside story of an ugly automotive and political shiftfight.

FLATMATES FROM HELL

Never before have so many people shared so much of their lives with total strangers — flatmates who often hail from a murky netherworld you never thought existed. In one of her funniest contributions to *Penthouse*, Jean Norman presents a modern demonology describing the eight distinct species of flatmates from Hell. Drahos Zak contributed the illustration on page 58.

THE WAR ZONE

Making a lot of money by having sex with women sounds like fun. In reality it's not much more fun than making a little bit of money by having sex with men. From the top end to the pits, from hetero to homo, male prostitution is the same sordid, dangerous, potentially deadly game. Antonella Gambotto's disturbing article starts on page 74.

LIFERS

The outlaw biker ethos has not only endured for four decades, it's actually on the upsurge in the Nineties, with huge crowds turning up at organised "rages" and Harley-Davidsons selling like Ford Lasers. Could it be, asks John Farrell, that after 40 years of raising Hell, these wandering barbarians face their greatest threat — acceptance? Turn to page 88.

WIN A SURROUND SOUND SYSTEM

Surround Sound is a quantum leap forward in home entertainment, creating a 3-D sound effect that makes watching videos a completely new experience. To win a futuristic Pioneer Surround Sound video receiver worth \$2500, just turn to page 104, fill in the coupon and send it to *Penthouse*. Good luck.

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PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

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FOREIGN EDITIONS

France: Editions des Savanes, 65 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, 75008 Paris; Germany: Redaktion PH, RedMag Gesellschaft f. redakt. Leistungen mbH, Postfach 140460, D-8000 Munchen 5; Greece: Nautica Ltd, 66 Posidonos Ave, 17455 Alimos; Holland: European Publishing, 21 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Hong Kong: Yongder Hall Ltd, 661 King's Rd, Quarry Bay; Italy: Cosmopoli srl, Viale Tunisia 41, 20124, Milano; Mexico: Corporacion Editorial s.a. de C.V., Lucio Blanco 435, Col. San Juan, Tihuaca DF 02400; Spain: Editorial Formentera SA, Calle Rocafort 104, 08015 Barcelona; UK: Sightline Publications Ltd, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London e14 9TW.

feedback

Something worth the money

I have been an avid reader of *Australian Penthouse* for six years. I have always found the high standard of pictorial and editorial content refreshing in the light of some of the garbage which passes for journalism on sale at newsstands. The October edition finally convinced me to take up a subscription to the Black Label edition.

The pictorial of Kelly Hall was great, as were the articles by Jean Norman (Looking For Mr Goodbloke) and Greg Hunter (parts 1 & 2 of The Men's Room). I think that in an age of media monopolisation by two or three in the country, it's great that an independent point of view is still expressed in articles such as The Doctor's Dilemma and many others. I feel that this is the second best reason to buy your magazine.

Anyway, I've just received my first Black Label edition and it's great. One thing I do miss is C.J. Mackay's old column, Loose Ends. What happened? Just the same, it's a great magazine. Thanks for something worth the money. — N.V. Abraham, Bankstown, NSW

Marital bliss

You've got to stop putting male nudes in *Penthouse*. The model in the Into The Woods pictorial (Black Label, November) sent my wife into paroxysms, and now she wants me to grow my hair! Seriously, the pics are great. I especially liked Danielle, who has an arse to lie down and die for, and I enjoyed the Jade pictorial too because not only is she a pretty girl, but the setting was imaginative and very Australian. I wouldn't mind being stranded on Mudjimba Island with her. My wife liked the horse. I used to buy the newsstand edition, but discovered that my wife has recently subscribed to the Black Label. She said it was for my birthday, but her motives are a bit suss. — Name and address withheld

Drugs in sport

Congratulations to Grantlee Kieza for The Death Of Sport (November *Penthouse*). It was the most comprehensive, incisive analysis of the drugs-in-sport issue I've read anywhere. But the main reason I enjoyed it was that it confirmed what millions of Australians must have suspected for the past two decades: that in the 1972



Danielle... an arse to lie down and die for

Munich Olympics, our own Raelene Boyle was robbed of the two most prestigious gold medals in women's athletics — the 100m and 200m sprints — by an East German steroid production called Renate Stecher. Raelene Boyle was tragically cheated of the title "fastest woman in the world."

If all Australians had their suspicions, surely Raelene did too. And yet, as far as I know, she never aired them publicly. In fact, I recall that when she was presented with a Sportswoman Of The Year award on television some time after the event, she was unable to speak, broke down into tears, and simply uttered the words: "I love my sport." It was a moving sight, made all the more poignant by the widely-held view, subsequently confirmed, that she ought to have won gold instead of silver at Munich. How much more would she have loved her sport if it were not riddled, even in those days, with illegal drug abusers?

Here's to you, Raelene. Australians will remember your unassuming manner and your uncomplaining sportsmanship for many years to come. — Richard Wilson, Newcastle, NSW

Svelte Sasha

I praise your magazine on its articles and, most of all, your very beautiful girls pictured each month. The one and only re-

quest I have is that you feature more girls like svelte Sasha. Not only has she got drop-dead good looks but she has taken the time to shave her pussy. Maybe I'm kinky, but I find, as I feel many others do, a bald pussy very attractive. — K Reid, Kingsford, NSW

The one that got away

I enjoyed Jean Norman's article "Looking For Mr Goodbloke" (October *Penthouse*) and, allowing for journalistic license, she does mention some of the problems people find in looking for the "ideal mate."

The psychologist's solution — relax and let it happen, and don't go looking for it — takes much of the tension and desperation out of the quest.

But it's just as well to consider one reason why matchmaking agencies don't get hoped-for results: the smorgasbord approach. When you have a smorgasbord, you sample varied dishes and taste the mixture of flavors. So, too, in a match-making agency, each individual is only one of several different "flavors" to be sampled: he/she is compared with the competition. Each of us longs to be loved for himself/herself, warts and all, but the uniqueness of each person is lost — they're only one in a crowd. Ironically enough, the agency that promises the widest possible selection of "models" may be doing a disservice to their clients.

We're not cars coming off an assembly line: each wants to be valued in our own right. And let's consider we marry "for better or worse." Don't worry about the one that got away. — Geoff Muir, St Kilda, Vic

Fishy business

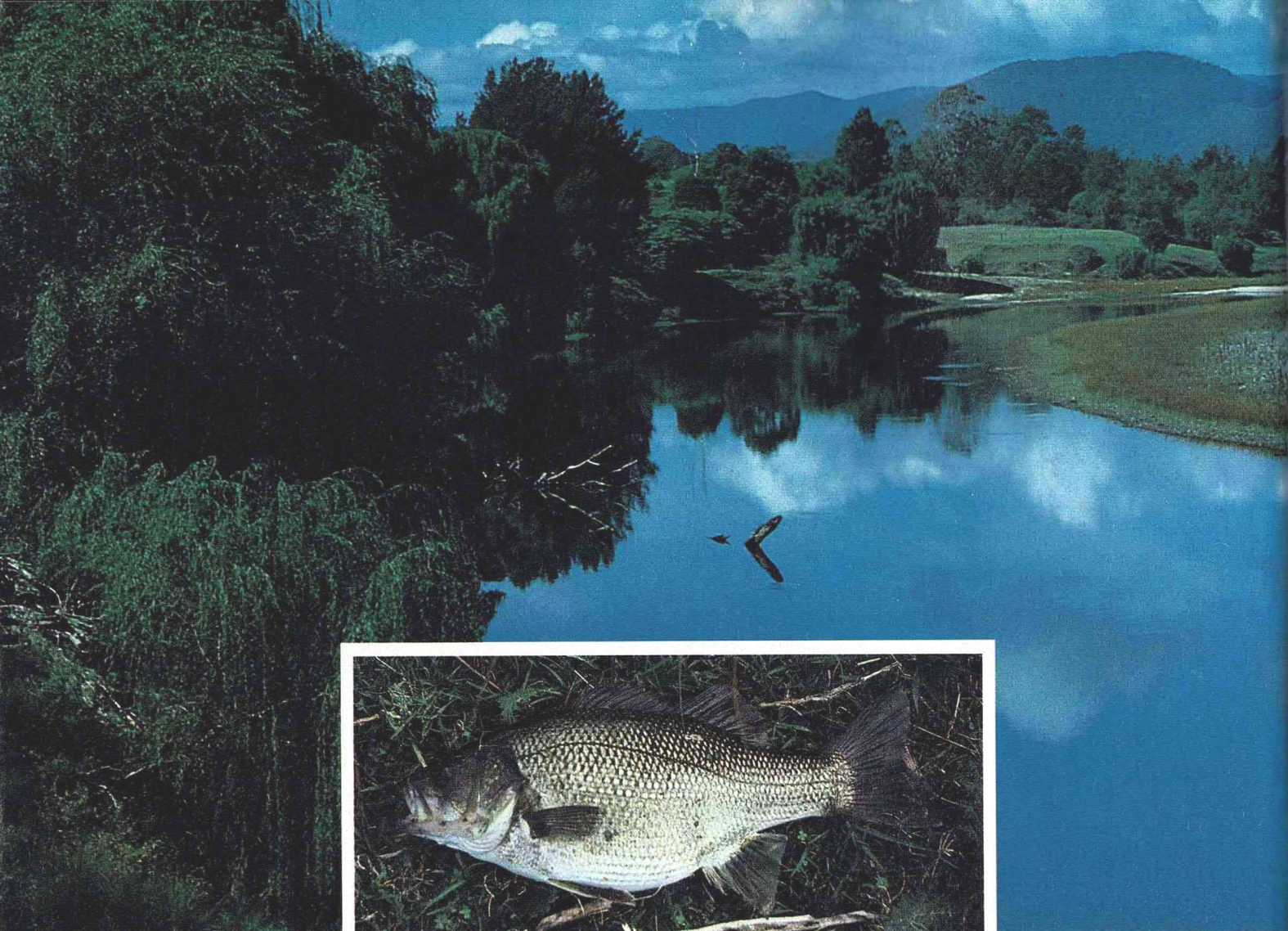
We (crew of *F/V Inspiration*) vote 5:1 that the October centrefold is the best looking thing on two legs (the 1 being the cook's vote). The trainee engineer is infatuated with her luscious body so much that he can't stop sniffing her (been at sea for a while). This has given me the idea of a scratch and sniff calendar or a scratch and sniff centrefold (for true deviates like fishermen). I hope this doesn't offend the Ed or any of your girls. Keep up the good mag — I'd subscribe, but we haven't been catching much lately. — Gilligan, *F/V Inspiration*, WA

LADIES' CHOICE.



The Seiko Designer Collection range of bracelet and strap models feature the latest in watch designs along with the established classics, enabling you to choose the style that suits you best. Seiko. The world's most wanted watch.

SEIKO
Designer Collection



The Lure of the Bass

The Australian Bass (*Macquaria novemaculeata*) is a first class gamefish. This indigenous species inhabits most of the east coast river systems from Fraser Island in the north to Lakes Entrance in Victoria.

Pressure from rural and urban land use has affected the habitat of the bass and distribution and abundance has been reduced. Work carried out by the Brackish Water Fish Culture Research Station, Port Stephens, on artificial breeding, and by the University of N.S.W. aimed at understanding ecology problems, has done much to help make the future of the Australian Bass more secure.

Tackle used is usually a light baitcasting or spinning outfit with lines from 2kg. to 5kg. Several methods are effective for bass fishing such as plug casting, flycasting, spinning, natural baits, with plug casting and spinning being most favoured. The bass will attack lures with zest, and the most famous lure of them all is the Flopy.



Flopy lures

Successful fishermen swear by them!



Shakespeare

FINE FISHING TACKLE

THE BEST WAY TO FISH

The Flopy, a floating/diver, has a unique bib that can be adjusted for working the lure deep or shallow. Accurate casting is essential when seeking bass. Placing the lure in likely looking spots, the skill of the retrieve, the aggressive strike and fight to the net, add up to a sporting challenge made possible by the incomparable Flopy. Most popular is the medium size 7g., whilst the 3g. scores well on ultra light gear.

Randy

My girlfriend has recently gone on a residential course in northern NSW and as it is only 200 kms away, I sometimes visit her on Sundays. The last time I visited I decided to make a weekend of it so I hired a caravan for the Saturday night. After organising the caravan, I headed off to one of the nudist beaches for a swim and to check out the scenery.

It was still pretty early and as I was the only one about, I stripped off and headed into the water. After about half an hour I'd had enough and as I headed back to my towel I noticed to my delight that there was a young lady sunbathing on her back very close by. I suddenly had visions of fucking this woman and my dick started acting accordingly. She was watching me, I could tell. She then lifted herself on to her elbows, her large tits standing out firmly.

"Hi," she called out, smiling, "I'm Randy." She licked her lips and lifted and spread her legs, exposing her shaved pussy. I could see wetness on her cunt lips.

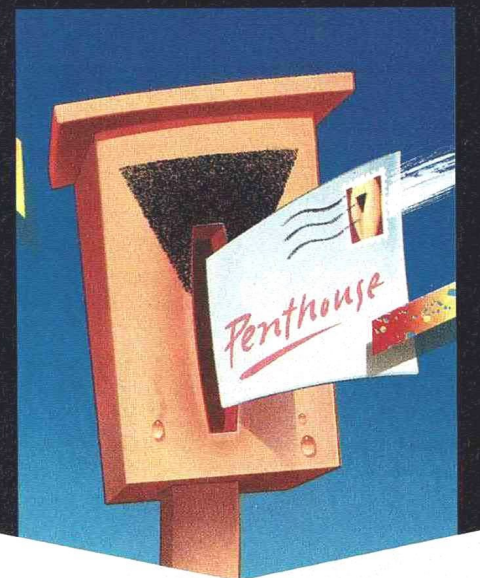
"Hello," I replied, "I'm Dick." I grabbed my towel and gear and asked if she minded me joining her.

"Be a pleasure," she replied, her eyes glued to my throbbing cock. As I laid out my towel she grabbed a banana from her bag and peeled it.

"One thing though," she said, easing the banana into her pussy. "You've got to eat this banana before you can fuck me."

I ran my hand over her tits and down her belly to her bare clit and beyond, to the banana being sucked into her cunt. She got it all the way in and then grabbed my raging boner and pushed me down on to my back. As she lowered her shaved, banana-filled cunt on to my face she said: "Let's eat bananas!"

She kissed the head of my cock and then engulfed it deeply in her mouth and started pumping and sucking it for all she was worth. Meanwhile I was licking her cunt lips and clit and playing with her arsehole. She was really squirming and then the banana started to come out. Remembering her words, I started chewing



forum

on it and let me tell you, it was the best banana I've ever eaten. Randy was coming continuously.

After I finished the banana Randy said: "Bummer, here come some people," as she slid off me. I told her that I had a caravan.

"Let's go," she said. So we gathered up our gear, got dressed and headed for the van. On the way back we discussed what we would like to do to each other.

Once there we frantically ripped off our clothes. Randy bent over the bench and I caressed her buttocks and slipped my pulsing cock into her cunt. We fucked like this for a while until she came again and then I pulled out of her and she lay down on the bed. I straddled her chest and placed my dripping cock between her tits, which she held together. I started tit-fucking her and she licked the head of my dick whenever it was close enough.

"Come," she breathed. "I want to feel you spurt all over my face!" That drove me over the edge and I came, spurt after spurt on to her beautiful face. I moved my cock up and spread my come all over her face. Randy then took my shrinking cock into her mouth and I twisted around so I could bury my tongue and fingers in her cunt. Before long, I was hard again and Randy was being rocked by another orgasm. I turned around and entered her again and we fucked gently for some time while I

sucked her nipples and fondled her tits.

After another orgasm Randy said: "OK, Dick, let's do it." We uncoupled and she got on to her knees with her arse in the air. I grabbed the KY Jelly and smeared some on her arsehole. Then I brought my dick up and slowly and gently eased it up her arse. We got into a rhythm — she was tight, tight. Before long she had me shooting my load deep inside her arse. We had a little rest and then Randy had to go — to meet her boyfriend. Before she left we arranged to meet the following weekend. I then had to go and pick up my girlfriend and we had a very nice weekend. Now I'm trying to work out how to get the two girls together and even if I don't, I'm looking forward to next weekend. —

Name and address withheld

Up the mast

I own a yacht docked on a jetty in Brisbane Water. On Saturday, while working on my boat, I heard someone calling me. I turned to find an attractive woman standing on the pier. Apologising for bothering me, she asked if I could help her change a flat tyre. I followed her around the corner to where her car was.

Her Mercedes sports coupe definitely had a puncture. I got out the spare and the tools and checked the woman out. She was fairly tall in her heels and had an aura of cultured elegance and expensive taste. Despite the late afternoon heat, she looked as if she was in for a night of refined entertainment. Under her loose, dark jacket was a high-collared, form-fitting Chinese dress. The thin, royal blue silk outlined her trim but sensuous body, moulding to her small high tits, narrow waist and firm arse. Her dress was knee-length but had slits up to her thighs, displaying her long, shapely legs. Her simple pearl earrings and choker complemented her makeup and short black hair, while matching the soft, smooth lustre of her skin. This was the woman of my wet dreams.

She introduced herself as Lynn. Upon discovering that she didn't know how to change a tyre, I explained as I went along.



If you'd like to know more about our little town and its people, drop us a line.

THERE AREN'T MANY TOWNS where hound dog pups are sold on Main Street. But Lynchburg, Tennessee is one. And just a short distance from where such transactions are occurring is Jack Daniel's Distillery ... where the citizens of our town have pridefully made Tennessee Whiskey since 1866. We don't know if living at such a leisurely pace helps us make a smoother product. But after your first sip of Jack Daniel's, we think you'll agree it isn't doing any harm.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 13654/A

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forum

Lynn squatted down to watch me remove the nuts. As she did, her dress fell away, giving me a free view right up to her lacy garters and creamy inner thighs. The wheel spanner slipped and struck me in the groin. I groaned in surprise and gritted my teeth. Lynn gasped and asked if I was all right. I nodded, and finished changing her tyre.

When I had finished, Lynn offered to pay me for my trouble. I refused to accept any money, but accepted her offer of a drink later. She smiled, saying that she was late for a dinner date, but would be calling me.

Later that night I heard footsteps on the jetty. Going topside, I found Lynn with a bottle of champagne, which she promptly offered in payment for my helping her. I accepted the bottle, pointing out that I never drink alone. Then I invited her aboard. She was delighted.

The cabin was cramped and hot with two people. Slipping off her heels, she sat on the bunk and tucked her legs beneath her. As she shifted for comfort, her dress gradually crept up her thighs, providing an ample view of her lacy crotch. This tempting sight made me hotter, and I pulled off my shirt. Lynn removed her jacket, unveiling a bare-backed dress and her deliciously smooth, creamy skin. The front of the dress hinted at her naked tits.

Lynn was telling me that she worked as a freelance private secretary to travelling businessmen. I quipped that given her expensive tastes, the job must pay well. She said that it had certain benefits, especially when her clients' personal needs were taken care of. The implication left me speechless.

Lynn laughed softly and explained that her present employer was an English executive who called her whenever he was in Australia. Being rather elderly, he required little of her attention after dinner to put him to sleep for the night. This explained her night off.

I couldn't imagine this demure woman sleeping with her aging client, but my body reacted instantly with a bulge that was difficult to conceal. Lynn inquired about my obvious arousal, so I joked that my tool had been a bit aroused at this afternoon's sweaty workout.

"Oh," she said, in feigned dismay. "Is there anything I can do?" Without hesitation I dropped my shorts and freed my hard-on. Lynn's eyes widened as I revealed my one-eyed monster. She wrapped her fingers around me, and her hot, velvet tongue flicked over my swollen, purple head. Her sucking lips worked in practised harmony with sliding hands. I groaned in utter enjoyment.

The pressure in my balls was building rapidly. Sensing this, Lynn removed her talented mouth, gripping my throbbing cock at its base. She held me as the urge

to come passed. "Your tool doesn't seem to have a problem," she smiled. "In fact, I'd say it's harder than a wheel spanner." I stammered that I would never know for sure until I put it to the test.

Lynn let go of me and stood up. Tantalisingly she lifted her tight dress to her waist, revealing the most minuscule panty ever to cover a pussy. It was nothing more than a small piece of lace hiding her twat, its thin bands stretched and tied high over her hips.

With a tug on each bow Lynn undid her G-string, letting it float gently to the floor. Her black bush was sparse and neatly shaped into a tiny triangle that pointed to a pair of clean-shaven pussy lips. Fully engorged with her heightened arousal, her labia formed a sharp slit, but parted slightly at her cunt, which dripped with the sweet juices of her sexual excitement.

I buried my face in her tender folds, greedily slurping her musky ambrosia as my hands kneaded her arse. My tongue probed her honey-box, then lapped the length of her love-trench before swirling around her bright red clit. Lynn was rocking on the balls of her feet, her snatch rapidly jerking at my face. She was running her hands up and down the muscles of my shoulders, groaning softly. I felt her grow taut and tense. Then she suddenly gripped my arms hard and let out a cry. Her whole body gave a violent shudder as she came.

As I looked up, she opened her eyes and unhooked her halter. Her breasts were small and upturned but her nipples were huge. Each ruby-red nipple was nearly three-quarters of an inch long and very wide. Lunging upward, my lips engulfed them eagerly. I sucked them into my mouth, letting them slowly slip between my lips. Her legs spread wide and I rubbed my dick head up and down her drenched slash. With a sudden thrust of my hips, I pushed into her tight wet cunt.

Clinging to me, she moaned as her heels locked behind me, propelling me deeper into her snatch. Her love fluids sloshed as they were churned to froth by my long, penetrating strokes. They gushed out, flowing freely between her widespread legs. She gasped as I went steadily deeper, and redoubled her wriggling, begging me for more.

I was on the verge of coming when she gripped my cock. We rolled on to the bunk and she sat on me as she stripped her dishevelled dress from her body. She held my mast and lowered herself slowly on to it. Dripping with sweat, she took me inside, stopping only to shift her hips for a better angle.

Sensually, she moved up and down and squeezed me with her red-hot snatch muscles. She moaned and pushed, then sighed as my cock hit home. She started to rock back and forth. I lifted my hips to meet her downward strokes. She rode me

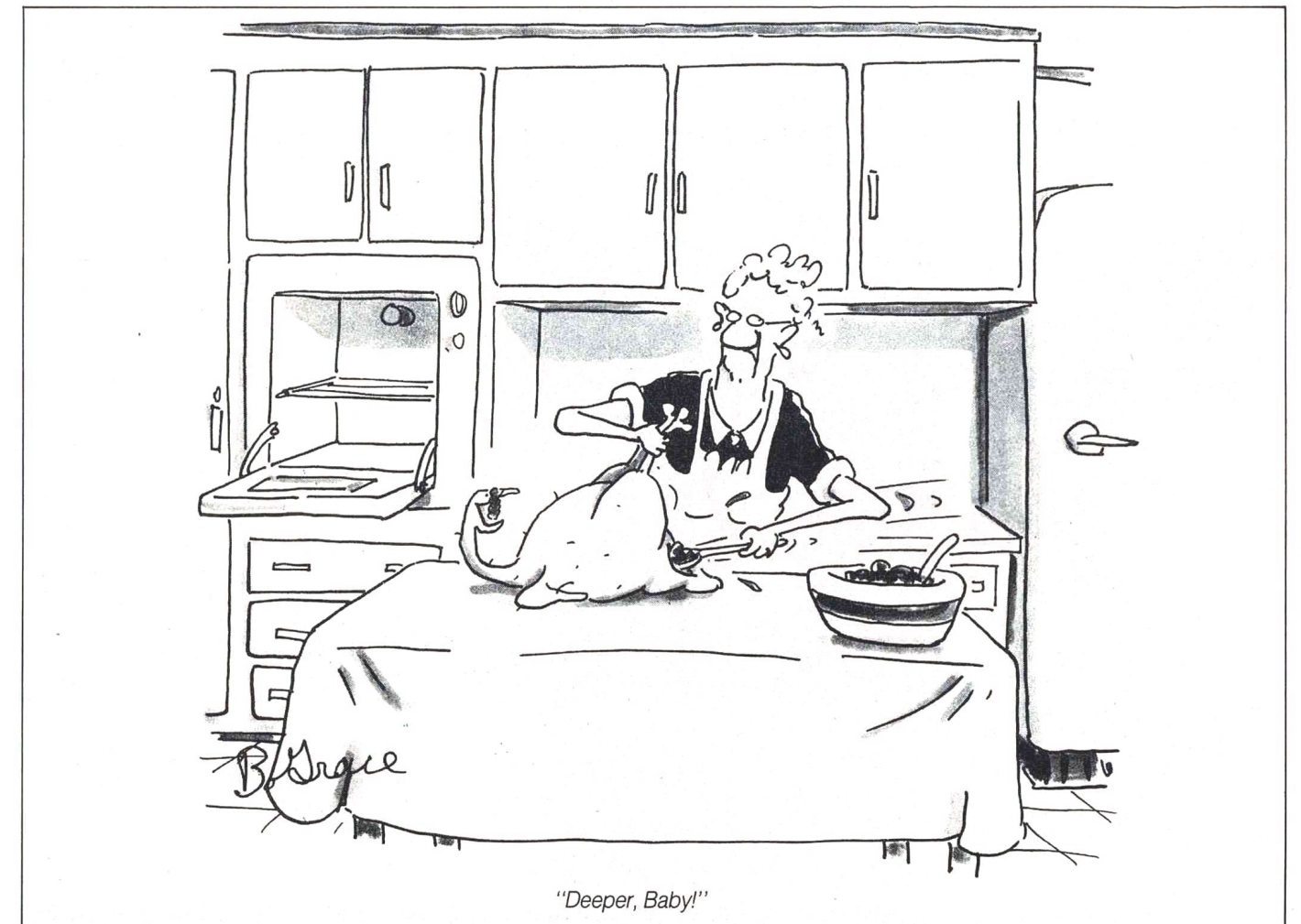
like a limo, smooth and fast. Her eyes were shut and her head thrown back, with delicate lines of sweat running from her hair and down her neck. I could feel her tensing up again, building towards a climax. She came with a wild jerk and a shrill cry, and her cunt contracted around my dick. I lost control completely, thrusting upward to the hilt and spewing bursts of hot come right up into her.

We were worn out, and collapsed to sleep in a hot, sweaty bundle. We still get together when she's between clients. She's a seasoned sailor, quickly getting up and down my mast. — *Name and address withheld*

Back to the future

My story begins when I was inadvertently informed about a very special lady friend's recent personal problems. It had been 12 years since we had spoken to each other, although I had tried in vain for that not to be the case. In my heart I was still in love with her and have never been able to shake her from my thoughts. This is why I now live in Queensland, hoping a Gold Coast beauty can help me forget her and enjoy life again. But even here I've had trouble forgetting her.

I decided to write to her care of an address I knew she frequented — I didn't know her personal address. But fearing rejection yet again, I waited a full month before being brave enough to post it. The



"Deeper, Baby!"

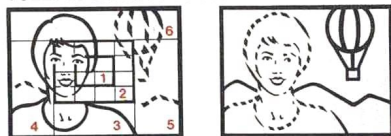
Ahh! That's better.



ACTUAL
SIZE

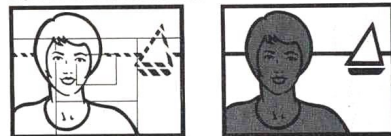
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FUZZY LOGIC AUTO FOCUS



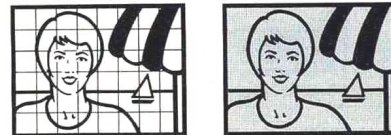
SANYO ZEEMA
There are 6 auto focus sections. 1 and 2 are further broken into 16 smaller sections for handling data in finer detail. Ordinary Digital Auto Focus has only 6 sections.

FUZZY LOGIC AUTO IRIS



SANYO ZEEMA
The Fuzzy Logic auto iris recognises lighting priority across zones 1, 2 and 3. Ordinary camcorders only read the brightest object and underexpose or lose the main subject in darkness.

NEW 64 SECTION TTL AUTO WHITE BALANCE



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Zeema's 64 section TTL auto white balance compares detailed colour data from each area to give a perfect white balance. Ordinary white balancing is effected by differing light sources for the subject and camcorder or by a strong dominant colour creating the possibility of incorrect balance.



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reply came back within days and to my astonishment she greeted my letter very warmly. In fact she even apologised for many of her actions years before, saying she had been very immature.

We decided to see each other again, but on a "we'll see what happens" basis - it had been such a long time that maybe we wouldn't get along like we used to. I decided to fly down to see her, as that was the quickest way. I also couldn't be away for any longer than 24 hours because of work.

She met me at the airport and we headed straight for home to talk and enjoy the three-course meal she had prepared for me. While we talked and ate dinner I became increasingly aware of the sexual attraction that I've always had for this beautiful woman. It became increasingly difficult to keep my thoughts on the conversation. Little did I realise she was having the same problem.

After dinner we settled in front of the TV and talked some more. Suddenly she decided she would change into her nightie and nightgown, as the dress she was wearing was rather formal. I dismissed any ideas this might have aroused, as I felt that a silly move on my part could ruin everything again. I did no more than stroke her hand and kiss her occasionally as the night went on. Then I went to bed in her spare room.

I left in the morning, happy that everything had gone well. She was very much the same person I'd known years before. She told me, before I flew home, that she would like to have a holiday in Queensland soon and could she stay at my place? What a question!

We made arrangements for her to come up the following month, which was as early as was possible for her. Her first letter following my return home told me how comfortable she had felt with me and that I had helped her in a small way to forget her problems. In fact, she said, she had thought of having sex that night. She also confided that the reason she had changed her dress was because she was getting hotter and wetter with these thoughts. By the time we had decided to go to bed, juice was running down the insides of her thighs and she couldn't stop it. I almost went crazy with lust reading this letter. The reason she hadn't said anything at the time, she admitted, was that she didn't want to appear a sex maniac.

Our sex life before had always been fantastic and we were always very open with each other. But reading this after having thought of the possibilities at the time nearly drove me mad.

We met at the airport and I took her home before going to work. All sorts of things were running through my head. Is this really happening? Am I dreaming? I

just couldn't believe it. When I arrived home after a what seemed like an endless day, I was greeted with a passionate kiss and firm hug. After a brief conversation we ended up tangled together on the lounge in a very passionate embrace. I decided to do some exploring, so, with a heart absolutely racing in anticipation, I gently caressed all parts of her body, teasing myself before going any further as we had always done before.

Slowly I started to lift her loose, flowing dress up her legs, kissing them as they be-

came more and more exposed. She was squirming like a snake at this stage because she knew what I was going to do and how much I enjoy kissing and licking her beautifully perfumed pussy. As I reached the ultimate prize I found to my delight that she had already removed her panties and shaved that treasured spot as clean as a whistle while I was at work. She looked down at me to see my reaction and gave me the most beautiful, lusty grin which could only say: "DO IT."

So I began to lick up all the hot juice that

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surrounded her very puffy pussy lips. She groaned loudly as my tongue once again introduced itself to its favorite pussy and clit. I happily and slowly continued my tongue dance according to the moans of pleasure echoing from this sexy and beautiful woman who I had missed so much for so long. I was in heaven, living every moment with her as the dance continued.

All too soon she began to have small — and then gradually longer — stomach convulsions. She moaned loudly, while, in time with her movements, I brought her to orgasm with my tongue. We almost fell off the couch because of her furious bucking. It was absolutely delightful — I'm happy to have sex like that with this woman and not need or expect anything in return. But she feels exactly the same way and always repays my efforts.

My cock was now hard enough to crack fleas with and seeing this, she released it from my shorts and immediately pounced on it like a cat catching a mouse. She slowly lubricated my full length with her mouth and tongue and tried valiantly to swallow the whole thing but couldn't quite complete it. Is there a more exciting sight when having sex with someone special than having them open their mouth and swallow your dick?

I don't know if there is. I suppose I'm fortunate because I don't have problems as far as premature ejaculation is concerned, but when receiving head from someone it can be too long before I come. So to help matters along, and for a change in routine, a bottle of baby oil suddenly appeared. My lady took to it like crazy, seemingly delighted in holding and manipulating her toy while still sporting that lusty grin. Soon the feeling of a pending explosion came upon me and she immediately replaced her hand with her mouth and caught the full load of love juice without spilling a drop. She gave me another look that said: "Delicious." She had never done that to me before, but I'm sure she's going to do it again. — *Name and address withheld*

Weekend poker

Peter and I have been married nearly three years, and while our sex life can be exciting if we make the effort, I find myself falling into the old routine of once or twice a week in the bedroom, thank you.

My husband is much older than I, and has been married before, so he's always on the make for a good fuck, as if every one could be his last. These days, it usually takes a bit to get me excited, like reading Forum or reading a sexy book. But after last month, I can't seem to get enough.

One of my girlfriends at work and I have become good friends socially and our hus-

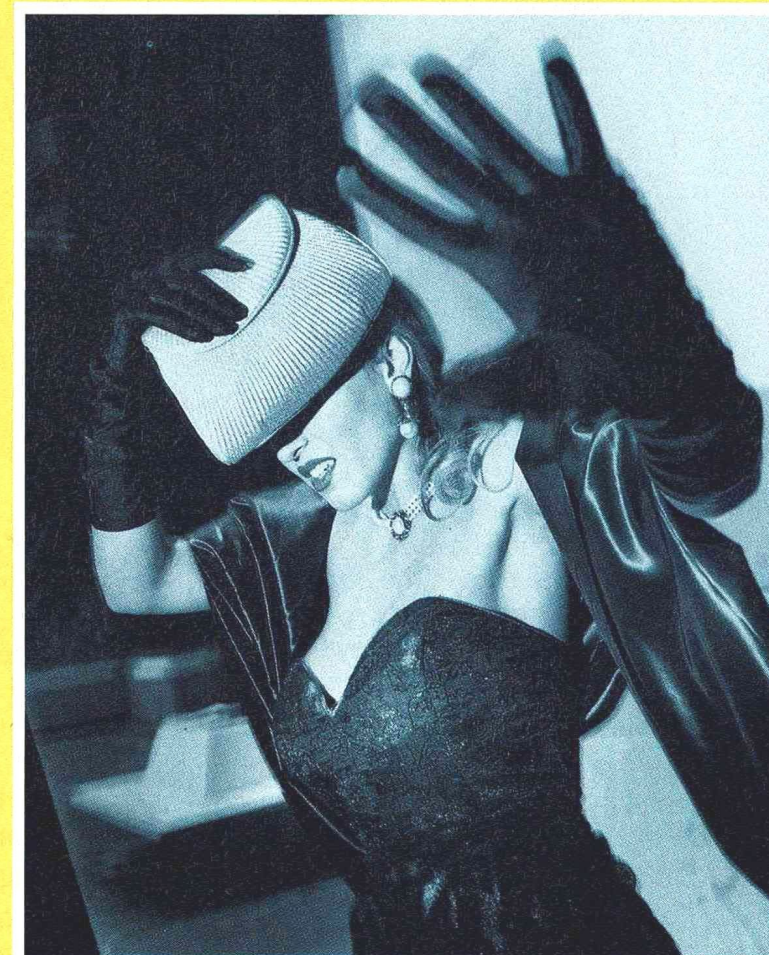
bands get on extremely well. We usually get together of a weekend to have a few drinks and a meal and just wind down. My girlfriend's husband is Neil; her name is Rita. He is quite an attractive man and likes to wear tight jeans to advertise his assets. I also know from my husband that he is an arse man and usually has a good perv on my backside when I wear my tight pants or short skirt. He looks well-hung, but I've never seen his size when he's been excited. Rita, on the other hand, is a big girl all over, and I know my husband

wouldn't mind if her tits fell out on display once in a while.

One recent Saturday evening, we were sitting around talking and having a few drinks, and I suggested as usual, that we play Scrabble. Peter jokingly suggested strip poker and was quickly supported by Neil. We gave them the usual retorts of getting their minds out of the gutter, etc. But after a short while, we laughingly decided to play the men against the women.

Continued on page 107

SALMAN RUSHDIE STILL HIDING OUT IN BRYSON HOTEL



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S E X

FRONT

NAME, CHEQUE AND MATCH

To anyone who has ever put their heart on the production line it may be a statement of the bleeding obvious that Australian introduction agencies don't always deliver the goods. In some cases hopeful clients have been slugged up to \$3000 for services that have, in the end, produced very dubious results. The abuses have been amply documented over the years, but little has changed. *Choice* magazine investigated the blind-date industry late last year and flatly concluded that "self-regulation has not worked."

Choice rang every agency listed in the *Yellow Pages* in Australian major cities — 90 in all — during business hours. Only 36 answered their phones. In Sydney, of a list of 14 members of the Association of Introduction Agencies (the industry's "watchdog", but not recognised by the NSW Department of Business and Consumer Affairs), "only three appeared to be in business at the given address."

Contact magazines provide a cheaper way through the minefield. As well, they allow you to make your own choices rather than having an agency operator tell you what he thinks you need. Although such publications are well established overseas, they are only just starting up in Australia.

One new Australian offering is called *West Australian Men* (PO Box 295 Scarborough, WA 6019), published by Courthouse Holdings Pty Ltd of WA. It advertises itself as a magazine for women, and contains only male listings. However, there is no charge for being listed in it, and no charges at all bar the cover price (\$4.95). It's glossy and well presented, giving photo, profile and address, and leaves the rest up to women who want to write to the guys.

Until the rest of Australia gets itself up and running, the best place to scout is still the overseas magazines.

Cherry Blossoms (190 Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755): Founded in 1974, its monthly 32-page booklets feature 250 ladies from as far afield as Bulgaria, Guyana and Bolivia, as well as Australia. The

booklets are free, but getting the 250 addresses will cost you \$US69.

Pacific Century Club (110 Pacific Ave #208, San Francisco, California 94111): They'll send you a sample eight pages from their 28-page quarterly featuring 325 Asian lovelies. This is one of the classiest, with color pics, bio-data and quotes from the ladies themselves. All have joined by direct contact, and the \$US52 subscription entitles you to write to any of them through a code

A quick guide to the world's contact magazines

number. Addresses are kept confidential and letters are forwarded until the parties wish to share their addresses. Plus, you get your own profile listing and picture circulated privately to the next 800 women who join the club.

Sunshine International (Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745): They run

and occupation. This is still bargain basement stuff, and ICB does swap listings. But it costs only \$US39 for the complete list of names and addresses.

Inter-Pacific (Box 304, Birmingham, Michigan 48012): They've been in business since 1970 and maintain direct contact with the ladies. They offer around 80 monochrome pics on both sides of two A4 sheets giving only age and country (and that is sometimes listed as "Far East" or "Asia"). \$US25 buys you names and addresses.

The Asian Experience (Box 1214, Novato, California 94948): Founded in 1984 by George (American, 57) and Victoria (Filipina, 23) Elkington (he married her when she was 15). Their booklet is thoughtful and comprehensive, and they're the only group that supplies references and testimonials. Their bi-monthly *Asian Presentation* contains 330 vetted ladies: 57 percent Philippines, 17 percent Indonesia, 15 percent Malaysia and 11 percent elsewhere. Rates begin at \$US45 for the current issue with details, going up to \$US325 for a program with all the goodies.

International Publicity (PO Box



a similar service with a few unique quirks. For instance, they'll send you photocopies of the original letters and pictures they receive from the ladies: ten letters at random for \$US25. Single-issue membership (quarterly) costs \$US45, but back issues are only \$US15.

InterContact Burea (Box 12, Stn 'O', Toronto, Canada M4A 1M8): Claims to be the world's largest partner catalogue, and it looks it. It has more than a thousand postage-stamp pictures with age, nationality

and occupation. This is still bargain basement stuff, and ICB does swap listings. But it costs only \$US39 for the complete list of names and addresses.

Happy hunting. — Howard Houck

GET AIR

Cruising up or down the coast with a couple of your mates and your surfboards is an elemental part of Australian beach culture. The first surfing trip I made down the NSW south coast was in 1967.

Myself, two friends and a dog crammed into a Mini Minor and puttered down the Princes Highway with our boards strapped precariously to the roof.

It rained continuously. The Mini's

carby didn't cope and late one night, when the car refused to go any further, we were forced to take shelter in the toilet block at the Kiama blowhole. I remember being woken by the sound of the cleaner's broom on the concrete floor. We weren't exactly travelling in style.

Times change.

The last time I went surfing down south, I climbed into a twin-engined Cessna 310 at Bankstown Airport and was surfing Moruya Wall with only two guys out within an hour. One guy asked me if we'd looked at any other breaks that morning. I replied, "Just every beach between here and Sydney." Understandably he thought I was a yuppie wanker when it was mentioned that we'd just flown in from Sydney.

This is the way to go surfing. Checking the waves from 500 feet at 300 km/h beats just about any other mode of transport except astral travelling.

A few wealthy surfers have been flying light planes to find the best waves fast for years. Nat Young, and some of the Victorian surfwear moguls for whom time is more precious than money, have relished the benefits of flight.

Now there's a commercial air service available for surfers. Based at Bankstown, Get Air is offering three-day surf trips down south, or more extended journeys further afield to

The sky's the limit for the latest surf tours

places like Lord Howe Island and the NSW north coast.

The business is run by 27-year-old Greg Dutch, a well-credentialed surfer and pilot. A seasoned competitive surfer from the notorious Queenscliffe Boardriders Club, Dutch has been using his plane to transport himself to the surf for years. The boom in the surf tour industry prompted him to go commercial.

Surf tours and surf camps have been popping up all over the planet during the last five years. Specialist companies have taken the pain out

of surfing adventures. For a price, they'll take the suburban surfer away from crowds and pollution and straight to a tropical paradise with a minimum of hassles. Colorful brochures are now offering trips to the most faraway spots from Costa Rica to Krakatoa.

Add flight to the formula and the possibilities are unlimited. The majority of Australian country towns have airstrips, many of which are within walking distance of quality breaks.

We flew south following a huge swell which had been closing out

Sydney's city beaches for days. ASP tour competitor Ryan Alagich came along for the ride. Nineteen-year-old Alagich, sponsored by Billabong and Australian Surfer HQ, is another Queenscliffe surfer climbing his way up the professional ratings ladder.

In order to accommodate surfboards in his six-seater light plane, Dutch removes two seats, leaving room for three passengers and their gear.

When the waves at Moruya went off, Ryan jokingly suggested we check out Bells Beach in Victoria. It was a viable option — just a two-

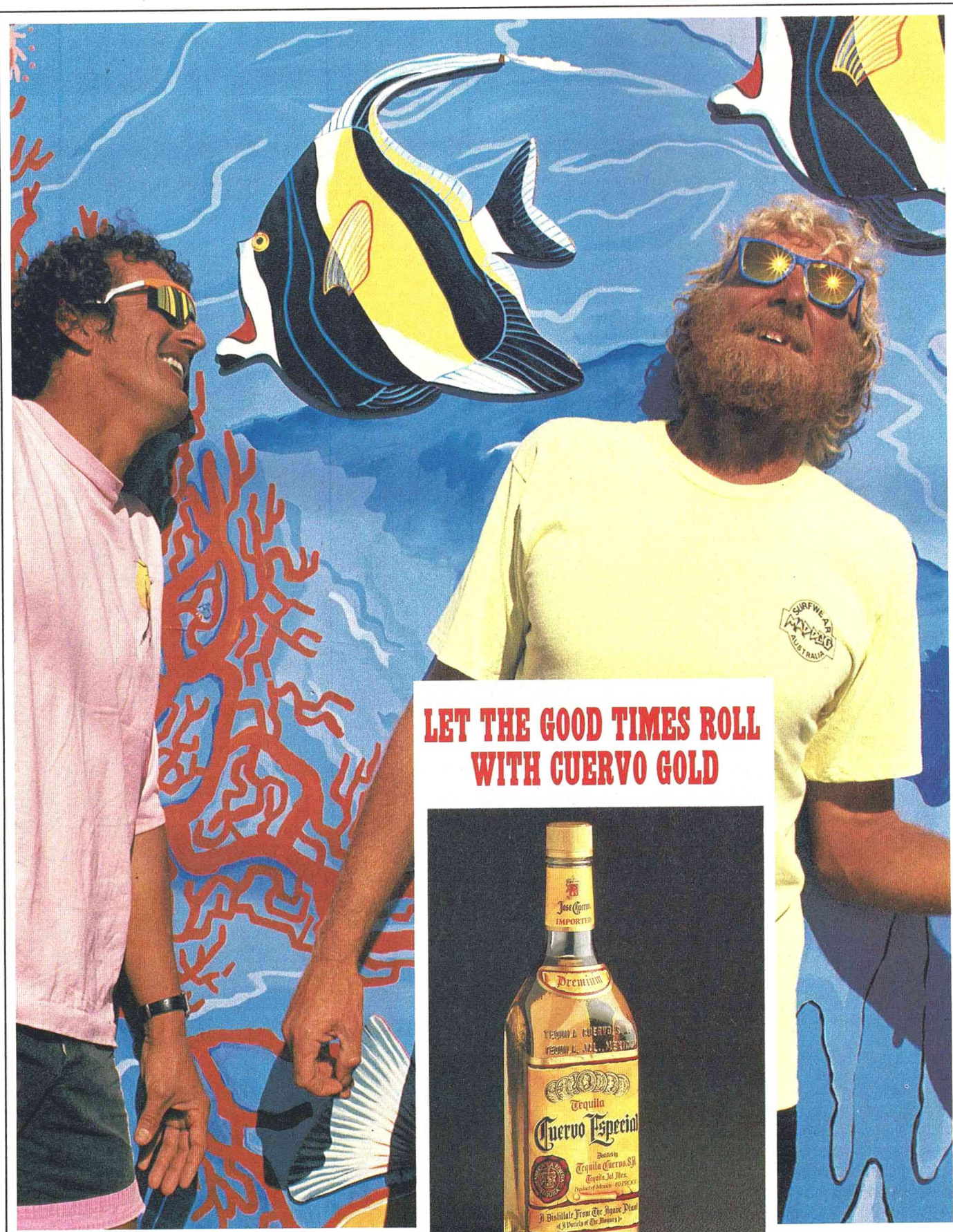
hour flight. And if Bells wasn't cranking we could always have flown on to Flinders Island.

As it was, we made a quick hop to Merimbula. The bar was breaking, so further flying was quite unnecessary. When the waves went flat the next day the crew climbed back into the Cessna and we were back in town in little more than an hour. The message: flying to the surf means more time in the water.

Get Air's bookings can be made through the Sydney-based Surf Travel Company on (02) 527 4722. — Mike Kent

Photos by Peter Simons





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SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES

While strolling through a weekend market, my eyes rested for a moment on a dinky pair of leopardskin shoes. They were real conversation stoppers — shoes to set my feet a-dancing.

"No!" bellowed my wife, The Englishwoman. "You'll look like mutton done up as lamb in those!"

The cheeky stallholder put in his bid. "Buy them, mate," he advised in a thick Glasgow accent. "They'll change your life."

"They'll change his life all right!" shouted the Englishwoman. "I'll divorce him!"

Mediterranean ancestry and upbringing gave me firm ideas on the place of women. It was definitely *not* in menswear selection. I felt sorry for those pathetic Anglo men who submitted to having their physical shortcomings attacked in public. They'd stand around looking sheepish while their women discussed them with a smirking shop assistant as if they were children, or senile.

"His bottom's too big. The jacket has to cover it." "No, no, no!"

difficult to hold at bay. The Englishwoman often refused to take no for an answer. "You're far too naive to be allowed out alone," she would say.

"We'll soon see about that," I thought as I flew to Bali for a legal conference while she stayed at home.

On the traditional "afternoon at leisure", I went shopping. The streets were full of my fellow Australians wearing T-shirts bearing pithy sayings like: I HATE FAT CHICKS. "Nothing quite like ugly Aussies abroad," I thought.

I chanced upon a stall selling some beautifully cut T-shirts. Quite stylish, with Japanese script on them. I'd coveted one for years. Pouncing on the shopkeeper, I bargained myself into a frenzy and bought two. Back at my five-star hotel, I put on one of my new T-shirts and strutted around the foyer and the bar, mingling with the sophisticates from Italy, France and Germany along with some Aussie lawyers and judges. I made lots of disparaging, but witty, remarks about the standard of dress of the Australian tourists. My audience appeared a bit uncomfortable, but I was enjoying myself.

The next day I was homeward-bound, wearing my other T-shirt. At the airport I was stopped in my

By now there were several onlookers, including some of my legal brethren, who were clearly annoyed at the hold-up. Embarrassed and furious, I put on another T-shirt from my suitcase. Once on board, I checked out the offending article.

In utter disbelief, I stared at the

Sometimes it pays to be clobbered by a woman

"Japanese script" as it spelled out the words FUCK OFF. "Jesus!" I gasped. "Half the judges in Australia have seen this!" Feeling sick, I realised that I would never become a High Court judge. My career was as good as over.

At home, the Englishwoman was of course triumphant. And thus she felt justified in giving me more trouble in Singapore the next year. I had to bite the bullet and let her come shopping with me.

She dissuaded me from buying menswear in her typical fashion. "Oh God!" she'd bawl. "You're far too old for that! Leave it for the teenagers!" I had always thought that I was cute enough to be adorable, so the advice stuck in my craw. I bought a casual jacket — the first thing I could lay my hands on — in a men's jeanery.

"You don't look cute!" snorted the Englishwoman. Regardless, I wore it a few times before deciding that I wasn't happy with it. The sleeves were too long and it didn't "sit" properly at the front.

I took it to a tailor. As I put it on, he stared in disbelief. "The buttons are on the wrong side," he grinned. What did he mean? "Men's jackets button left over right. This one buttons the other way."

"Don't be ridiculous," I replied. "I bought it in a men's jean shop."

He smiled. "I'll bet it was cheap. What's this, then?" he asked, grasping the front of the jacket and giving it a sharp, upward tug, making the material bunch up. Weakly, I replied that it didn't quite sit right.

"Of course it bloody doesn't," he laughed. "Those darts in the front allow for breasts. It's a woman's jacket, son. You've been had!"

Thank God The Englishwoman wasn't there. — John Georgeff



Illustration by Kerri Leishman

He looks awful in green, don't you, Wayne?" Of course, it all had to take place *fortissimo*, so that everyone in the shop could share Wayne' agony. This was not for me.

Mind you, this kind of woman is

tracks by an official who asked me to change my attire.

"Why?" I asked pleasantly.

He became insistent: "Sir, please change your shirt or I will not allow you to board your plane."

RAFTING THE COLORADO

Rapids position!" calls the boatman, and suddenly all 14 passengers on the large raft are galvanised into action. Those wearing hats or glasses quickly tighten fastening-cords. Seat cushions are adjusted. Feet are carefully placed in the correct position. The roar of angry water becomes an almost deafening crescendo as it bounces off the canyon walls ahead. Everyone seems to move in unison, making a frenzied grab for the safety ropes strategically fastened on the sides and centres of the raft. You can feel the tension mount as all stare at the water just ahead, where the glassy surface breaks and suddenly becomes a boiling vortex.

The other Grand Canyon Expeditions raft, just in front, hits that edge and seems to leap over an until-then-invisible hurdle, then disappears. Moments later the glassy water surface gives way for our passengers also. With a lurch, our raft feels as if it has hit a giant spring, leaps halfway into the air, and disappears into the huge hole that has appeared in the river ahead.

The deceptive calm of the last ten minutes forgotten, our raft has suddenly gone into what a layman would consider an uncontrollable situation. Tossing and twisting, we literally disappear under tonnes of water, huge waves crashing down on raft and passengers. We seem to be on a gigantic, watery escalator, bobbing, thumping and roaring our way through one of the ten rapids that we encounter on average each day on the Colorado.

Bucking and heaving, and at times almost doubled up with the stress of the wave pressure and weight of water around it, the raft pops, cork-like, to the surface a moment later — a moment that seems an eternity to the now totally drenched passengers. It breaks the surface almost in a vertical position, like a World War II submarine coming out of the depths in an emergency.

For a second it seems to leap right out of the river as if trying to escape the thrashing, boiling waves. Then it drops back into the thundering, crashing turbulence, only to dive into the next enveloping "hole" that repeats the experience as the raft plunges down the rapid's giant

"staircase." Minutes later it's over. The rapids finish as suddenly as they started. Passengers, drenched to the core but exhilarated by their experience, break into a spontaneous cheer that echoes up the vertical cliffs.

Beyond the Grand Canyon lies the wild and scenic experience of a lifetime

Thousands of Americans, and lately quite a number of foreign visitors, have discovered the combination of excitement, joy, adventure and, in places, serene calm of the mighty Colorado River, a mile down from the rim of the breathtaking natural wonder that is the Grand Canyon.

Our nine-day raft trip with Grand Canyon Expeditions, reputed in the travel industry to be the best and

most experienced operator on the Colorado, is getting more popular each year. Travelling down what must surely be the most spectacular canyon on Earth, the journey explores, in detail, an area of incredible beauty. It offers a mixture of excitement and serenity, outdoor living, and all this with a degree of comfort and efficiency hard for a novice to believe.

It is even more remarkable when one considers that the expedition is cut off from all outside contact and communication for 490 kms along this unique, ever-changing river (apart from emergency radio equipment that can call up a helicopter if something goes desperately wrong).

Within the first day or so the participants seem to weld into a team that strengthens more and more as the journey continues. One major "success factor" is the calibre of the carefully selected, extremely capable and responsible boatmen in charge of the Grand Canyon Expeditions rafts. The other is the brilliant design of the rafts developed by this company.

Our 36-year-old boatman Bob Dye has been rafting on a commercial basis since 1975. Some of this time

has been spent on other major American whitewater rafting rivers. He carries up to 14 passengers down the Colorado each journey, during which time he is captain, guide, boss, lecturer, motor-man, cook, teacher, and expert-in-charge for his expedition members.

The rafts he commands — known as Grand Canyon Expedition S-rigs — are a master of design. An amazing storage capacity in the welded aluminium centre frame allows space for tents, fuel, insulated ice chests holding several hundred pounds of ice, drinking water, and an incredible number of cans of cold drink and beer. Higher on the deck

are storage boxes for food and space for spare motors. Chemical toilets are carried, one for each day of the expedition. Firewood has been brought with us and all ash from camp fires as well as all waste matter must be carried out.

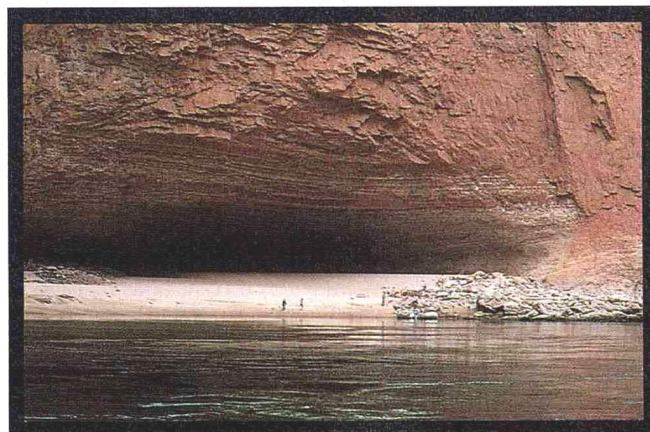
Personal effects for passengers are carried in waterproof river bags that are lashed to the sides of the pontoons; cameras, medicines, spare glasses, and any other items that might be required during the day are stowed in waterproof ammunition boxes that are lashed to the boat deck. The whole raft is designed in such a way that, even in seemingly impossible conditions, nothing will shift, tear or break loose.

Passengers travel in relative luxury, with gourmet meals incredibly conjured up by the boatmen each night. The day begins with campfire coffee, tea, juice, fruit and a variety of breakfast foods as well as cooked courses ranging from Spanish omelettes to freshly caught Colorado trout (some participants bring fishing gear and trout are plentiful in the upper Colorado).

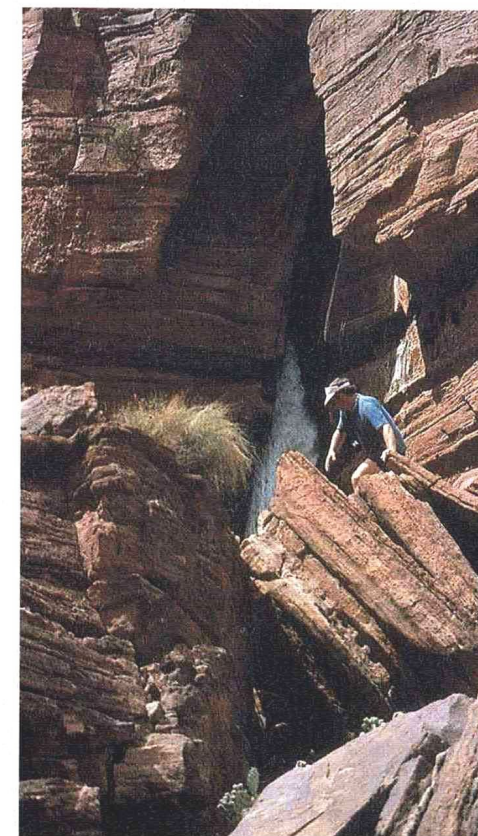
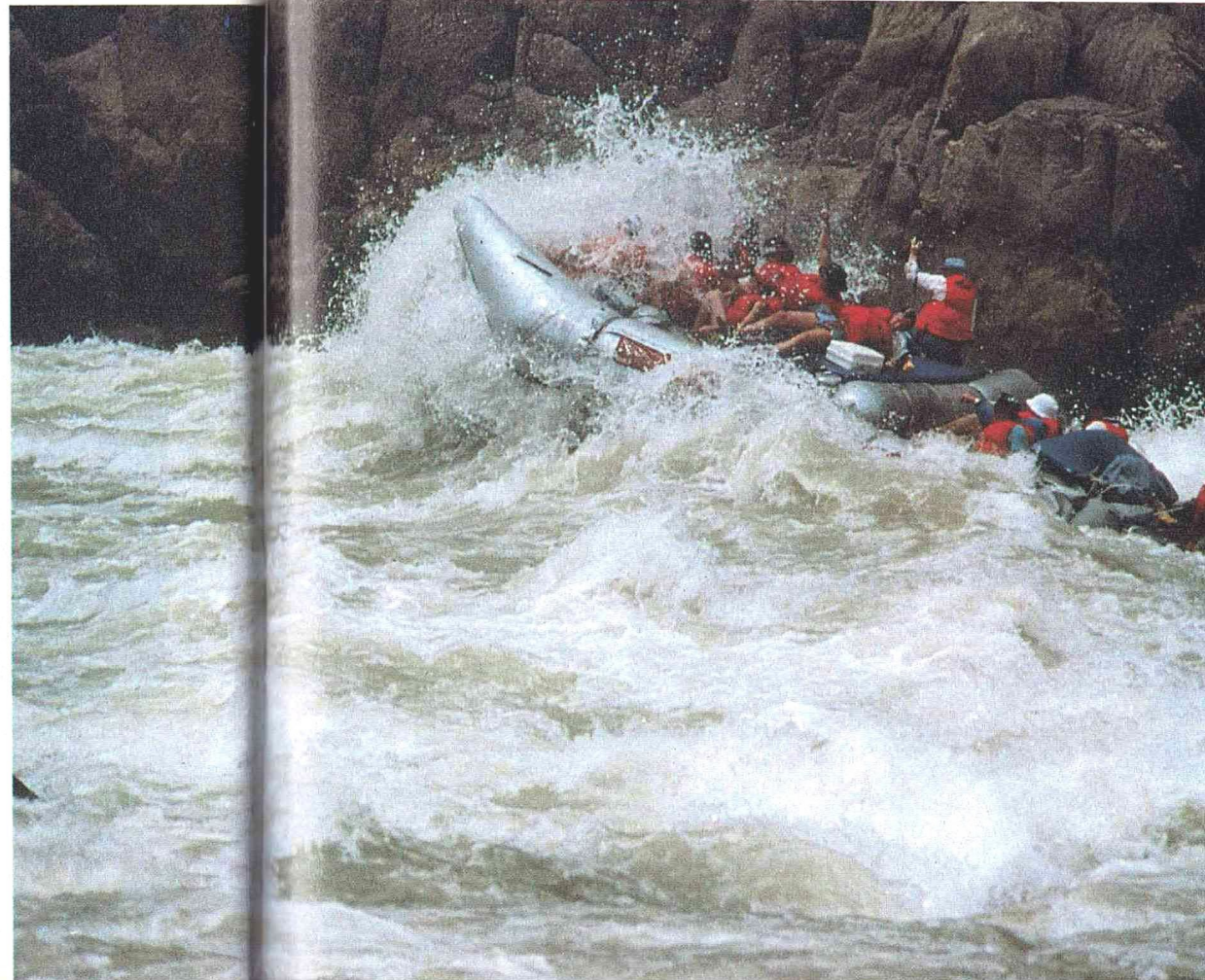
Lunch consists of great sandwiches made on the spot from a wide variety of delicatessen meats, cheese, pickles, tomatoes, lettuce,

onions and unlimited quantities of soft drinks and beer. Dinner is a masterpiece of Dutch oven cooking with meat courses, fresh and cooked vegetables, salads and desserts like delicious baked-on-the-spot Dutch oven cake.

Traffic on the Colorado is carefully and selectively controlled by the National Parks Service. Its responsibility — a daunting task — is to restrain the numbers of people travelling down the river to a maximum of about 15,000 a year. It also acts to prevent any ecological damage from being inflicted on this unique area, and to make as sure as



Photos by Walter Glaser



possible that every trip down this river will be taken in safety.

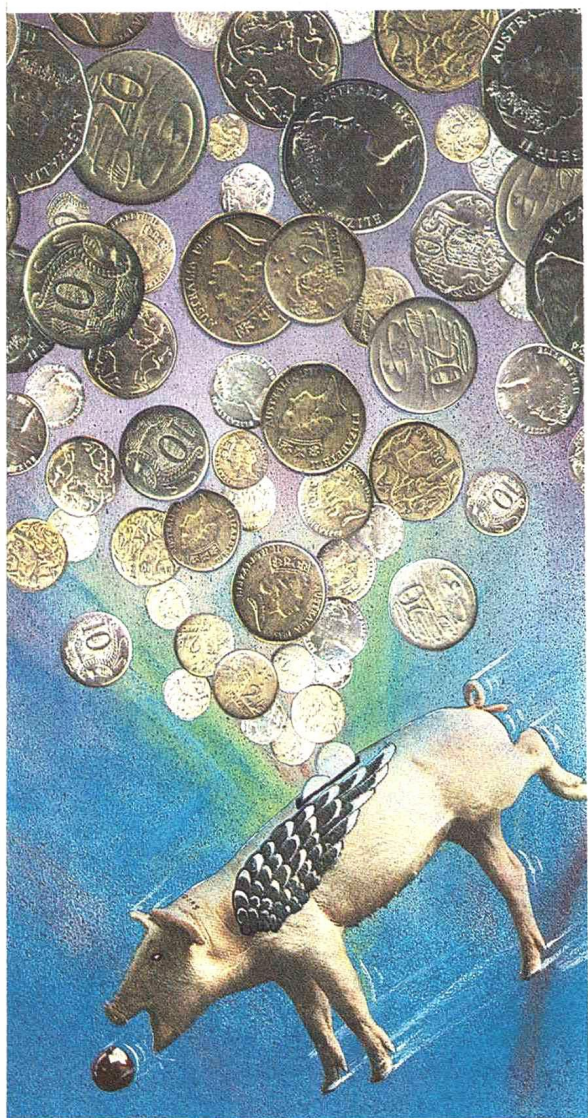
Americans who have a sense of adventure and enjoy the great outdoors have been discovering for some years that the trip down the Colorado is nine days of pure magic. Australians who can afford to visit the United States and experience this adventure holiday down the mighty Grand Canyon will find it the experience of a lifetime. — *Walter Glaser*

Grand Canyon Expedition trips run from late April to late September and cost around US\$1200. For further details write to Grand Canyon Expeditions, PO Box 0, Kanab, Utah 84741, USA.

SOCKING IT AWAY

"It's all about building assets, son. Get the assets, then you can go for your life. Just get the assets first."

My father would say that sort of thing and I would laugh and point to these start-from-nothing whizzkids who conjured their only asset — themselves — into multi-million dollar fortunes. He would just say: "Show them to me in five or ten years' time."



Well, most of them made the first five years. But I'm scratching to find any who made the next five. They never really had the assets, you see. They had use of them — which can be good, as it is not necessary to own the trappings of luxury to enjoy them — but the real owner of, and therefore ultimate authority over, those assets were banks, other companies, shareholders, and so on. When the crunch came, the real

owners wanted their assets back, leaving our ambitious entrepreneurs nothing to play with; no hay, no say.

Okay, so most of us aren't looking to be Australia's richest man; nor can most of expect to be even ordinarily wealthy. Moderately well-off is probably the best we can expect. But this does not mean we can ignore the lessons of the past or the rules of the mighty. And building assets is one of those rules.

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day; and every week we put aside some money for the bank. Boring, but that's what brick-laying is. And hard work too: for the footings, you're down a ditch, in mud and clay, your movements limited. But upon the strength of those foundations rests your entire house.

Learning the saving habit is *the* fundamental lesson of financial survival. Savings give you not only the wherewithal for a richer life but the discipline needed to ensure that wherewithal is there when you need it. Some of the greatest scoundrels I know still manage to sock a few bob away from whatever their current scam, in the knowledge that even when they are old and grey they will be able to go on scoundrelising while the wastrels can't afford the bus fare to escape the old folks' home.

There are two basic tests of the efficacy of a savings plan. The first is that it should *always* be growing. Never miss a beat. Just as an arrhythmic heart is one that will give up on you when stressed, an on-off savings plan will not be there to save you when your financial tide turns.

A corollary of this test is that most insurance company savings plans fail it. So shun them as a Methodist shuns sin. Any savings plan that will give you less money at the end of the year than you have put in is a con.

The second test is that there are only two sorts of occasions when you have no savings at all: when you buy your first house and when a Type A red alert full emergency strikes; on both occasions you need everything you have got and a little more besides. At all other times there should be enough in the savings to cover the cost of whatever and a little left over, like the propitiation left in the bottle of wine. (The logic of this test is thus: if you are forever using up all your savings then it is not a savings plan at all, but a spending plan. But if you save even while you spend . . .)

The wonders of electronic banking, although really a plot by governments and banks to control and tax as much of our lives as possible, can be used to our advantage. The automatic pay deduction that shuffles off \$50 a week into a separate account becomes, within a month or two, money we don't miss. "But I need every penny" is a phrase used by someone who is not thinking properly. For no-one does, not even a man who only has a penny. I have seen children laughing in the streets of Calcutta and they have no money at all. So it is always possible to put something aside — always.

The idea behind this is to get enough money to be able to buy a decent asset: and, for everyone, that is a house. A lot of rot is written about the financial implications of house-owning but you can sort the rot from the rum if you remember the basics of house-owning: a house keeps the rain off and provides enough privacy so you can have a shower without offending anyone; and will do so whether it's worth a million dollars or \$50,000.

The timing of house-buying is determined initially by one thing: can you afford it? If so, do so. Even if real estate prices crash you will still be meeting your basic criteria: you will be wet or dry as you wish, not at the whim of the weather. Buying in times of economic recession is, of course, better. The houses are cheaper and the medium to long term prospects are up, no matter what happens tomorrow.

There, you have an asset. Go out to meet the dragons in the next

Bugger umbrellas. Come the rainy days, assets keep you warm and dry

boom and, should you be bested, you can return to lick the wounds in the comfort of your own bedroom. Or you can sell into the rising market, plunge the profits into an early boomtime deal and . . .

But first, get your assets. — David Quicksilver

Illustration by Victor Terletzky

HOTLINE

TO HEAVEN

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

Have you been naughty lately? Are you a wicked individual? Listen to the confessions of other naughty people then **ADD YOUR OWN CONFESSION** to the list! **0055 22666**

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Your favourite adult movie stars reveal their innermost feelings and fantasies. 'Listen to the Stars' puts you in the director's chair of erotic movie-making. **0055 22701**

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ECSTASY MAGAZINE

This is Australia's premiere erotic journal — a classy adults only magazine for the discerning connoisseur of erotica and sensual lifestyle. Tasteful and explicit. **0055 22700**

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ADULT TELEPHONE

SERVICES DIRECTORY



European style is famous for marrying function to design and this calculator, part of the Specimen collection designed by Jean-Michel Cornu Malcourant, is a good example. The buttons are widely spaced and require only a light touch. This desk version is weighted and has a rubber pad to stop it sliding around. The cost is \$59.95, and it's available from Made In Japan Imports, Neutral Bay (02) 908-2505.



Instead of the conventional rotating pedal action, the Alenax transbar power system (TRB) bicycles are propelled by an up-and-down leg motion... just like jogging. Extra long pedal cranks and a rear wheel driven on both sides are claimed to make the TRBs much more efficient while wear and tear on the legs, knees and ankles is significantly reduced. Additionally, forward motion is produced no matter how long the power stroke, thereby providing a greater range of power ratios. The racer in the Elenax range is the TRB 1000, which sports chromoly frame, alloy rims and around 30 gears (by virtue of the transbar system).



Currently the ultimate in home video technology, the Hi8 format delivers better-than-broadcast quality images. Canon's new E800Hi camcorder is currently the most affordable Hi8 machine on the market (yours for \$2699) and matches the pictures with high fidelity stereo sound. At the business end there's an 8.5-68mm power zoom coupled to auto-tracking focusing which doesn't let the subject get away. Color titling, fader, superimposer, high speed shutter and close focusing are all provided for creative effect.



What do they say about many heads? (that's enough sniggering from you in the corner). In the case of Akai's new VS-F30 VCR, four heads are better than two since it results in a far superior picture (particularly when still framing and in slow motion). The F30 also has digital tracking (again in the interests of a better image) and it generates an on-screen display to assist with both programming and operation. Remote control? You bet, plus a scene search facility and a host of automatic functions. All this for just \$699.

If you thought the battle for the hearts and minds of photographers was being fought solely between Kodak and Fuji, Agfa has news for you. A range of print films with varying degrees of color saturation enables you to go for subtlety or impact as desired. Agfacolor Portrait (rated at ISO 160) is designed for skin tones, Optima (ISO 125) yields natural colors, while Ultra (ISO 50) packs a punch when you want something strong. Agfa is marketing sample packs, so you can try all three before deciding which suits best. Available at Agfa professional stockists.



Just when you thought video camcorders could get no smaller, Sony takes miniaturisation a step further. Following the hugely successful TR55, the new TR45 weighs in at just 700g and rests comfortably in the palm of the hand. It's not short of features, though, and the list of goodies runs to a two-speed power zoom, 1/4000 second high-speed shutter, a digital superimposer for making titles and a full complement of auto functions. All this for \$1999 from Sony Australia. A waterproof housing enables the TR series camcorders to get a dose of surf, sun and sand without damaging their health.



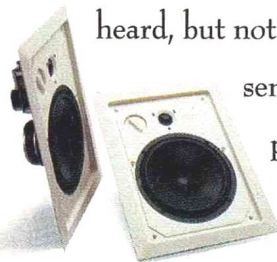
The calendar clock by Accent On Design is both practical and fun. The grey analogue face is surrounded by a one-month calendar — to set the date, you just click the marker round. The clock is battery powered and has an extendable, flexible neck. It costs \$55. Other up-to-the-minute time pieces are a watch and alarm clock designed by Jean-Michel Cornu Malcourant: the watch is water-resistant to 30m. It has a leather strap and nickel-plated rim and costs \$99.95. The alarm clock is housed in a rubber frame (it pops out) which mutes the ticking but not the alarm itself. It costs \$119.95. All from Made In Japan, Neutral Bay (02) 908-2505.



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H I T E C T U R A L ■ A U D I O™



LOOKING BACK CAN BE A STEP FORWARD.

The past had a lot to offer. They were the good old days, when the pace of life was just right, and a ride on your motorcycle was the sheer pleasure of man and machine, not a high-tech race. Today is complicated and frenzied enough without your motorcycle adding to the rush, so, Suzuki is pleased to introduce a new motorcycle that has its roots embedded deep in yesteryear, with none of the primitive hassles those riders had to endure.

The VX800 gives you a powerful, torquey liquid-cooled V-twin with just the right exhaust throb – but without poor carburetion, oil leaks and vibration. It gives you all the character and charm of a traditional twin cylinder sportbike – without pitted chrome, heavy metals and a hard seat. It gives you traditional twin shocks and forks – with none of the flex and flutter of old time suspension. It gives you smooth, reliable shaft drive, not the oily splatter and seized links of old chains.

With the VX800 you'll have everything you recall that was good about riding in years gone by, with just the right amount of subtle new technology to let you revel in it.



Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "RIDE IT RIGHT" campaign. Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing • Read your Owner's Manual carefully • Enjoy safe riding.



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

MUMMIES AND DADDIES

How to break the news about sex to your kids

You're a parent. It's (mostly) a rewarding part of your life and it's something you want to do well. After all, they're your kids and you want to give them a good start. You remember how bad your sex education was as a child — maybe non-existent; it certainly didn't tell you much more than how to make babies, which wasn't really in your plans at the time. So you want to do a better job for your kids. But how? At what age do you start? How much do you tell them? How do you avoid giving them the wrong messages?

In fact, one of the encouraging signs I see of a healthier society is the growing number of parents who do try to give their kids a better sex education than they themselves received. Still, some parents don't, while many parents make the mistake of postponing it until it's more difficult and less effective. So let me help you get started, because there is one fact you will have to take to heart: parents are the prime sex educators of their children. I have no objection to sex education at school but it's too late and can most effectively support and complement what's already begun at home.

Keeping silent about sex is an education in itself, but a negative one. Your kids will hear about sex anyway, from friends, media and movies. Your silence effectively teaches them an attitude: sex is something you can't talk about, at least not at home. That lessens your influence over an important part of their development. I find many parents are held back from trying some sex education at home by five popular myths about it.

1. *Parents need to be experts on sex before they can teach their children about it.* In fact, you probably know enough already, at least to get started, because young children will ask pretty

basic questions. In any case, there's no great shame in saying, "I don't know", followed by, "but I know how to look it up." Then you can set the example of finding information in books. I suggest you have a couple of good sex education books at home, out where the kids can find them. Apart from the facts, you are teaching them something else just as important: it's okay to want to know about sex.

2. *Parents must be completely comfortable about sex before discussing it with their children.* There's a touch of truth in this because, if you are obviously embarrassed when you discuss sex with the kids, they will pick up a

natural concern, so it has been extensively researched with clear results. Children who have had a good sex education start having sex later than children who missed out and, when they do start, they do it more sensibly and responsibly.

4. *Parents should wait until the child asks about sex.* This is a myth for two reasons. First, some parents will not recognise when their kid is asking about sex because, at a young age, the kid may not be able to verbalise his curiosity. A toddler staring at Dad's penis or Mum's vagina and then at his own or her own body is asking a question and giving you a good opportunity to initiate a

"Keeping silent about sex is an education in itself. It will teach your kids that sex is something you can't talk about."

little of your example. But look at the reality of it: which is going to teach your kids more embarrassment about sex — avoiding the topic altogether or making an honest attempt?

3. *Parents can tell a child too much about sex.* This myth expresses two fears, that kids may be harmed by too much information too soon and that, if you tell them about sex, they'll only want to try it. Both of these fears are groundless. If you tell a kid more than he wants or needs to know, the only adverse result is that he'll get bored.

The fear that sex education promotes sexual activity in kids is

simple explanation about sexual anatomy and the differences between men and women.

Second, you might be quite willing to answer your kid's questions honestly but some other adults will be giving out the message that sex is something you don't talk about. I suggest parents should take the initiative, by having a couple of age-appropriate books in the home which you read together.

5. *Most children do not want to talk to their parents about sex.* This myth only looks true if you have made the mistake of postponing sex education until your children reach puberty or are

adolescents. By avoiding it until then, you have unintentionally taught your kid that sex is something you don't discuss, so it's not surprising he or she is reluctant now. Teenagers quite correctly recognise that a parent who suddenly wants to talk about sex is not really interested in education, but in controlling the teenager's behavior. Teenagers strongly resist being controlled.

If you have left your run rather late and you're now trying to get some sex education started with your adolescent, the best you can do is say something like: "I'm sorry I didn't start discussing sex with you sooner, because it makes it a bit difficult for us both now. But that was my mistake and I'd like to undo it now because I think it's important you have a good sex education. Here's a book that I think is quite good. If you'd like to read it, I'm available to discuss it whenever you want to."

Many teens will say, "I know all about that", but read the book sometime anyway. At least you know he or she has had access to the facts and you've opened the door to some discussions. If he or she takes up the invitation, that's a bonus. To maximise your influence with teenagers — about anything — give opinions in I-language: "I think it's a good idea to do this for these reasons." To minimise your influence with teenagers, give orders, lectures and moralise in you-language: "You should do this."

Finally, you probably read this magazine because you believe that sex is a normal and enjoyable part of life. One of the most important parts of sex education by parents is to show that by example. You don't have to invite the kids into the bedroom for ringside seats, but it does them the power of good to see Mum and Dad being openly physically affectionate to each other. 

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

On the line

Are men turned on by phone sex? Do phone sex services have real women (not recordings) with sexy voices who talk to men while they masturbate?

Some men are turned on by phone sex. Some men have phone sex privately, with women they have never met.

For instance, a Sydney salesman told me he has a weekly "relationship" with a woman in Perth, whom he knows only by phone. If you're into the services, some have recordings, but many have "real" women. Another surprise: some women who work for phone sex services say they often masturbate to orgasm during calls — and they're getting paid for it! So anonymous, dirty talk appeals to women too. And it's safe: you can ring STD, but you won't catch one! But be advised to get to know your phone partner in a non-sexual manner first then ascertain whether she's game for an aural sex relationship. Just picking up the phone and making random heavy breathing calls can seriously distress women and also land you in jail.

Cycles

Do women have seasons of horniness? Do monthly cycles affect sex drive appreciably? Does a tubal ligation change a woman's appetite for sex?

Yeah, they definitely do. Monthly cycles can have a varied effect on women, but to some extent, every woman has a fluctuating sex drive. Some say they become extremely horny before and after — or during — their periods, while for the two weeks in between, they aren't so hot. Others say it works the other way around — that they become horny during ovulation, but less so around period time. These monthly fluctuations usually follow a regular pattern. They also tend to be more extreme than for men. As for tubal ligation, there's no reason why it should affect a woman's sex



drive, except perhaps to increase it, as the fear of pregnancy is removed.

Boys will be girls

Do you think many men like to cross-dress? How many men actually do it? What kind of people are they?

There are always more people who would like to do something sexual — something that is outside the bounds of tradition — than there are people who actually do these things. I am sure that the population of cross-dressers cuts across social, religious and ethnic lines. (Saw a man walking down a street in Manly, Sydney, not long ago, cool as ice in a smart female business suit and briefcase, but it might have been a dare).

What kind of people are they? Bold, adventurous, a little kinky perhaps. Generally not poor. Unless they can borrow clothes from a lady friend, they need pretty good credit limits to afford two wardrobes.

Hanky spanky

Why does a grown man enjoy being put over a woman's knee and spanked?

The tenets of psychology hold that a man enjoys this because it reminds him of spankings by his mum that induced erotic feelings. He may have buried those feelings because they are not socially acceptable. Spankings bring them sharply to the surface.

On the other hand he may be one who seeks relief — from the role of macho man or corporate decision maker — that can be

found in the lap of a woman who has a good arm. As the Marquis de Sade documented, a fine line exists between pain and pleasure. Who completely understands what pushes us to one side of the line or the other?

Office bonking

How prevalent is sex in the office? And how do women really feel about it?

Sex literally actually in the office is not prevalent. Few company environments are permissive enough to allow sex beneath the computer terminals, say, or in the stationary store.

There are, of course, cases of executives having quickies in their offices behind closed doors.

But sex very often begins in the office. Some hot affairs are launched by men and women in grey flannel suits. They borrow a flat for a three-orgasm lunch or have a happy hour at a Travelodge. Occasionally they rub ankles under boardroom tables. Out-of-town training conferences are prime territory for sexual exploration between workmates.

Women are much more open to sexual liaisons begun at work than they were ten years ago. Some say this is because women are more relaxed and secure about being in the workforce and are taking themselves less seriously. Sexual harassment is still an issue, however. Women don't want to feel that their paycheques are hanging by the ribbons on their bikini panties. They want to do it because they want to do it — not because the boss wants it done.

Bisexual or what?

My wife would rather go down on other women than on men. Is that normal for women — or just bisexual women?

Women who are not bisexual or lesbians are not particularly interested in having oral sex with other women. They might do it as part of a threesome, but they will mostly be doing it as a turn on for you. Bisexual women have a real interest in going down on both. If your wife clearly prefers women to men, then you should take this as an indication that she leans more

heavily towards a lesbian orientation than a bisexual one. It is normal for such a woman to prefer women. Most women, however, still prefer men.

Pop porn

My wife is in porn movies. I would like to watch her making one but she won't let me. We've had women join us for sex but she doesn't get into it the way she does on film. Why doesn't she? And why won't she let me watch her making a film?

Has it occurred to you that while making movies she's acting for the camera, while when she's with you she just wants to be herself? Maybe she doesn't want you to watch her working because she's afraid you'll assume that everything she does at work will automatically carry on at home.

Or maybe the cameras and the potential for a big audience really turn her on. In which case, have you considered getting a video camera to record your own erotic sessions? Possibly she doesn't get turned on by those sessions with other women because she doesn't like sharing you. Jealousy may be a problem for her, at least where you are concerned. Maybe she doesn't want you to watch her working because she's afraid you'll get jealous, just like she does. Can't you talk this one out with her? Surely if she's liberated enough to make porn movies, she can be frank in talking about your sex life together.

Come again?

After a woman comes during intercourse, I like to go down on her and make her come again and again. Some complain, though, that they are too sensitive after intercourse for cunnilingus. Even though they have orgasms, they say the orgasms aren't comfortable. My current partner says the orgasms she has are way too intense. How can an orgasm be too intense? Why don't women enjoy this?

Plenty of women do enjoy this. They would love to be eaten after intercourse, but many men won't go down. Too bad you haven't met them — and they you.

The complaint your partner makes is not that unusual, however. Many women stop at one orgasm because the clitoris is so very sensitive after that one. The intensity of a second orgasm right away seems almost painful. I would suggest that you wait a little after intercourse before going

advisor

down. And when you do begin, keep the tongue action around, not on, the clitoris. With patience, you could teach your partner to be multi-orgasmic.

Dildo dither

Does a dildo feel different from a dick? My girlfriend says her dildo hurts her, although it's exactly the same size as my dick.

Of course it feels different. They haven't invented anything that feels exactly like a dick yet. Also, is her dildo rubber or plastic? Rubber is a bit closer to the real thing, in that it has some give. Plastic does not. Dildos always maintain the same level of hardness, whereas real dicks don't.

Most important, how are you using it? Probably you are exerting too much pressure. Next time, use a more gentle touch. If she wants it done harder, she'll tell you. Remember, a dildo is a sex aid, not a weapon.

Phone fetish

I like to jerk off a lot. I often call the phone sex services for release. Well, now I'm in the habit of pulling it out any time the phone rings, no matter who's calling. This



is embarrassing. Every time the phone rings, I have my dick in my hand. What can I do about it?

It could certainly be embarrassing if you work in a large office. You don't really want to be pulling your dick while talking to your boss or your mother. Or do you? Perhaps you enjoy the danger of semi-public masturbation — the danger of being caught.

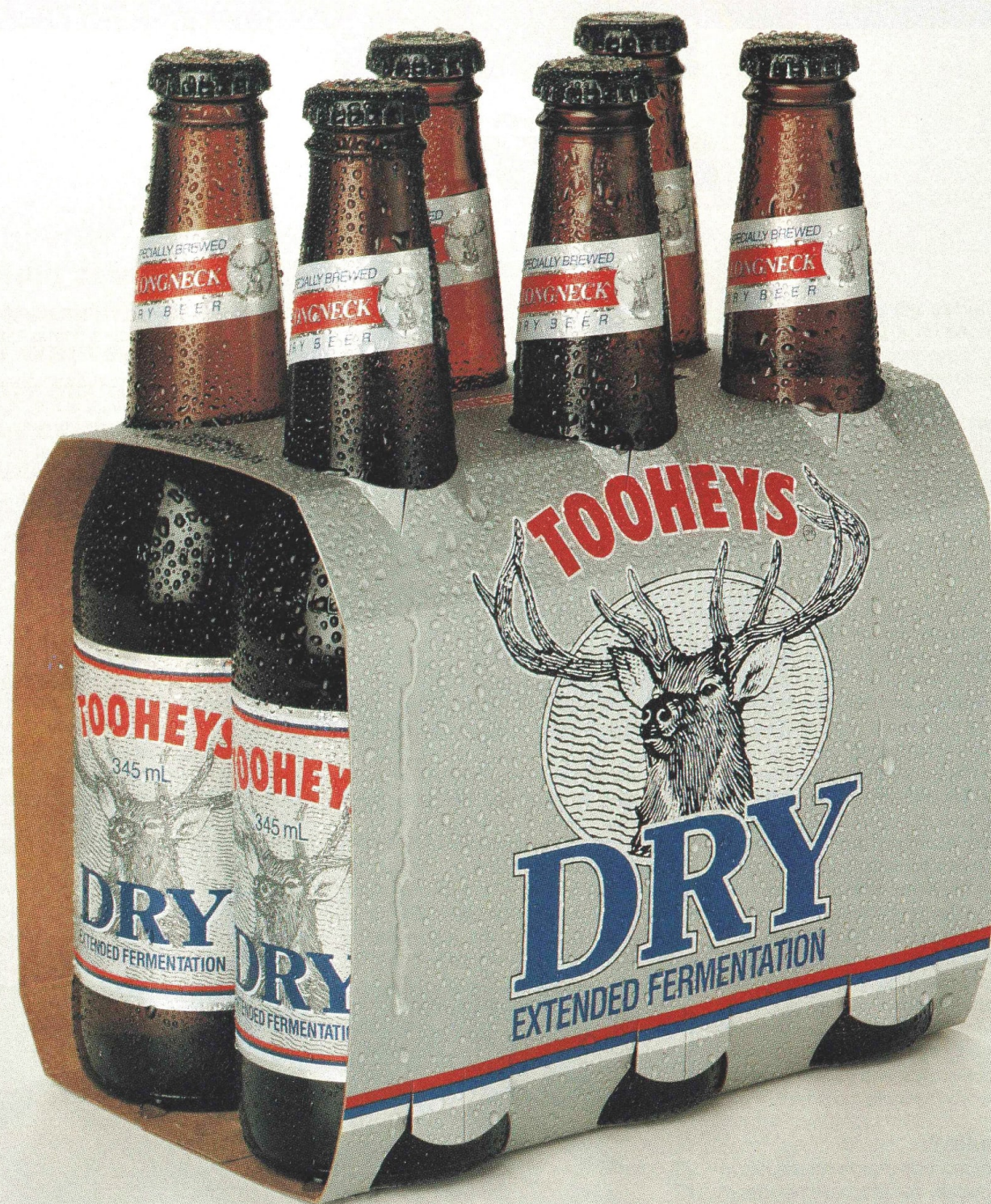
Perhaps masturbation is more exciting if you're trying to carry on a normal conversation on the other end.

It could be a problem if there are other people in the room, at least in their eyes. If you think this has got out of hand (yes, pun, I know), keep a less sexual toy near the phone and use it as a substitute to keep your fingers busy. Or perhaps you should just get out and about more often — sex with other people can be quite gratifying, really.

Shy to try

I think it would be erotic for my girlfriend to masturbate in front of me. She thinks it would be abnormal. How do other women feel about this?

A great many women are shy about masturbating in front of a man. Many women don't advertise the fact that they masturbate at all — it's a very private matter. Once they are coaxed into it, they will discover that it's as you say — a highly erotic experience. Some women profess to being reluctant to masturbate in company because they feel they'll be getting hot while you stay cold. Once they realise

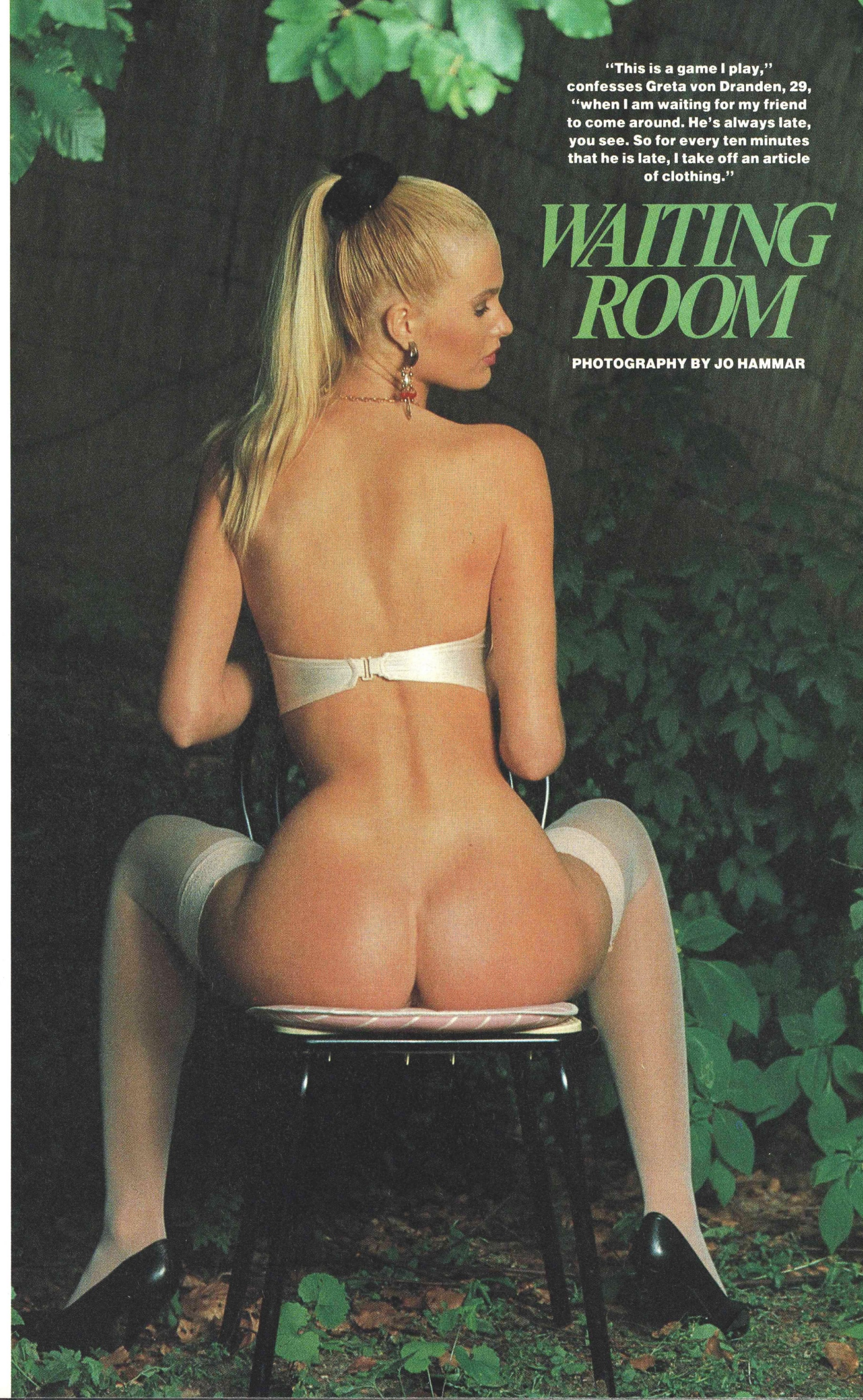


SIX APPEAL

"This is a game I play," confesses Greta von Dranden, 29, "when I am waiting for my friend to come around. He's always late, you see. So for every ten minutes that he is late, I take off an article of clothing."

WAITING ROOM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JO HAMMAR





"Of course, he likes it. So if I tell him, drinks at six-thirty, he only ever comes at seven. After one hour, if he still hasn't arrived, I begin to put my clothes back on again. That makes sure he isn't too late!"

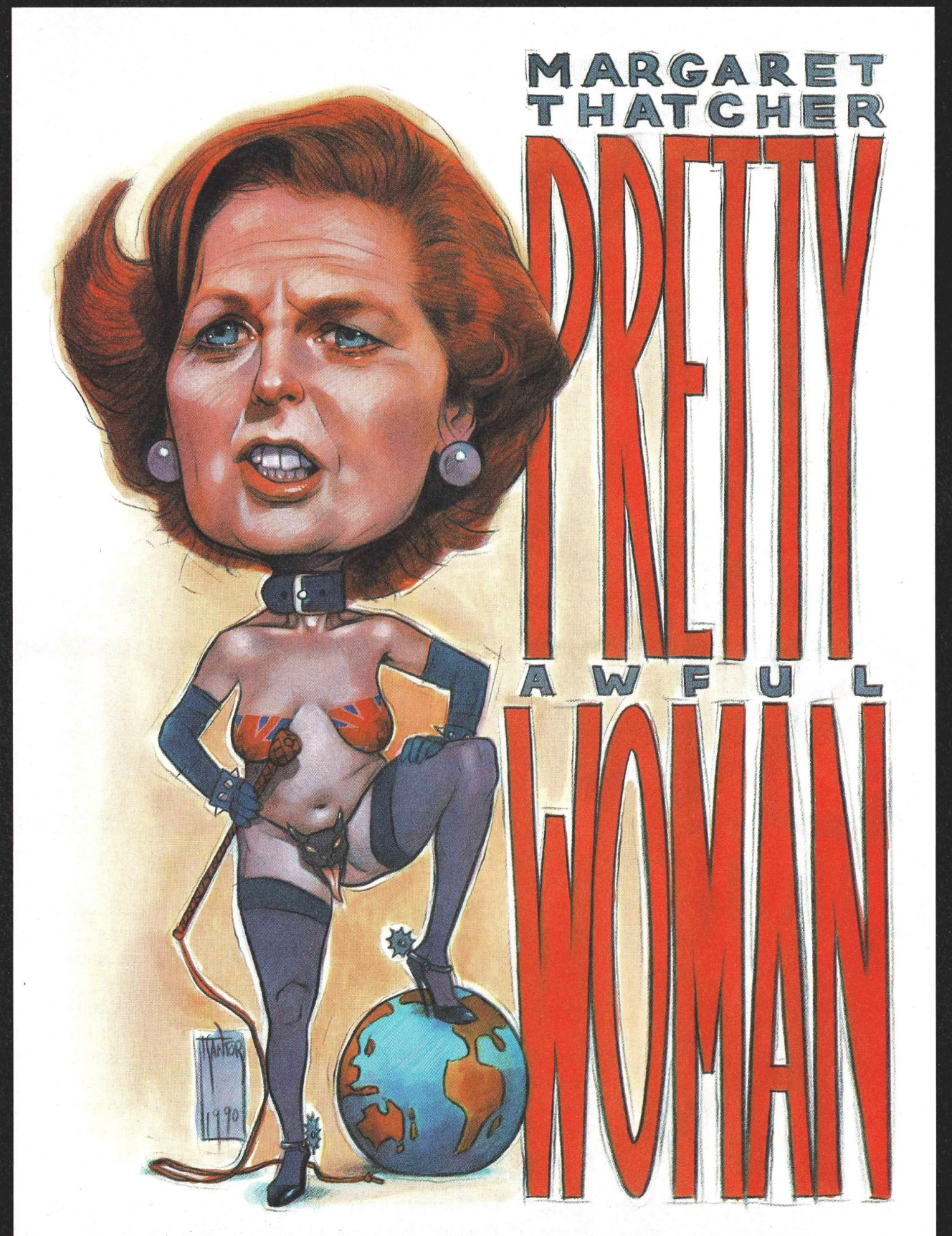






"If, when he arrives, I am wearing nothing," she says, "that's how I sit down to dinner. And he is not allowed to touch me until dinner is over." And then? Greta laughs. "We play backgammon, of course. Whatever did you expect?"





KANTOR'S GALLERY

NO SPEED LIMIT

Home-made
amphetamines
are becoming
Australia's
biggest drug
problem.

Seems like every couple of years Australia faces some frightening new drug menace. First there was cocaine (on the wane these days, owing to poor quality and absurd prices, a relic of yuppie-dom); then designer drugs (some inferior Ecstasy floats around at dance parties and gay haunts); then Crack (anyone you know ever seen any?); then Ice (in NSW, one single bust has been recorded).

Ironical that the illicit drug which really is taking over the country has been around for more than a century and has traditionally cut across all social barriers, from redneck truckers to flab-fighting housewives to frantic academic swotters to hedonistic addicts. Methamphetamine — good old-fashioned speed — is cranking its way up the popular charts of used and abused substances at a tremendous pace, a bullet performer riding on the back of a cottage industry which promises huge profits on what is currently an almost risk-free investment.

The numbers point to a potential epidemic. In 1989, speed accounted for 49 percent of all busts involving manufactured drugs. Heroin came in at 45 percent while cocaine languished on six percent. A recent authoritative survey of drug users in NSW showed that amphetamines were by far the most popular illegal drug after marijuana. While only 19 percent were cocaine users, 78 percent used speed regularly. In 1987 the number of deaths reported to the coroner Australia-wide mentioning amphetamines was eight. By 1988 the

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

BY LINDA CARTER



SPEED

figure had shot to 45. In NSW, just two illegal amphetamine laboratories were allegedly uncovered by police in the first nine months of 1989; in 1990 the figure for the same period was 13. Between 1979 and 1987, police busted 69 illegal laboratories in Australia. There must be hundreds, possibly thousands, undiscovered. On every available indicator, speed seems destined to one day threaten grass as the country's illicit drug of choice. As far as the health of Australia's youth is concerned, that is very bad news.

It's a trend which closely follows developments in the American drug scene, and it's not hard to work out why. The price of the other major drugs — cocaine, heroin and marijuana — has soared because of police crackdowns; likewise the risk of being busted. Speed, on the other hand, is often called "the poor man's coke", dirt cheap at \$80-\$120 a gram. And there's no need for the drug's manufacturers — the "cooks", a slang term borrowed from the US — to face a possible death sentence in Asia or run the gauntlet through Customs. Unlike cocaine and heroin, speed is a synthetic drug.

In most Australian states the essential ingredients are freely available from chemical suppliers. There's no need even for a sizeable plot of land to cultivate the

stuff — just a small makeshift kitchen, preferably in an isolated farmhouse distant enough from nosy neighbors who might be alerted by the distinctive stench that emanates from the production process.

A decent speed lab might cost \$5000 to \$10,000 to set up. Then an investment of a couple of hundred dollars on precursor chemicals (basic ingredients) will produce around half a kilo of speed, which should fetch \$12,000 to \$15,000 from a dealer. Street value at an average of \$100 a gram will be \$50,000, and all down the line the petty dealers will be raking in at least a 50 percent margin.

The production process is no rocket science, either. In the States, where speed is touted as "America's own drug" in a strangely distorted form of working-class patriotism, an estimated two to three million users are catered for mainly by undereducated backwoods yokums who use much the same equipment as their daddies and grand-daddies before them did in the distillation of moonshine. You wouldn't find a PhD, or even the equivalent of a School Certificate, among them. Rural areas of America produced around 50 tonnes of the crystalline drug last year. But unlike moonshine, the bubbling liquid speed can turn into a timebomb.

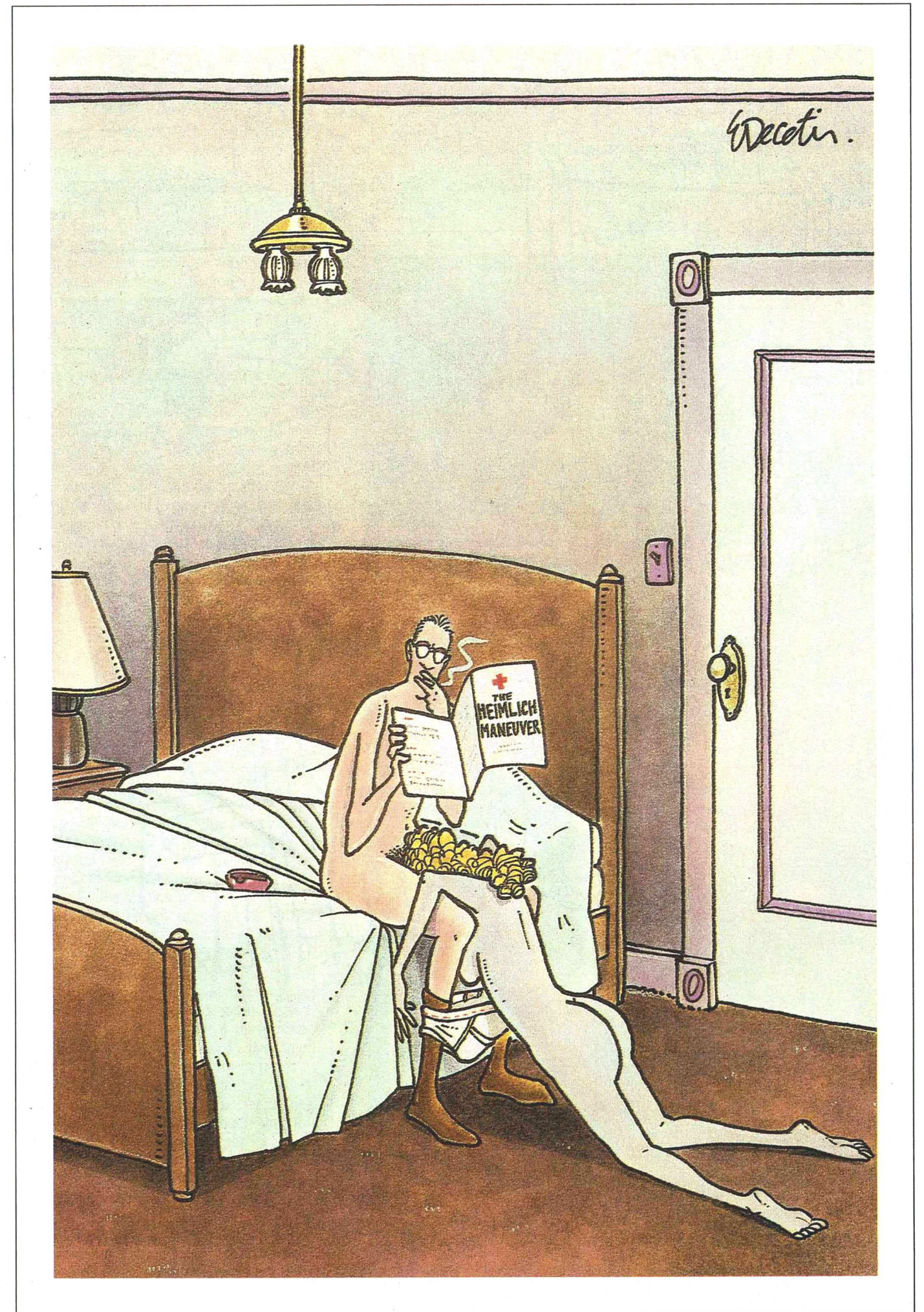
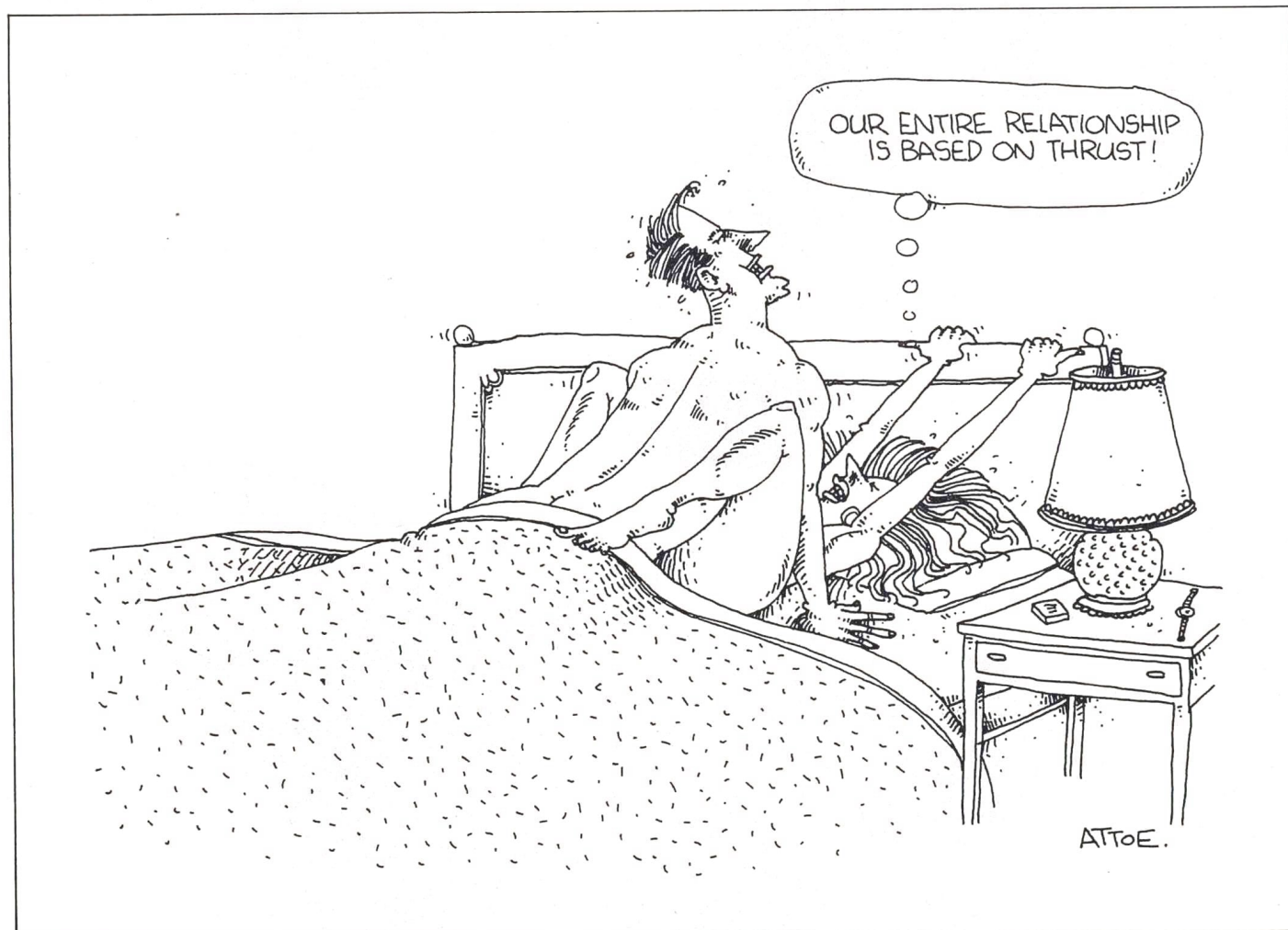
Every cook has his personal recipe, but the typical batch begins with precursors called phenylacetic acid and acetic anhydride. They're mixed with other chemicals

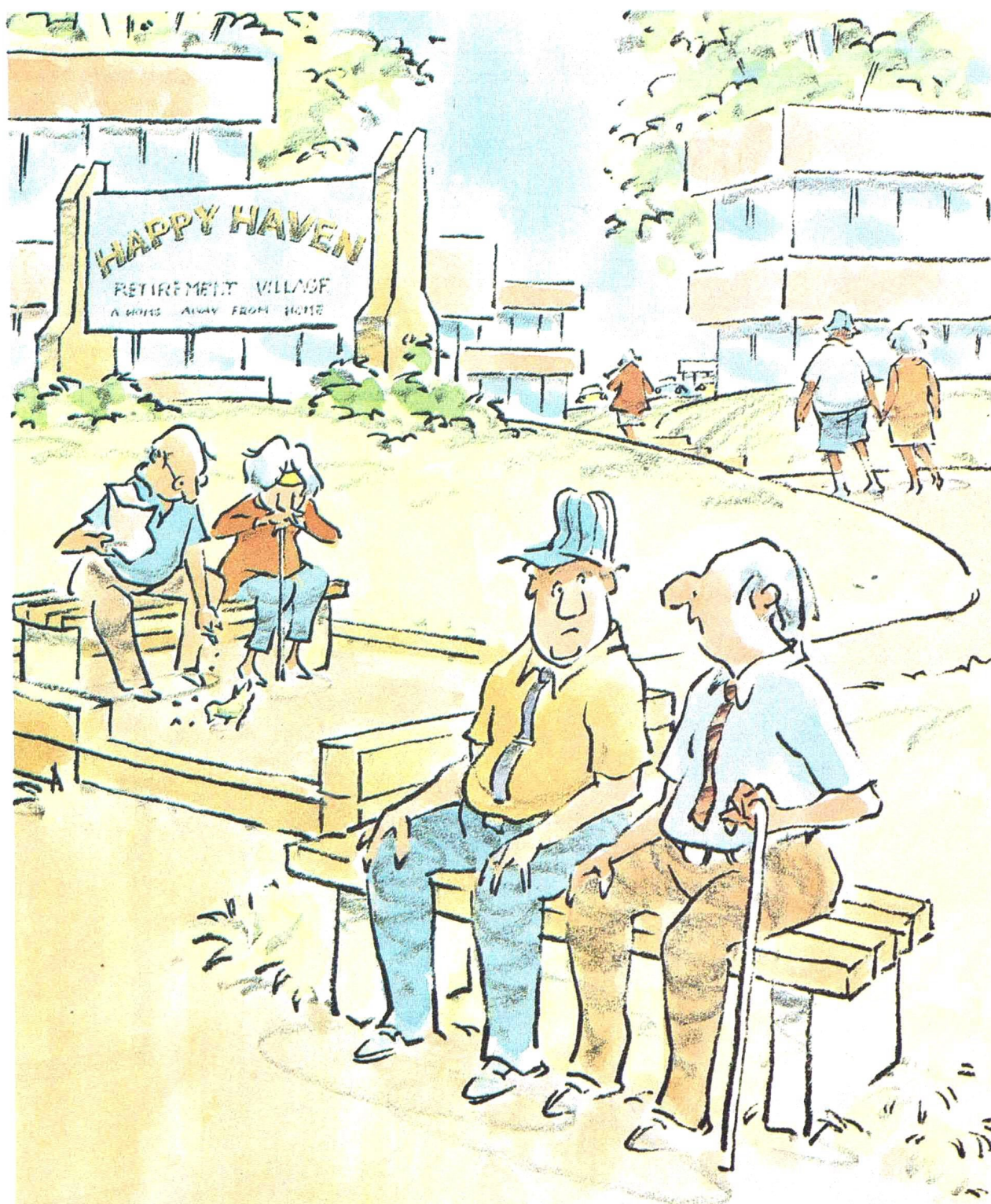
in triple-necked glass flasks. The concoction is brewed for hours and when cooled becomes phenyl-2-propanone, or P2P. This is the stuff that emits the unforgettable stench — something like a rancid box of kitty litter. (Cooks need to shower intermittently for four or five days after making speed to get rid of the odor.)

Then the blending process begins, allowing the cook to separate the P2P from the rest of the distillate. Mercuric chloride — deadly when touched with bare hands — is added along with other chemicals to turn the P2P mixture into methamphetamine. Then the batch is cooked for another ten to 12 hours and cooled until it becomes an oily substance resembling peanut butter.

Now comes the really dangerous part. Either bleach or ethyl ether is added to the oily gunk, creating a highly explosive mixture that has reportedly claimed the lives of several cooks. This process reduces the distillate to a white crystalline powder which can either be snorted or injected. Apart from the danger of a big bang, fumes from this last process can overwhelm and kill the cook within minutes if ventilation is not good. Surgical masks are often used as a precaution.

Although there are sophisticated laboratories churning out speed both here and overseas, they're not needed. The power to make potent illegal drugs lies in the hands of practically anyone who's





Cummings

"I think what I miss the most is banging older women."

SPEED

been able to get hold of a recipe. Drug agents in the US have arrested people as old as 74 and as young as ten in speed-lab raids.

Amphetamines are not by any stretch of the imagination a healthy alternative to the old favorites. Marijuana is an innocuous substance by comparison with speed, and the US Drug Enforcement Agency believes home-grown drugs created in secret labs could cause even more serious social and health problems than cocaine or heroin if the foreign sources of those drugs were ever miraculously eradicated. It would be so hard for authorities to stem the flow of backyard speed production that a spokesman for the ultra-conservative US Chemical Manufacturers Association recently said: "Perhaps it demonstrates even more the need for drug education rather than concentrating on the supply side." The dimension of the speed problem has been recognised in Australia too. One health official told *Penthouse*: "It's too late to play it down and say we shouldn't give it any publicity. We have to confront it. It's here to stay."

Amphetamines are psychostimulants which basically work by increasing the activity level of the brain. Serious users compare the drug's effect to the euphoria of driving at 300 km/h.

There are numerous varieties of amphetamine, but the generic drug was developed way back in 1887. In the Thirties it was prescribed as benzedrine ("bennies") for depression, as an appetite suppressant and to control hyperactive children. The first country to experience a speed epidemic was Japan in the Forties (which may partly explain the behavior of wartime Japanese pilots), and the US quickly followed.

Amphetamine pills were heavily prescribed in the Sixties and Seventies, especially for all-night students at exam time, dieters, people in mentally demanding jobs such as merchant bankers, and people whose productivity depended largely on how long they could stay awake — truckers, fishermen and so on. Speed also came into its own as a purely recreational drug in the Flower Power days (sometimes mixed with heroin to make a "speedball"), but its popularity waned and, until the recent spectacular comeback, was seen as pretty much the domain of lowlifes, bikers and truckers.

But the long history of amphetamine use and abuse has produced a disturbing amount of popular acceptance of the drug. The situation here isn't as bad as in the States, where even conservative magazines are littered with ads for a vast range of legal amphetamine-based "stimulants" which promise to transform lives; but still, speed is a drug which

crosses the social boundaries that cocaine, heroin and even marijuana never could.

At least four sailors on submarines and guided missile destroyers were recently being investigated for alleged speed abuse. Users are blatant because of the apparent apathy of law enforcers. A recent dance party raid allegedly uncovered quantities of amphetamines, as well as marijuana. "I think they thought they had safety in numbers," said one of the raiding

officers. "They'd have thought: 'Five thousand people here — the cops aren't going to come crashing in.'"

This casual attitude no doubt accounts for the far more disturbing perception, at least by some users, that speed is not a dangerous drug. A new report from the National Drug Abuse Information Centre suggests that misguided idea may be a major factor in the drug's new-found popularity. But Bureau of Criminal Intelligence figures show sharp rises in amphetamine-

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SPEED

related deaths, hospital admissions and seizures.

The majority of the 45 reported deaths in 1988 were simple overdoses. Most of the victims up to the latest '89 figures were in their 20s; 75 percent were men. Naturally the lethal dose varies between individuals, but the symptoms are common to all: convulsions, coma, cerebral haemorrhage.

Figures on amphetamine-related poisonings are even more dramatic. In 1985 there were 17 such cases reported from hospital emergency units; by 1988 the number had jumped to 93.

When the term "I-V drug user" crops up in the AIDS literature, most people automatically think of heroin addicts. But according to Dr Mike MacAvoy, Director of the Drug Offensive attached to the NSW Department of Health, "There are probably more people who use amphetamines intravenously than heroin users. It's much more accessible. So we're also looking at all the problems associated with needle-sharing such as AIDS and hepatitis." Recent research suggests that as many as 60 percent of amphetamine users prefer to inject the drug rather than snort it.

People with high blood pressure or heart trouble are dicing with death if they use amphetamines. But speed kills even the fit and healthy. Often when an athlete

drops as if shot in the middle of an event — particularly in long-distance cycle races — amphetamines have been found to be the cause. Among long-term addicts who remain alive, side-effects include paranoia, increasingly "real" delusions, chronic depression and possibly full-blown psychosis. Violence inflicted on themselves and others is common.

Speed addicts often suffer hallucinations. Recently in NSW a truck driver who rammed his rig into a bus, killing 20 people, was found to have 80 times the amount of ephedrine (a form of amphetamine) in his blood that would be expected in an habitual user. The coroner found that this level of the drug would have caused the trucker to either drive erratically or hallucinate, possibly making him swerve to avoid a phantom vehicle and end up hitting a real one.

If amphetamine addicts can completely overcome their addiction, they can return to a normal state within six months to a year, although with some permanent memory loss. The speed user is not physically dependent since the body rejects the drug; the addiction, although powerful, is purely psychic. You can spot the speed freak by his dilated pupils, dry mouth, often incessant chatter and an excited or aggressive appearance. They're generally not much fun to be around.

Rae White's seven-year struggle with speed has taken her through the typical

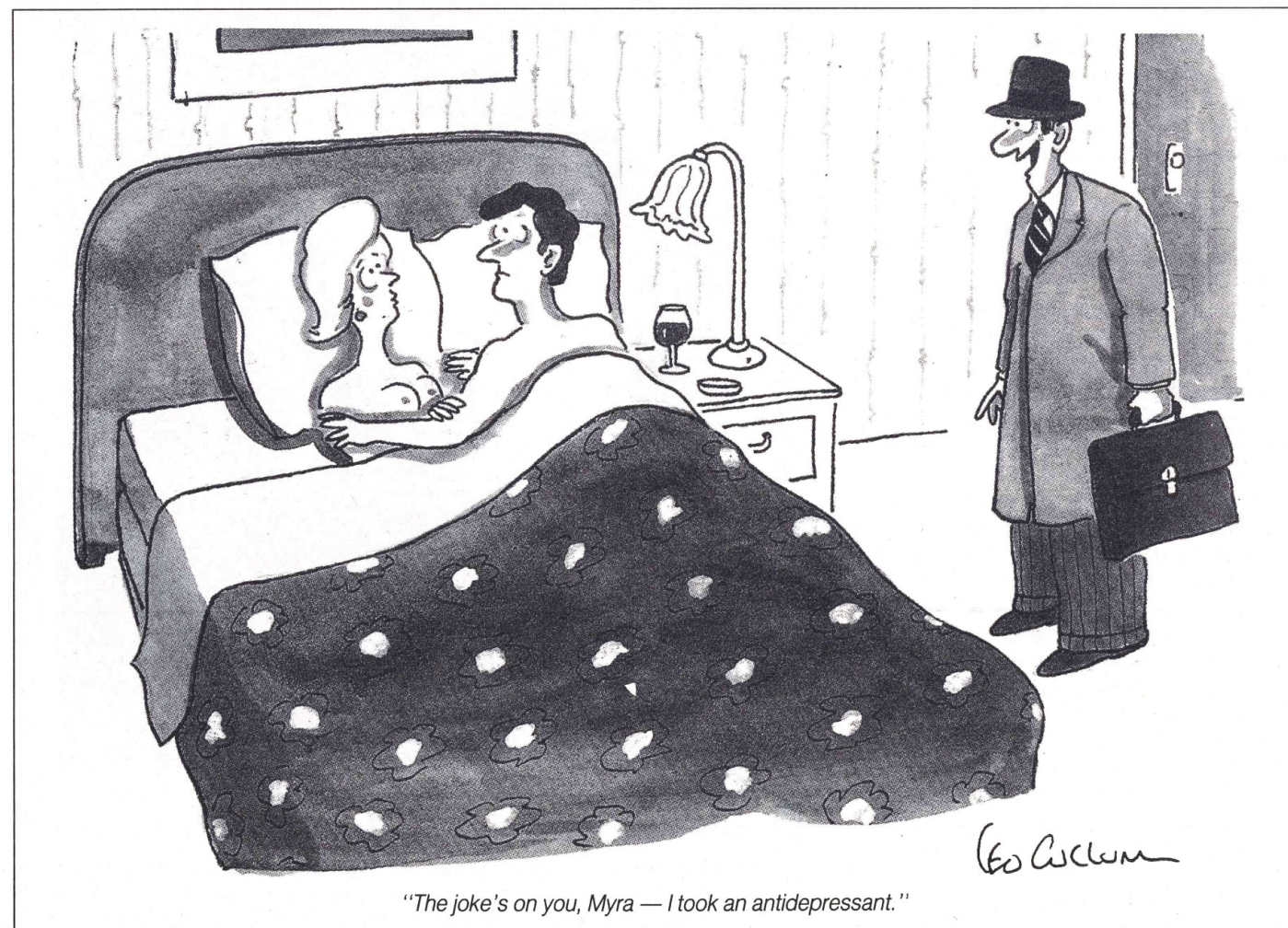
gamut of traumas and afflictions. At 17 she was introduced to the drug while working at a merchant bank. She'd excelled at school and the job offered quick promotion to quick thinkers. The future looked bright.

By the time Rae left the industry she'd become head of the bank's research department, working ten and 12-hour days. After two months of snorting speed as a confidence-builder on weekends, she started using it through the week. Then a friend of a friend introduced her to the needle. "The effect blew me away," she recalls.

At the time, her only health concern was what the stuff might be cut with. "With coke you can taste it. With speed it's pot luck. There's a certain blind faith in the person who sells it to you." She didn't even consider long-term effects. That would have spoiled all the fun. It wasn't until seven years down the track, when she was neurologically assessed, that she realised how much the drug had damaged her short-term memory, organisational skills and ability to make decisions. Speed acts on a neurotransmitter in the brain, indirectly affecting the frontal lobes. In other words, says Rae, "It fries your brain."

But even after using the drug "recreationally" for six months she knew it was affecting her ability to work. She could

Continued on page 122



all on her own

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PHOTORAMA

"It's not something I tell people very often," says 20-year-old Suzette Haverstone, "but I lead quite a lonely life. I'm out and about a lot, working, and don't have time to make new friends. I'm always rushing off on jobs, so even if I do meet someone, it's sometimes weeks before I'm back in town."



"People often tell me I'm unapproachable,"
Suzette says wistfully. "They think I lead
such a glamorous life that I wouldn't be
interested in getting to know them. But that's
not true at all. Often when I go home after
work, I go home alone."







Suzette keeps fit by fencing, which she loves. She also swims, and likes to go walking. "I usually wake up just before dawn. It's then that I wish there was someone there with me, so I go for long walks to cheer myself up," she smiles. "One day, maybe there really will be someone special to wake up with. I hope so."

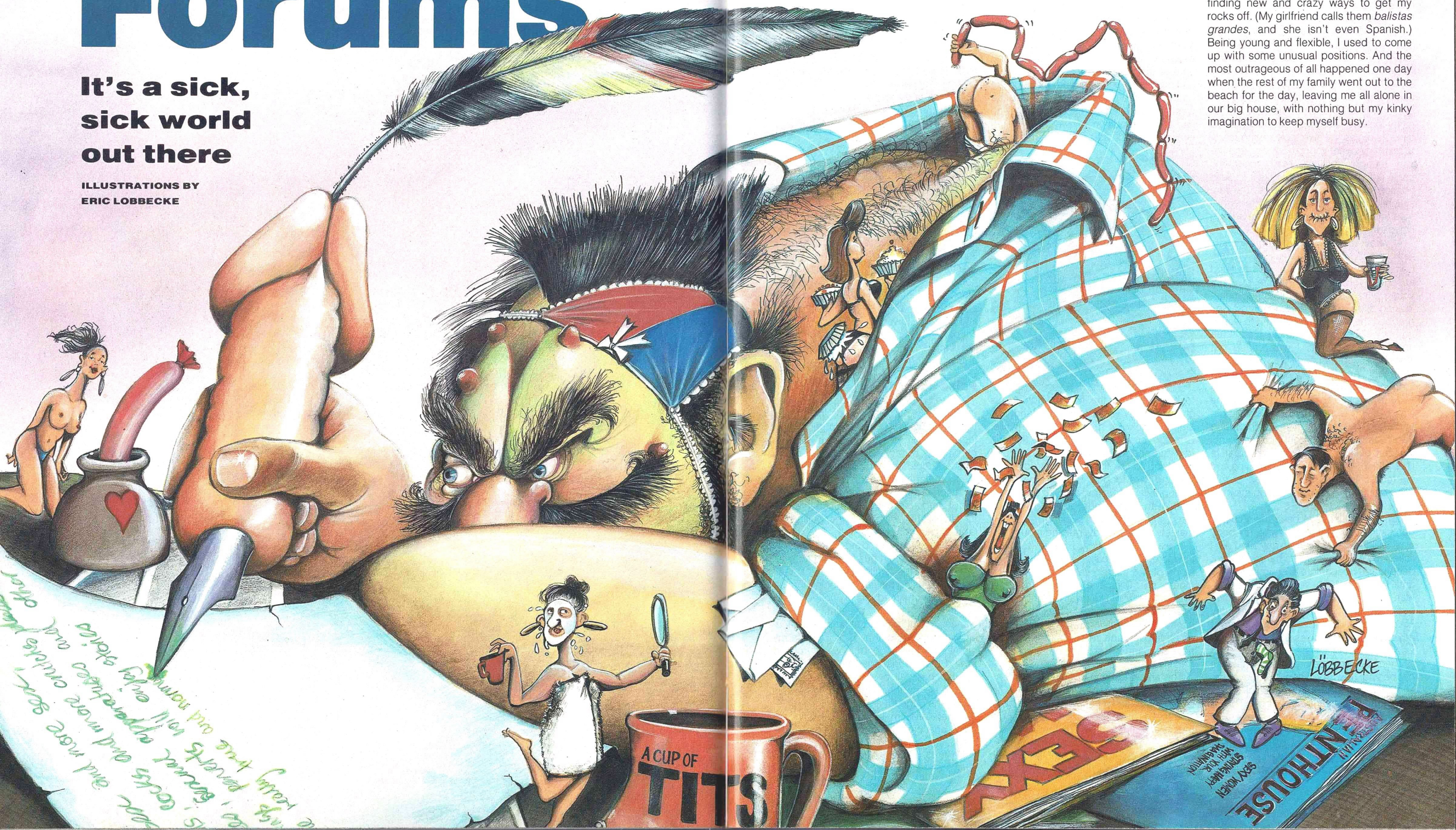




More Weir Forums

It's a sick,
sick world
out there

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ERIC LOBBECKE



It was no piece of cake when last October we had to choose the ten weirdest Forum letters of the decade. A lot of classic stuff didn't make the final cut. So following cries of encore we've resurrected these also-rans. Welcome once more to the Twilight Zone.

They're reconciled

The other night, as my girlfriend and I were entertaining ourselves by leafing

through some of my back issues of *Penthouse*, we came upon a letter entitled "Love of Self" in an old "Forum." Well, I nearly fell out of bed, and let me tell you why. When I was just a young boy of 17, I had an experience so similar that it blows my mind. So I just had to write to you and share it with all the other horny readers of *Penthouse*.

As a young stud, I was very fond of enjoying myself, and I especially loved finding new and crazy ways to get my rocks off. (My girlfriend calls them *balistas grandes*, and she isn't even Spanish.) Being young and flexible, I used to come up with some unusual positions. And the most outrageous of all happened one day when the rest of my family went out to the beach for the day, leaving me all alone in our big house, with nothing but my kinky imagination to keep myself busy.

Weird

Well, the first thing I did was to roll up a big, fat doob and get nice and high. Then, I pulled out my collection of *Penthouse* and cooked up a nice, plump Hutton's Footy Frank. After taking a glance at a few of the killer babes you guys expose for us every month, my rod was well on its way. I'm proud of this beast between my legs, and especially so when he starts to stiffen up. (My girlfriend calls him *Eeyow-ah*, and she isn't even Jewish!) So, I immediately stripped down for action, and started stroking The Duke (that's what I call him and I don't even like cowboy movies), stroking him nice and easy, feeling every swollen centimetre as it jumped into action. Then I started fantasising about one of the *Penthouse* girls, decked out in nasty-looking leathers, strapping on a dildo as big as my own tool, getting ready to ream my sweet young body out, and the very thought of it practically made me come right on the spot. But I like it to build up nice and slow 'cause that way the sensations just get better and better. So, I held my load in, and as things turned out, I'm glad I did.

Anyway, there I was, lying on my back, with my legs waving away in the air, pumping at my pulsing cock, with my mind absorbed totally in this picture of a hot young bitch ravaging me with her mean-looking dildo, showing me no mercy. So I grabbed the hot dog and started to work it up my well-oiled arsehole. Oh, God! It felt absolutely awesome. I was crying out loud, "You god-damned little vixen, screw me good!" And I started rocking back and forth, beating my meat all the time. All of a sudden, I rocked so hard that I rolled all the way over on to my head and shoulders, and when I opened my eyes, my throbbing cock was dangling in front of my mouth! I couldn't believe it! So, being the creative little pervert that I am, I parted my lips and started to lick at the distended purple head of my marvellous screwing-stick for all it was worth.

I guess it must have been the smoke, I don't know, but whatever it was, my body was all kind of loose that day, and as I licked my cock harder and harder, it went deeper and deeper into my hungry mouth, until I could actually feel it in my throat. Man, this was ecstasy, sucking my own cock, and tickling myself silly with a Footy Frank. I couldn't even think straight anymore, but who gives a shit? I mean, I was totally out of it.

Then suddenly, before I knew what was happening, the front door swung open, and there were my parents, slack-jawed and pop-eyed, staring right at me. They'd come back early! I couldn't believe it. It startled me so bad I couldn't move. My father took one look at me on the floor and flew into a rage. He whipped his belt out of his pants and started yelling, "You damn

pervert! No son of mine is going to suck his own cock like that while he's in my house! I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget!" Well, I'm a little masochistic, as you might have guessed, and at the time I was absolutely out of control, and all I could do was yell back, "Go ahead, go on. Beat me! Beat me!" I didn't have to tell him twice. As my dad strapped my poor helpless arse, I looked over at my mother. She had pulled her skirt up around her waist, and had her left hand thrust down into the front of her sexy red panties and she was madly plucking away at her sweet little love bucket, while her other hand was reaching around behind herself whacking away at her rear end. She was leaning against the wall, her knees were shaking, and she was sobbing and moaning so badly I couldn't understand a thing she was saying. By this time, my father, who had a heart condition anyway, had worked himself into such a tizzy that he had fallen



to his knees on the floor, clutching his chest violently with both hands, and was staring blankly at the ceiling. Meanwhile, Charlton, our pet bulldog, had sniffed the frankfurt and he had jumped up on top of me trying to lick the damn thing out with his long, wet tongue. By this time, I was jerking away at *Eeyow-ah* (The Duke) like mad, with both hands pumping like pistons, and licking and sucking my purple majesty with a greedy, gulping mouth.

It was all too much. I couldn't help it anymore, and my balls exploded, shooting globs of hot come everywhere — in my mouth, on my face, all over the rug, just everywhere. I felt like I was drowning in an ocean of my own sperm! It was so intense it was like convulsions, and it seemed to go on forever, until finally I sank into darkness babbling like an idiot, but grateful for the release.

The amazing thing about this incident, though, is that it actually brought us all closer together. I mean, we've never been able to recapture the innocence and spontaneity of that first time, but now we realise that no-one gets it on like a family can. My girlfriend (I call her Mum) totally agrees, and she joins me and Dad (he's still conva-

lescening from his stroke, but he shakes his head "yes") in expressing our belief that the family that makes it together is stuck together. We figure you folks could relate.

P.S. Please don't publish my address. I don't want no letters from no perverts. — *Name and address withheld*

Love in the afternoon

I'm a 23-year-old male who loves to masturbate while watching the lovely contestants play *The New Price Is Right* on TV. It really gets me hot when they jump up and down in the aisles and then jiggle their tits all the way to "contestant's row."

When a really gorgeous brunette with a healthy set of knockers gives the host a hug, I *really* envy him. The women seem to love him, especially the fantastic models who smile and extend their pretty hands towards the luxurious showcase prizes. I'll bet they're good in the sack. They certainly are in my dreams.

First, I stroke my cock slowly, but steadily, as the show goes on. It's such a pleasant feeling to work up slowly.

About three quarters of the way through the show, I start to pick up speed, stopping periodically to catch my breath. By the time I feel the flow of come beginning its rapid shoot, the bids for the grand prize showcase are beginning.

I start to stroke furiously until my hand is nothing more than a blur between my tense legs. I let out an ecstatic moan and press another pillow between my thighs and bite my lower lip. When Ian Turpie chirps, "A brand new car!!!" I go nuts. It's like simultaneous orgasm. — *Name and address withheld*

False advertising

Up and down and up and down moved my furiously pumping hand; the fingers tightly gripping my blood-engorged shaft. I looked down to stare at the swollen purpleness of my glans, the crack of my piss hole opening and closing, smiling at me as I beat it into ecstasy. In front of me lay a sun-bronzed love goddess from a recent *Penthouse*, her body posed in a particularly alluring way, one finger pulling her labia open for all to see. The moist pinkness sent the deepest pleasure centres of my brain buzzing with activity. Once again, the familiar yet magical feeling of increasing tension exploding into orgasm overwhelmed me. I looked down again, and opened my eyes just in time to witness the initial splurt of creamy testicular juice jetting from my dick. Despite my momentary loss of control, I was surprised to find that I'd managed to land my wad dead centre, all over the vagina of my *Penthouse* partner. Unquestionably, this ruined the page for any future observer — but then, orgasm is the most selfish moment one can experience. I closed the magazine, thus glueing together pages 80/81 forever, and ending yet another in a series of mid-evening stroke sessions. I

felt relieved, and "Mr Happy" shrivelled from pure exhaustion.

After cleaning up and relaxing for a while, I pondered what to do next. Hmmm, I could go out to the neighborhood pub for a few cold ones and some casual chat with the locals. But there wasn't much chance to meet women there, so I opted for a club in the centre of town.

Dressed smartly, with a very thin tie, I entered the club and surveyed the surroundings. Darkness alternated with the flash of strobes and the flicker of neon. Monster speakers blasted a pulsating rhythm that I could feel as well as hear. My body moved quite naturally on to the crowded dance floor. Slightly inhibited at first, I soon warmed and began to really move.

It was then that I noticed her. She was dressed (almost) in a skintight latex outfit, thrusting her pelvis to the beat, her breasts struggling to break free of their tenuous confinement. She was just one of many gorgeous women there, but she was watching me. Our eyes met and she gave me the hungriest, most inviting look I could imagine. We moved closer and danced together to the next few tunes. Finally, with sweat pouring off my brow, I pulled her off the dance floor and yelled that I wanted to buy her a drink.

We found two stools at the bar and ordered drinks. We had to almost shout to communicate, but I managed to learn that her name was Heather, she was a secretary, and was with her friend Sara, who was still dancing. She wasted no time in telling me that she was attracted to my "big bulge" and that she wanted to see how much of me she could stuff inside her mouth. I began to salivate at the thought, but then I remembered that it was the sock I had stuffed in my crotch that had caught her eye. Panic engulfed me as I pictured the potentially embarrassing scene that was bound to occur once she unzipped my pants.

"Is size really that important to you?" I managed to stammer out.

"You know it, lover," she said. "But from the looks of it, you don't have anything to worry about."

Then she suddenly reached out and grabbed my crotch. Her change of expression left no doubt that she was aware of my deception.

Just then her friend walked up and blurted out, "Hey, you found a hot one there, didn't you?"

"No! This faggot should be arrested for false advertising," and she explained my fake bulge.

"The nerve of some arseholes. Let's go," Sara said with a look of pure disgust, and in an instant they were gone to hunt further in the neon jungle.

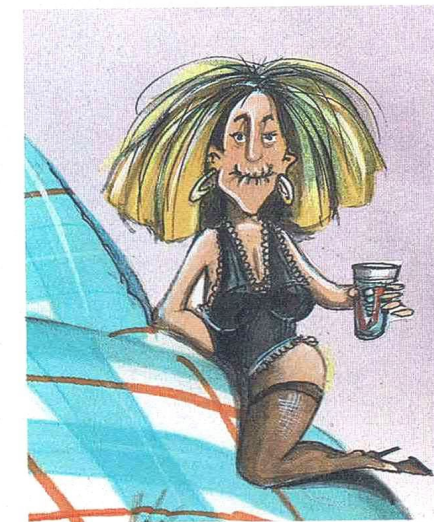
I can't actually remember leaving the club; such was my state of dazed humiliation. When I was back in my room, still blushing with embarrassment, my

thoughts drifted back again to the sight of Heather's pert breasts bouncing to the beat, her hard nipples straining against her top. And that memory stiffened my pal, small though he may be, and gave him a well-deserved stretch. — *Name and address withheld*

Gum balls

I once read a letter in your Forum column from a man who gets off on shaven-headed ladies. I too appreciate a woman with a good, close haircut, but my secret passion is gums.

I have been a "gumophile" for as long as I can remember. Nothing turns me on more than the thought of a woman's toothless gums and I don't mean wrinkled old ladies either. I mean young, attractive women who for one reason or another have had all their teeth pulled and now must wear dentures. Such women are not uncommon — what with all the sugar in



our diets — but they are hard to meet.

Most young women who wear dentures are terribly shy about their mouths and afraid men will find their toothlessness and false teeth a turn off. Quite the opposite is true for me.

My first experience with a denture wearer was a beautiful 24-year-old model. She couldn't afford the expensive capping many models have done, so when she was 18 and living on her own, she had all her teeth extracted and was fitted with a perfect set of dentures. Not only were her looks enhanced, but she could give the most terrific head by simply slipping out her dentures and giving "gum."

I enjoyed the pleasures of her delicious mouth for almost two years, until she married one of the executives from her advertising firm.

My wife had known about my passion for gums since we were first married. She is very attractive with a nice arse and beautiful close-cropped, red hair. Although she loves to engage in sexual fantasy, she drew the line at having her teeth pulled. She didn't relish the idea of having to wear dentures, and if I lost interest in it she'd be stuck with dentures! Finally, we made a deal. We'd wait two

years, until she was 30, and then if I was still into it she'd have it done.

The two years went quickly and as her 30th birthday approached, I became increasingly excited. On the night of her birthday she said she had a present for me, to reward my patient waiting. She showed me her appointment slip for the dentist the next day. That night we had terrific sex, fantasising about her mouth, with teeth gone, as a second vagina. The next day she saw the dentist for her "birthday present." The dentist said he'd never had a 30-year-old woman ask for dentures before, but saw no reason she couldn't wear them as long as she realised that they would take some getting used to and, of course, would be permanent. He arranged for all her teeth to be pulled at one sitting and for her new dentures to be inserted the same day. As the big day approached, we were both excited. The night before, we invited a few close friends over and had a farewell-to-her-teeth party. The next morning she put on her sexiest outfit for luck — boots, skin-tight slacks, and a blouse — and bravely marched off to the dentist. Two hours later, it was done: she came out with her new dentures in place wearing a little half-smile.

One night about two weeks later, she said she had a surprise for me. She came to bed wearing her sexiest nightgown and quietly slipped out her teeth. She took my penis into her toothless mouth and gently massaged it with her gums. The sensation was indescribable and certainly worth the two-year wait. Her pulpy gums chomped on my swelling organ harder and harder, until I literally exploded into her mouth, leaving her gums dripping with come. Kissing her afterward was a new experience. Her mouth was softer and deeper. I ran my tongue over and over her naked gums. We made love for hours.

She sometimes still misses her own teeth, but her dentures are comfortable and look great and, except for a few close friends, no-one suspects she wears them. If there are other "gumophiles" out there, I hope you can convince your girl to try going toothless. It's worth the wait. — *Name and address withheld*

Post haste

I am a fairly attractive student at a country College of Advanced Education. The school's curriculum may be rigorous, but, as the following story will tell, the students don't spend all their time hitting the school books. One late afternoon I was feeling horny as hell so I went to the local post office to see if I had received a letter from my boyfriend at home. Walking alone in the chilly winter air, I was experiencing a combination of loneliness and passion, longing for a good lover. As I approached the door, I saw the young postmaster. At the time

Continued on page 112

THE INDY CAR INVASION

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

That howl you hear on March 17 could be the exhausts of the turbocharged Indy cars of Mario Andretti and company tearing along the beachfront at Surfers Paradise at 280 km/h. Or it could be the protestations of the heavies of the *Federation Internationale du Sport Automobile* (FISA), the Paris-based controlling body of global motor sport. As well as getting another high-profile world-class race, Australia has become a battlefield for the warring international powerbrokers of auto sport. On second thoughts, "sport" is a misnomer. We're talking huge egos and mountains of money here, on and off the racetrack. We're talking big business. Business so big that the Prime Minister and three state

It has all the makings of a great race tradition — speed, spectators and Gold Coast glamor. But there are some heavies who are keen to throw a spanner in the works.



THE INDY CAR INVASION

premiers were hauled into the fray.

There are two big stories about the Indy car foray Down Under. One relates to the power and the glory, the fluoro color and Yankee razzle-dazzle, the noise and the excitement. Mario, Emerson and Danny in their 800-horse chariots. The track action.

But not everyone welcomes the idea of dropping a slice of American apple pie on to the beachfront at Surfers. Which is the second story. It's about motor racing politics — no less thunderous, but crazier than an admission room at a nut factory and more threatening than an out-of-control racecar.

It's a scenario complicated by inter-continental motor racing rivalry between traditional Europe and brash North America, and a determination by FISA to crush any perceived or real rival to its multi-million dollar golden goose, Formula One, at any cost.

Through the eyes of FISA, Indy car racing — a boom sport in the US — poses the biggest threat to Formula One since the advent of the world championship in 1950. The proud Indy car group, Championship Auto Racing Teams (CART), wants to show its wares in other parts of the world, specifically in Australia and Japan. Formula One territory.

FISA, which appears to be deeply concerned that the Indy cars could undercut the exorbitant prices asked of race promoters by the Formula One sideshow, and hurt the huge television fees, has resisted sanctioning any CART-backed race outside North America. It's a clear form of protectionism by the European-dominated FISA. When FISA declined to officially sanction the Gold Coast Indy Car Grand Prix (voting 20 to 1 against the application by CART) in October, it reiterated an earlier threat that all participants — drivers, team owners, officials, organisers and entrants — in the so-called "outlawed" race meeting would face a lifetime worldwide ban from FISA-backed motor sport.

The Indy car men had already insisted they were racing at Surfers, with or without the blessing of FISA. A superbly run, professional organisation which showcased exceptionally hard and competitive racing, CART wasn't going to be told where it could and could not do business by vested interests in faraway Paris.

The threatened disqualification would touch all the visiting Indy car men, including, ironically, two former world Formula One champions, Mario Andretti and Emerson Fittipaldi. And one-time F1 regulars Eddie Cheever (the 1990 Indy car Rookie of the Year), Raul Boesel, Roberto Guerrero, Derek Daly, and Teo Fabi. A FISA ban would prevent the Indy car guys racing in sports cars, touring cars and formula cars anywhere outside the US. For

them, if we are to believe FISA's chest-beating, there would be no more Le Mans, and no Tooheys 1000 at Bathurst. For the parochial Yanks, it's hardly a prison sentence. Except for younger, ambitious drivers such as Al Unser Jr, they could be happy playing with their Indy cars.

In peril too would be the careers of local AUSCAR and NASCAR drivers — perhaps 50 in all — taking part in support races at the Gold Coast meeting. These drivers, all of whom had paid substantial licence fees to FISA's local arm, the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport (CAMS), may have expected support from their controlling body. Instead they felt betrayed by CAMS, who threatened them with permanent disqualifications.

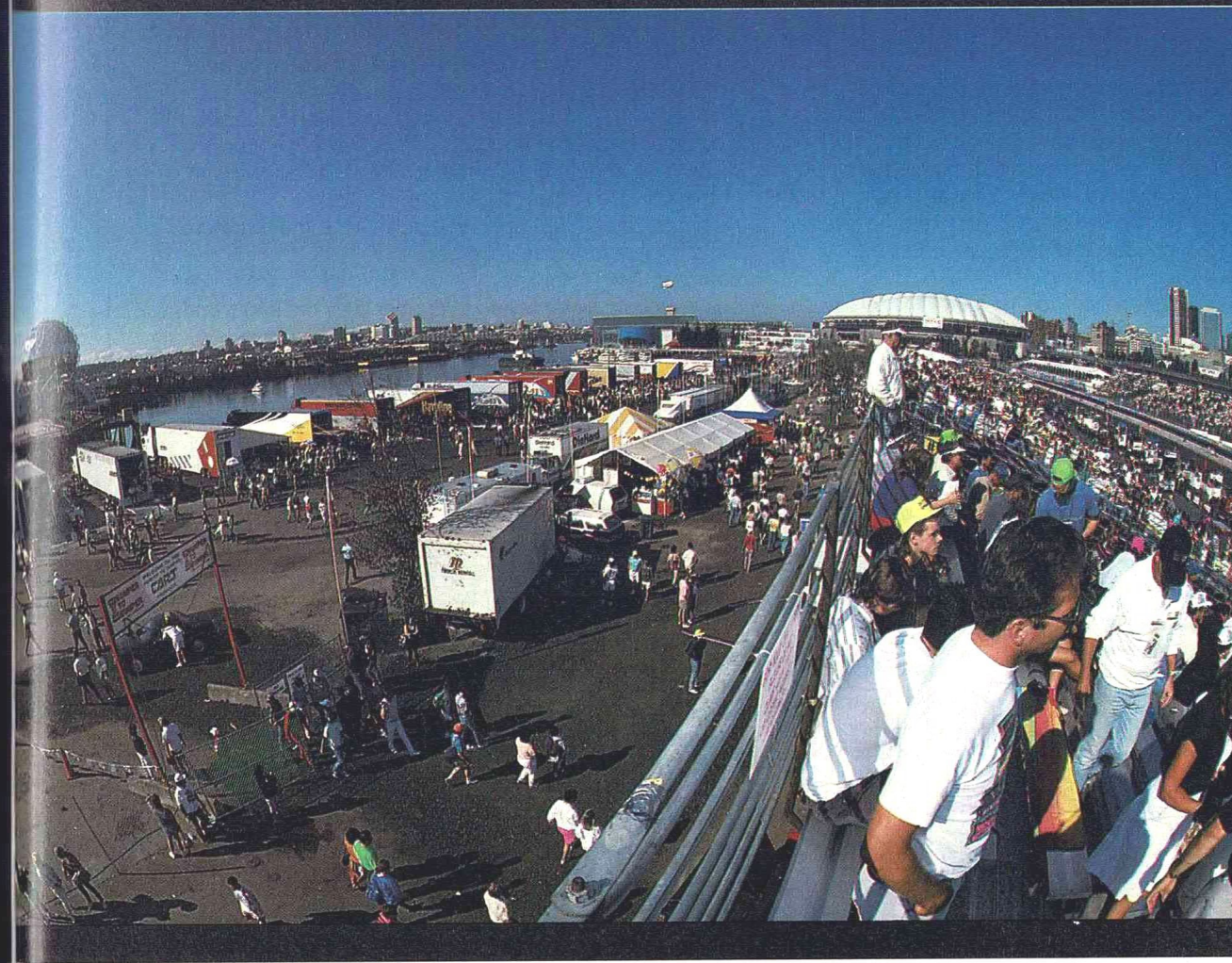
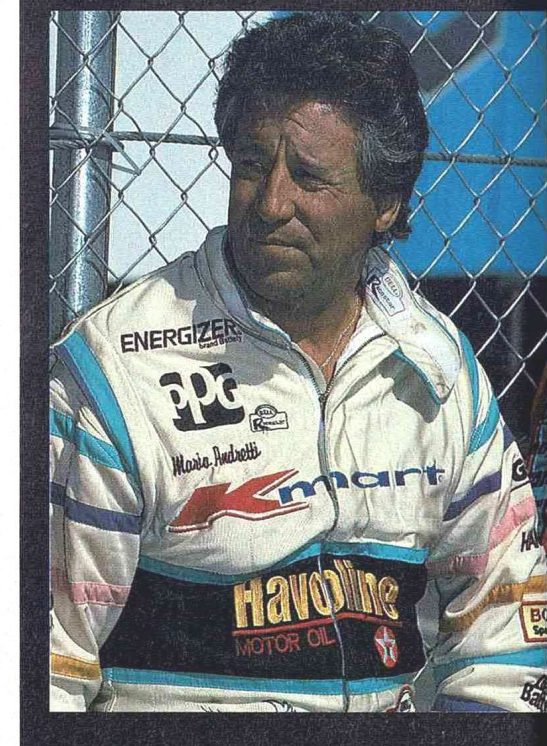
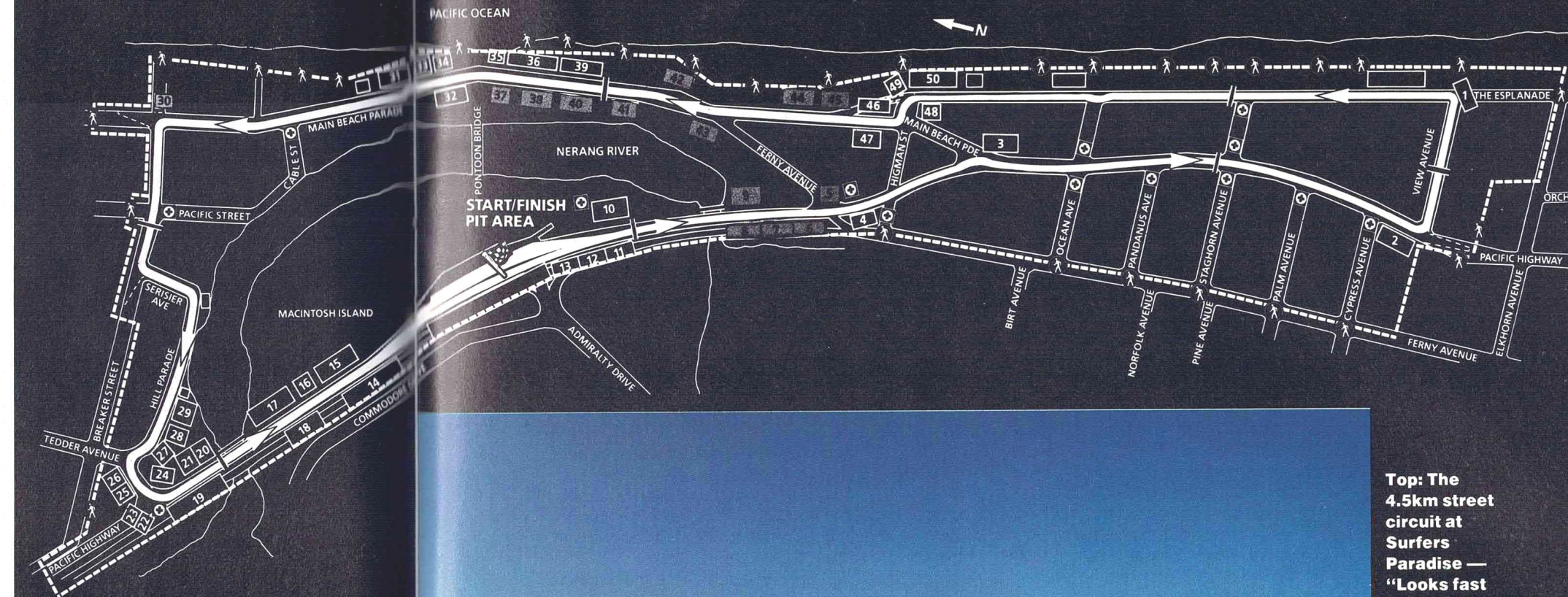
Later, they were encouraged by prospects of a successful legal action based on restraint of trade. CAMS says it has received advice that the Trade Practices Act will not apply in this case. But early in 1990, a Tasmanian driver successfully took on CAMS when it suspended his race licence after he participated in an unsanctioned karting event. The Americans too believe they have a strong case to take on FISA in court, citing international Right to Work laws.

Turning race drivers into pawns in a power-play has split the ranks of CAMS executives. CAMS President John Large, perhaps showing how much he treasures his FISA vice-president's blazer, toed the Paris party line on the matter. In a remarkable press statement, he suggested the running of the unsanctioned Gold Coast race could result in FISA withdrawing Australia's two world championship events — the Australian Grand Prix in Adelaide and Rally Australia.

Large was also the source of a letter to Bob Hawke. Dated September 25, it advised Hawke (who in all likelihood couldn't give a rat's arse) that FISA prohibited rebel races such as the Gold Coast Indy Car Grand Prix, that the Queensland Government was involved — shame, shame — and that the world would decry Australia's hosting of such an event. En-Large-ing on the theme, the CAMS man said of the rebel organisations: "They generally ignore the high standards of organisation, safety and general promotion by which authoritative sporting organisations abide." This, of the people responsible for running the biggest, grandest one-day sporting event in the world, the Indianapolis 500, which attracts more than 400,000 payers.

Hawkey stayed quiet, but South Australian Premier John Bannon immediately raised a ruckus and has publicly stated several times that the unsanctioned race should not proceed. The Queensland Government, a partner of a private consortium in the Surfers race, was not too excited by the suggestion that it shelve an event that had the potential to bring \$50 million into the state.

Separating the reality from the rubbish



Top: The 4.5km street circuit at Surfers Paradise — "Looks fast and challenging," says Al Unser Jr. The 800-horse Indy cars will easily reach 300 km/h — maybe even 350 — on these long straights. Far Left: Mario Andretti, former Formula One world champ and Indy car kingpin. Left: All the hype and hoopla converging at Vancouver's Indy car circuit.

has been tough going, even stretching back to the 1989 announcement that the Indy cars were about to invade the coast.

The concept was enthusiastically supported by the then National Party Government, but the cautious Labor Premier Wayne Goss seemed set to dump the proposal when he got into office. There was widespread media scepticism of claims by the race conceptualists that 50,000 free-spending American tourists would jet in to Surfers, and that an all-up attendance of 300,000 was anticipated. They were fanciful figures closer to misrepresentation than sheer optimism. In any case, Goss

decided to take a punt and proceed.

He has at least done the sensible thing and appointed straight-shooting, pragmatic newspaper executive Ron Richards to watch over his government's \$7.5 million investment. The sharpies in the organisation have been told firmly to sit down and shuddup. Still, with the political bunfight with FISA and the cost of staging the race blowing out to more than \$20 million, Goss must sometimes rue the decision to bring an international motor race to Queensland.

It hasn't been smooth sailing. Flak hasn't been confined to FISA and CAMS.

Local residents are divided, some welcoming the economic benefits but others concerned about the cost and disruption.

There are no real doubts about the race's prospects of being an artistic triumph. But its financial success is not assured. Goss appointee Richards hopes the 1991 race will attract 70,000 spectators. Realistically, that would be a wonderful roll-up, around the numbers Adelaide pulls for its grand prix. Richards also acknowledges his organisation needs to educate Australians about a brand of motor racing they've never seen before, except on television. Maddeningly for

CAMS and FISA, the political fracas over the denial of sanction did much to draw attention to Indy cars in Australia.

Expenses continue to leap. Refusal of sanction means CAMS officials and marshals cannot work during the race. CART must fly in its own officials from the US — a jumbo jet load.

Still, Richards is also hopeful the race will turn a profit in its second year. That'll be some achievement. In its six-year history of staging grands prix, Adelaide hasn't once managed to come out in the

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Is your flatmate the anti-Christ?

HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DRAHOS ZAC

Flatting is a brain-building and socially awakening growth experience. Flatmates are fun!

Excuse me. My flatmate was reading over my shoulder as I was typing. Now that Igor's crept back into his crypt: flatting is fucked and flatmates hail from Hell.

Do you ever have doubts about *your* flatmate? Niggling fears that It fancies your Kylie? That those socks It's wearing are the ones you lost in the wash? Do you wake up at dawn paranoid and trembling, finally convinced that your flatmate is actually the anti-Christ?

If you don't, just give it time. You — or It — probably only moved in last week. When French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre spat out: "Hell is other people", he was clearly referring to flatmates but couldn't say so in case they confiscated his bond money.

Two of life's potentially most revolting traumas are relationships and money. Flatting forces them into an uneasy and sinister domesticity. For instance, simply because I am slightly late with my share of the gas bill, Igor is frying up stinking squid rings in *his* wok (that suddenly nobody else is allowed to touch). So I said he couldn't use my coffee grinder and he's just knocked off the bottle of Frascati I was saving.

Igor has recently given up sniffing my discarded panties. Either the terse little note blue-tacked to the fridge worked, or he is, as he explained to me the other night, "possibly a homosexual."

Millions of Australians are currently undergoing the "share accommodation" ordeal. X has been late for work every day this month as he is scared to leave the safety of his bedroom till his flatmate has vacated the premises. Y has taken her car alarm out of the car and installed it in her cupboard to stop her flatmate filching her frocks. Her

flatmate leaves gushy little notes on her bed saying things like: "I am so sorry. I truly thought Sambucca vomit wouldn't stain. . . ." Were It a lover or family member one would throw a wobbly, but flatmates lurk in a twilight category all of their own.

Once upon a time we all lived with our own tribes till we were of an age to copulate, at which point we buggered off and started new tribes. Share accommodation is a 20th Century syndrome. Never before have so many people shared so much of their lives with such virtual strangers. Igor tends to blow the phone bill money at the TAB and — this may be connected — our household intercepts an inordinate amount of crossed lines. A recent one, obviously two flatmates chatting, went like this:

Flatmate One: "I don't care what strange event overtook you on the way to the bank. Where's the rent and what happened to my stereo?"

Flatmate Two: "I fell over your sodding stereo as I was vacuuming last night. I had to have seven stitches. As I was going on crutches from Accident & Emergency to get the stupid rent. . ."

Flatmate One: "Mate, we haven't got a vacuum cleaner. Not that you'd fucking notice. . ."

Flatmate Two: "Oh? and I suppose you thought I wouldn't notice that you let that slag of yours use the razor my grandfather gave me to shave her pubes with, or that you ate the last slice of carrot cake, or. . ."

Flatmate One: "Shut up. If you don't have the rent here tonight, I'll readvertise your room."

Flatmate Two: "Hell, haven't you noticed there's a war on? We could all be nuked in our beds by the Iraqis and you're making a fuss about the bloody rent. . ."

If you find the above example of typical flatmate dialogue extreme, perhaps you still live at home with your parents? Or you got married at 16? Actually, the reason more people are marrying (and any moment now a cultural anthropologist will announce this) has nothing to do with a neo-traditionalist return to romance and monogamy — it's a last-ditch attempt to escape demon flatmates from Hell.

Everyone tells whoppers at flatmate interviews: "I'm quite easy to live with. Nothing really bothers me. I'm not much of a rager." Then you crap on to some stranger about how professionally employed you are, only a social smoker or drinker and so on. You can't admit you're "between jobs" at the moment, more of a professional drinker who resents having to pay bills, and involved in a bizarre and volatile relationship.

So you move in — or It does — and there follows a brief honeymoon period during which everyone tiptoes around trying to be thoughtful and considerate. But sooner or later, one of you — or both — degenerates into the Demon Flatmate From Hell, of which there are several types. Here are eight of them:

THE DEPRESSIVE RECLUSE Distinguishing Characteristics:

- Believes a bedroom is a bunker;
- Keeps such a low profile that nobody believes you have a flatmate. Muffled sobbing can occasionally be heard from Its bedroom, however, and It also answers the phone from time to time in dread-laden tones;
- Extensive user of Dial-A-Video, Dial-A-Pizza, Cuisine Courier, etc.

Memorable Quotes:

- "That's a bit of a worry."
- "Are you going out again?"
- "I'm going to stay in to-night."

The Last Straw:

When you realise It hasn't been touching the plates of food you leave at Its door and the smell you thought was Its tinea worsens and then you finally realise that the thing has died in Its room, leaving you to come up with the rent that week and arrange the funeral out of the bond money.



THE JUNKIE Distinguishing Characteristics:

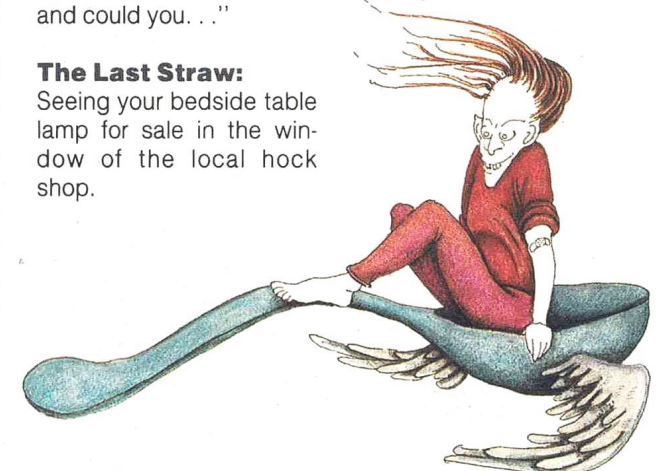
- The house always looks as if Uri Geller has been on the premises — all the spoons are bent;
- The needle exchange van always seems to be parked outside your place;
- Small change left lying around disappears within a millisecond.

Memorable Quotes:

- "That's just a social worker friend of mine" (grunted as It meanders its murky way to the bathroom);
- "When you next visit the doctor would you mind awfully scoring me some Serepax or maybe even scoring the prescription pad?"
- "There's someone from the government coming round to see me and I need someone to say that I've been sick and could you. . ."

The Last Straw:

Seeing your bedside table lamp for sale in the window of the local hock shop.



THE COMPULSIVE ANAL RETENTIVE Distinguishing Characteristics:

- Maniacally clean;
- Can be observed emerging from the bathroom wearing surgical gloves carrying a hair off the side of the basin in a pair of tweezers;
- Everything of Its in the fridge is in a Tupperware container labelled MINE;
- Follows you around putting coasters under whatever you're drinking.

Memorable Quotes:

- "I don't suppose you understand the sort of bacteria that exist on face cloths like the one you left dripping off the side of the bath this morning?"
- "I always spray the telephone with disinfectant — don't you?"
- "The bin with the padlock on it is for organic rubbish only."
- "It's best to attack the saucepans right away."

The Last Straw:

- When It calls you at work to make sure you understand the cleaning roster.
- When the local cockroaches all develop frightening mutations thanks to Its pesticide.



THE CLINGING TRIFFID Distinguishing Characteristics:

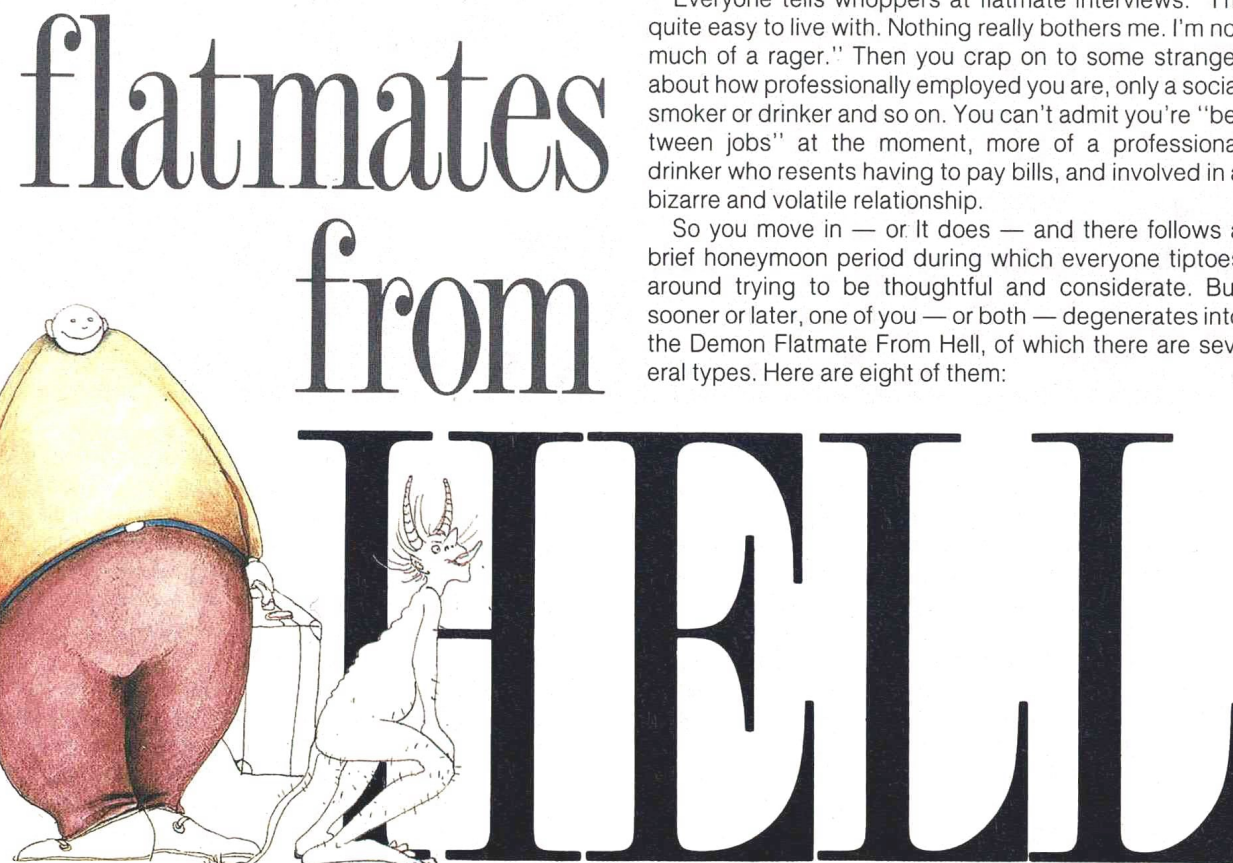
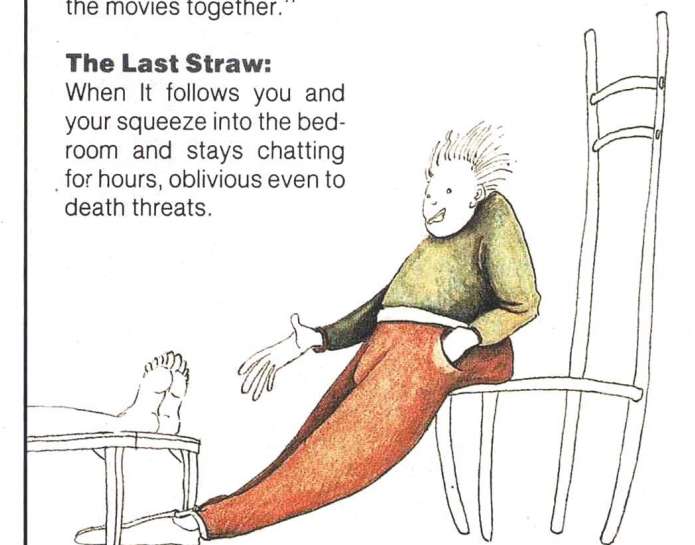
- Sees you as passport to a normal social life;
- Phones you at work to check what time you'll be home for dinner;
- Ambushes your friends/lovers and chats to them for hours.

Memorable Quotes:

- "So what shall we do tonight, then?"
- "The least you could do after I folded all your washing is talk to me for a while."
- "Your friend rang. I've arranged for us all to go out to the movies together."

The Last Straw:

When It follows you and your squeeze into the bedroom and stays chatting for hours, oblivious even to death threats.



THE PATHOLOGICAL COUPLE

Distinguishing Characteristics:

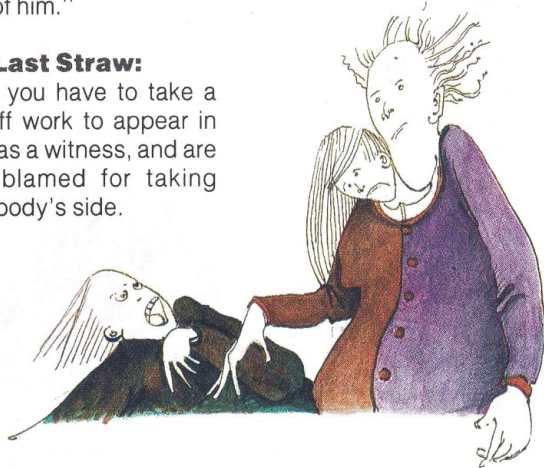
- You're sharing with them to help pay the rent, but they'd rather be alone;
- You are either an interloper in their tender romantic comedy or a convenient referee for their domestics.

Memorable Quotes:

- "See what the flatmate thinks. Is he being unreasonable or what?"
- "What do you reckon? If you were in love with someone who said he loved you too and then went out on the piss with Roger all night on your anniversary . . ."
- "Sssshhh! Here comes the flatmate . . . Don't do that in front of him."

The Last Straw:

When you have to take a day off work to appear in court as a witness, and are later blamed for taking somebody's side.



THE MANIC HYSTERIC

Distinguishing Characteristics:

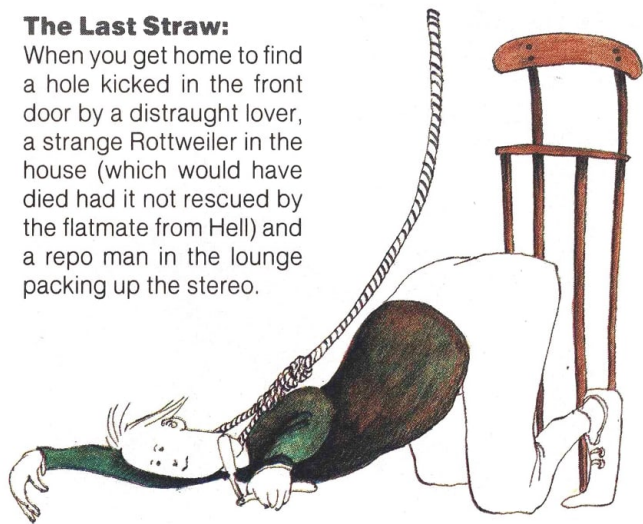
- Massive mood swings;
- Soap-opera personal crises;
- Telephone calls at two in the morning from people who hang up.

Memorable Quotes:

- "If X rings, please say I'm at Y's house for the night but if it's Z I need to speak to him desperately."
- "If I kill myself would you make sure Z gets my bond money, please?"
- "How can I bother with the rent when my heart is broken? This is the winter of my soul."

The Last Straw:

When you get home to find a hole kicked in the front door by a distraught lover, a strange Rottweiler in the house (which would have died had it not rescued by the flatmate from Hell) and a repo man in the lounge packing up the stereo.



THE ECO GUERRILLA

Distinguishing Characteristics:

- Looks ghastly despite an unhealthy obsession with health;
- Delivers constant updates on the jagged hole in the ozone layer;
- Sulks for hours if you accidentally buy bleached loo paper or detergent without a dolphin on the packaging;
- Screams in the middle of the night — not, unfortunately, due to It being murdered by a deviant but because It's just found the steak you left in the fridge dripping blood all over its mung beans.

Memorable Quotes:

- "How could you eat that? Your large intestine is just like a graveyard."
- "I can't believe you have your suits drycleaned — don't you know about dry cleaning fumes?"
- "You don't need the heater on. Just put another jersey on or wear thermal underwear, like I do."

The Last Straw:

When It threatens to kill you if you touch that cockroach which is, of course, an integral part of the ecosystem. Or when It throws out all of your toiletries that have been tested on animals or blows the entire food money on spirulina plant plankton and weedy little organic veges.



THE VOYEUR

Distinguishing Characteristics:

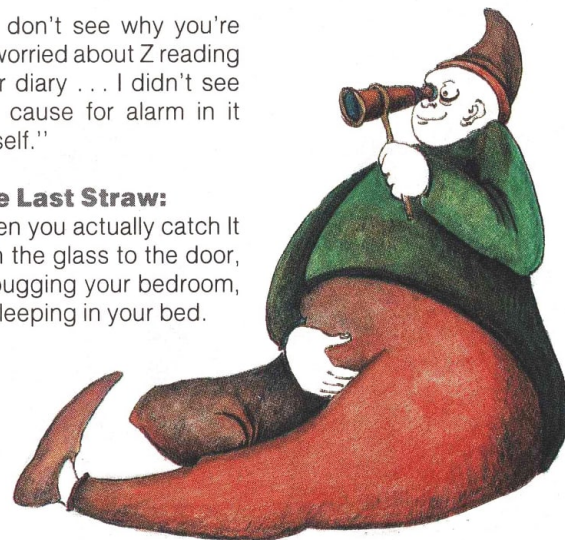
- Pervs around your bedroom when you're not at home;
- Shows insomniac tendencies only when you have a lover in your room;
- Insists on taking messages for you in detail;
- Asks bizarre personal questions.

Memorable Quotes:

- "You sounded like you were having a pretty good time last night."
- "So what are you on antibiotics for, anyway?"
- "X rang three times. I thought you two had broken up."
- "I don't see why you're so worried about Z reading your diary . . . I didn't see any cause for alarm in it myself."

The Last Straw:

When you actually catch It with the glass to the door, or bugging your bedroom, or sleeping in your bed.



WILD LILY



"It's glamor all the way home for me," says vibrant cover-girl Goldie Stevens. "My mother always jokes that I was born with a make-up bag clutched in one hand and a bunch of flowers in the other." It's still that way for Goldie, right down to her penthouse and little black sports car. "I have a huge wardrobe," she confesses, "but I do enjoy getting down to basics."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROL



Goldie, 24, started modelling at the age of seven, and has been at it ever since. "My first job was in a dog food ad for the local paper. Imagine! At least I looked better than the dog," she laughs. Goldie, a neat 36-24-35, admits to being fussy about herself. "I'm the sort of girl who never goes out unless I look fantastic. Even to the post office — I mean, you never know who you might meet!"





Goldie's skills extend beyond modelling. She runs a successful interior design business with a sideline in flower art. "The two go together well," she explains. "I like to create interiors which enhance the people that occupy them. I'll go for soft pastel colors highlighted, say, with a big bowl of wild lilies."



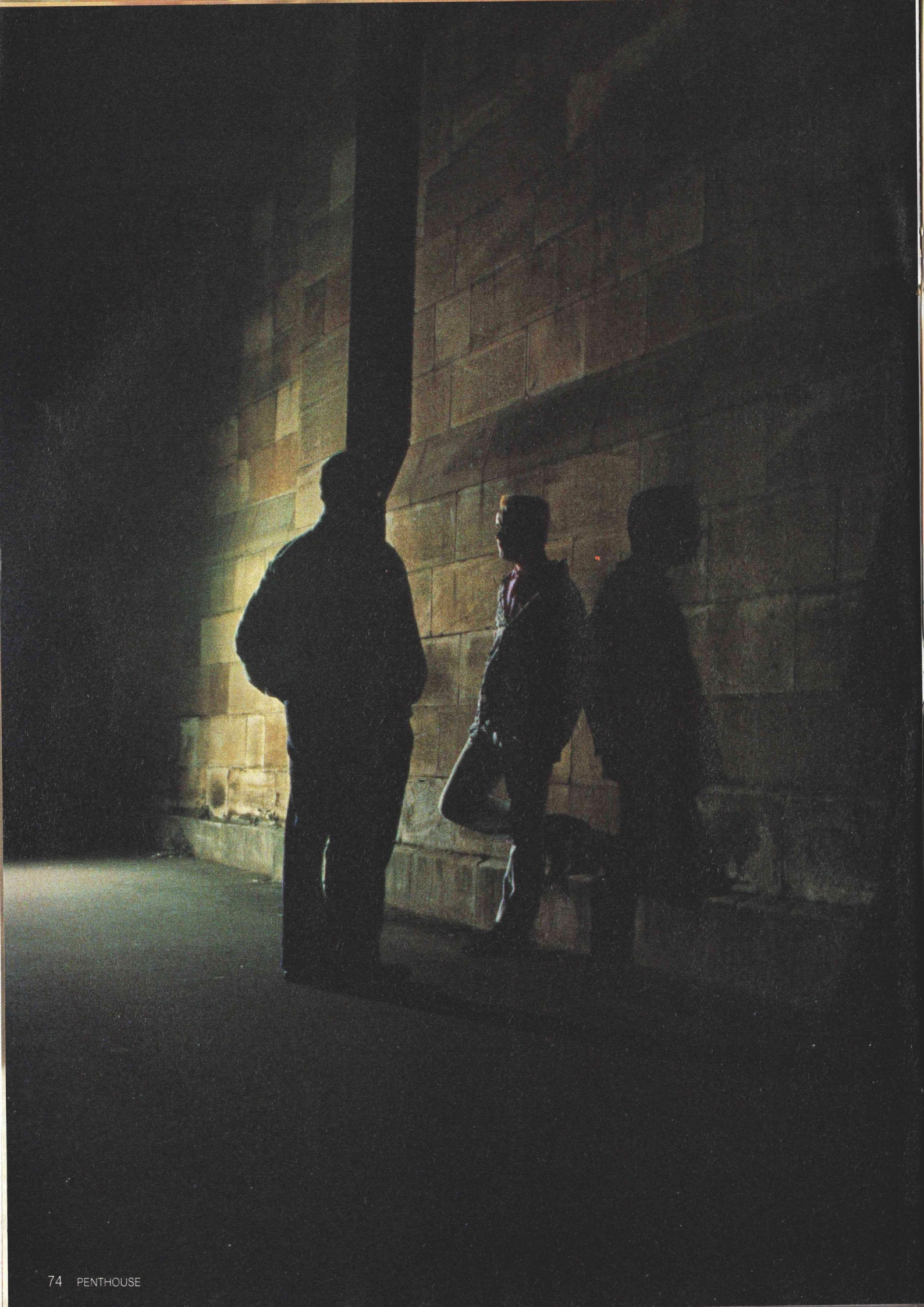


And men? "Thoroughbreds — well groomed and well shod, please," she quips. "Seriously, I like men who have a sense of humor and who enjoy elegance." Goldie's not keen on outdoor activities. She'd cash in a campfire for a five-star dinner any day, and usually does. "Let's just say I don't like to get sand in my shoes," she smiles.









THE Wall ZONE

**From the top end to
the pits, hetero or
homo, male
prostitution is the
same sordid,
dangerous,
potentially lethal
game.**

Any night of the week, you can see them lined up against The Wall — thin young men in shorts and track pants, some of them bare-chested, some of them leaning back against The Wall blowing smoke at the sky. After midnight, the road is so congested with cars that it is near impossible to drive through. These aren't just any cars, mind you — we're talking Mercedes here, Porsches, Volvos, Jaguars. They move slowly, cruising, kerb crawling, the lone drivers checking out the merchandise.

The street itself is well lit and opposite St Vincents Hospital in Darlinghurst, East Sydney, where some of the merchandise find themselves in Casualty after getting into the wrong car with the wrong man. The merchandise like to think they can suss out a nutter after a while on the beat: it's something in the way he looks at you, something in the way he moves, just ... something. They get advice from the Wall veterans, who take the runaways under their wing and school them in the arts of homosexual prostitution. How would a 12-year-old boy survive otherwise?

The little AIDS information bus which is parked by The Wall every night is manned by two or three professionally sincere people who collect used syringes and distribute new ones, and who counsel the

BY ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO

THE WAR ZONE

boys and the local population of junkies, misfits and runaways. These people like to distribute brightly-colored leaflets and condoms and are reluctant to pass any judgment on the kerb crawlers or their usually heroin-addicted prey. It's the way of the city, they'll tell you, and it really is all right — the boys "know" what they're doing, and in most cases it's a clean deal, and "very few of them have AIDS" and "it's all okay — it really is." *Everything is under control — it really is.*

Are they voluntary workers, these advisers? "Shit, no!" one of them laughs. "Do you really think we'd be doing this if we didn't get paid?"

Tim, 15 years old, is sitting on the back of a street bench — dirty sneakers, thin dirty sweatshirt, matted hair. He wants a cigarette. Does anybody have a cigarette? Does anybody have a light? The night is crisp, and he's shivering, but he doesn't seem fully conscious of it. He lights the cigarette slowly and draws on it deeply. When he looks up, his eyes are the green of rainwater, and strangely opaque. Marbled eyes, the pupils small — a galaxy away. His movements are gentle, almost resigned, as if he expects an insult or an aggressive reaction. Is he working?

He is. He's waiting for one of his regulars, a Lebanese man who seems to

enjoy Tim's company. Tim doesn't "go all the way ... Are you kidding? I just do French. If they want anything else, they can fuck off."

Nobody likes to talk too much about the ages of these boys, about the *illegality* of the whole thing. It's so much easier just to turn a blind eye. Tim has been doing this since he was 11. He ran away from home. The typical tragic scenario: alcohol, abuse, beatings, emotional brutality. There are some people who just can't seem to control their ugliness, who just can't seem to restrain themselves when children are around. They're so damned *small*, kids, so easy to victimise, and there's not really much they can do to retaliate. Except, maybe, run away. And then, of course, it's out of the frying pan and into the fire. But by that stage, nothing much matters any more. They know they're going to die, and they make it their business to do it as quickly as possible. Life doesn't really seem worth much when the only purpose you serve is to be someone else's victim.

Paul, who is now in his late 20s, was brought up near the docks in a big town on the eastern coast of Australia. Of medium height and with a nuggety build, he has a face you wouldn't look twice at in the street, fringed with coppery hair. His hands are feminine in their softness, and they clutch at the air and fold over each other when he feels he has made a point.

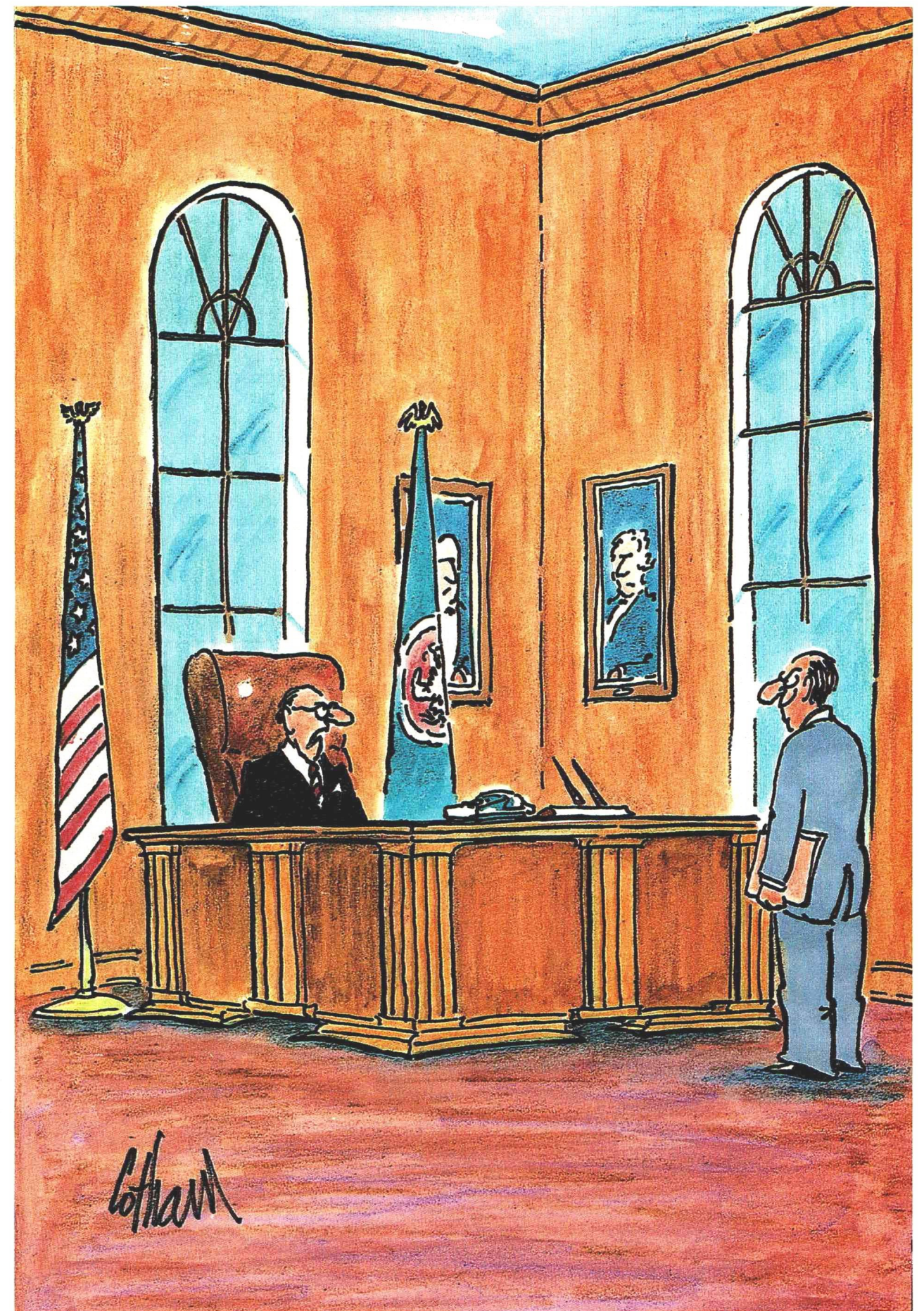
There is a lot to be said about his eyes, which are sharp in the presence of men, but which soften before women — they are eyes which observe rather than express, and they hold your gaze at every turn, intimate, curious. He does smile a deal, a gentle smile, and he has a way of cocking his head when he listens which makes him look like a child.

Paul has been a prostitute since he was 16, but "only with ladies. I'm not and have never been into the guy-on-guy stuff. It makes me sick." He's doing all right — a world away from The Wall. Where a street boy would earn \$50 for half an hour, Paul earns up to \$750 an hour, and that's not including the perks — trips overseas, gifts of land, dinner parties, soirees, the works. He owns various properties scattered around Sydney, and a couple of blocks of land in the country. None of his houses is well furnished because he's never in any of them long enough — "I've always got to be flexible, see? I can't afford to get too settled. It interferes with business."

His parents' marriage was a shotgun affair: mother pregnant, father dutiful. Divorce came after 13 years, which was when Paul first ran away from home. "My father's very strong and quiet, okay? He's a very athletic, very outgoing, very energetic man. He's always trying something new, always excelling. He used to take my sister and I canoeing. After he'd finished work on Friday, he'd come and pick us up



"Aw, shit!"



"The honest, hard-working taxpayer will be the target of our next crackdown!"

from school and drive I don't know how many miles to this huge river. We'd kayak 12-hour days, both days, and then we'd drive all the way home on Sunday night. He'd go to work the next morning feeling absolutely fantastic. He'd conquered another river! So here was this Superman, and his only son was an asthmatic. I really let the side down on that one."

For the first ten years of his life, Paul spent three to four months a year, every year, in a hospital bed. "Oh yeah — I had a little plastic tank, tubes, the works. Nobody had the time for me because nobody had the money to put behind me. A lot of the money I earn goes into the Asthma Foundation, and that way I can put a little bit more back into the system. You know, there are a lot of little kids out there who need help, so instead of declaring my income and paying taxes, I just put the money into the Asthma Foundation."

He harbored a great deal of resentment toward his father, who was "perpetually kicking me in the pants because I didn't excel." Paul was often taken on a tour of his father's sporting trophy cabinet, and it was a badly misguided attempt at encouragement. There is little expression on his face when he discusses his parents' divorce. Apparently it was "inevitable." Paul found himself staying over at friends'

houses, particularly at the houses of his mother's friends, theatre people. His nightlife was spent with people two or three times his age. It was a situation which could not last, and he ended up in the street.

"I had a few altercations with the police. One time I was in Cairns, staying in a hotel near the railway station. I was 15 at the time. Two police officers turned up and told me that my mother wanted to have a word with me. I accompanied them to the police station and they locked me up for four days, just to teach me a lesson." An ineffective lesson, because Paul returned to his nomadic lifestyle the minute he was released. He tried to start a small business, but was the victim of a fraud. He was so young, after all. An easy target.

He insists that throughout this period his mother was "completely loving", but it just doesn't ring true. Why was he on the streets at that age? Why was nothing done about it? Why do we close our eyes to the plight of the defenceless, when it would take so little to rectify the situation?

By contrast, Tim's childhood holds no particular mysteries. His earliest memory of his mother is branded on his psyche. He was playing behind a hedge, he says, with a toy or a car or a bucket and spade. His mother was having a drink with a woman friend on the other side of the hedge, in the garden. He heard her whisper, "I just can't help it — I hate that child. He looks so

much like his father it frightens me." Tim's mother left soon afterwards and moved up north. The youngest of three boys, Tim was left in a household of men. His father, wholly involved in his business, was rarely there to deal with his sons, and when he was, he was "an animal." They were expected to cook, clean, and take care of themselves whilst excelling at school.

Three years ago, both of Tim's older brothers were convicted of rape. Their trick was to ply young girls with alcohol in pubs, take them home, rape them, and then throw them out in the street after pelting them with eggs. One of the brothers, like Tim, is a heroin addict. The other, chronically unemployable, is unable to control his violence. Tim couldn't cope with the situation, and just left home. When he talks about his parents, he begins stubbing his cigarette out into the palm of his hand, but no expression registers on his face. There's no pain, after all. The heroin takes care of that.

He shares a small, filthy room in a Kings Cross "hotel" with a male friend, also a rent boy, and also a heroin addict. The proprietors of this establishment are aware of the boys' problems, but it's not really an issue. They just take the money. There are two phones in the place, and when a call is put through to Tim, the landlord listens in. For what reason? He's probably got

Continued on page 125



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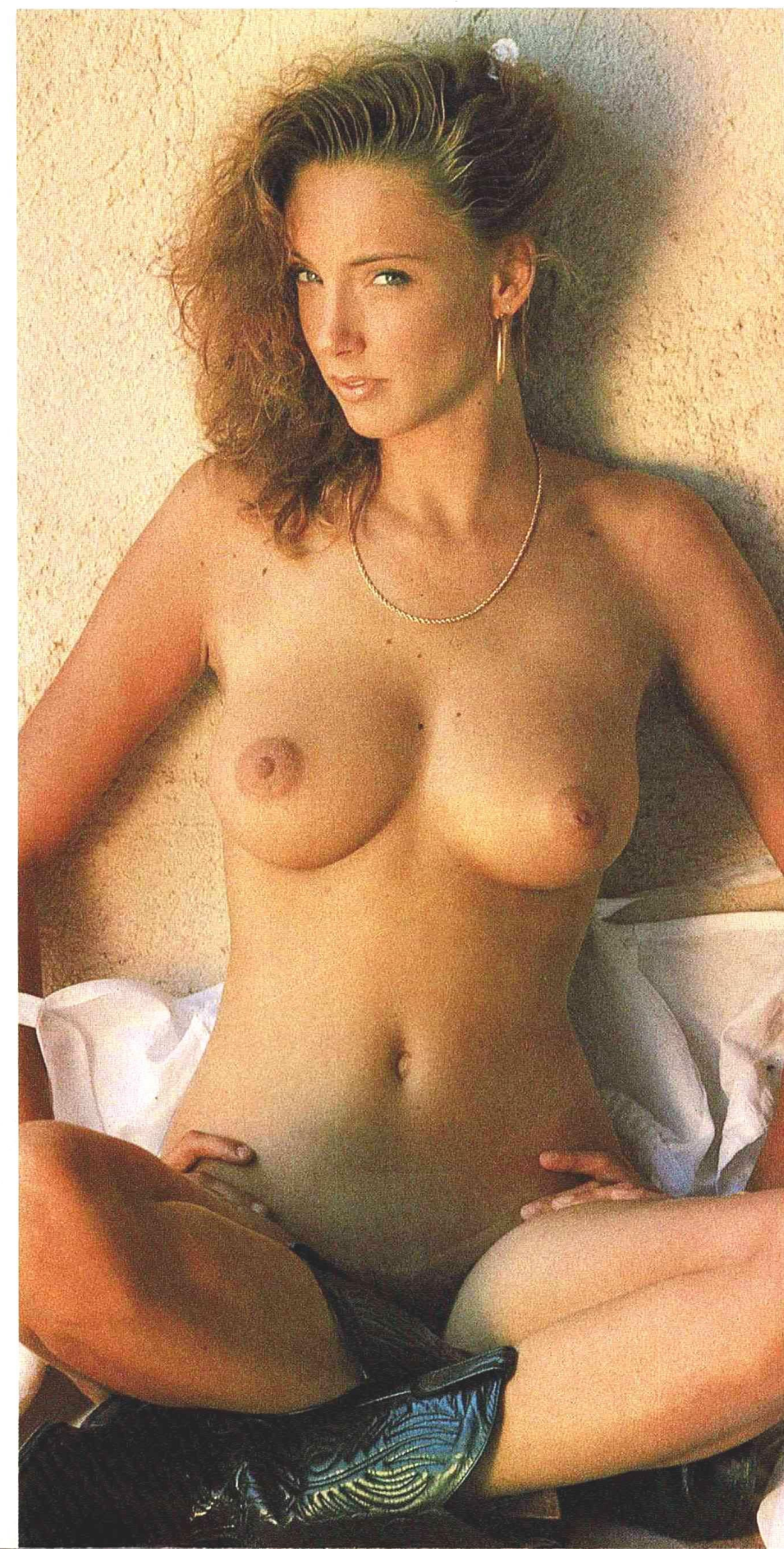
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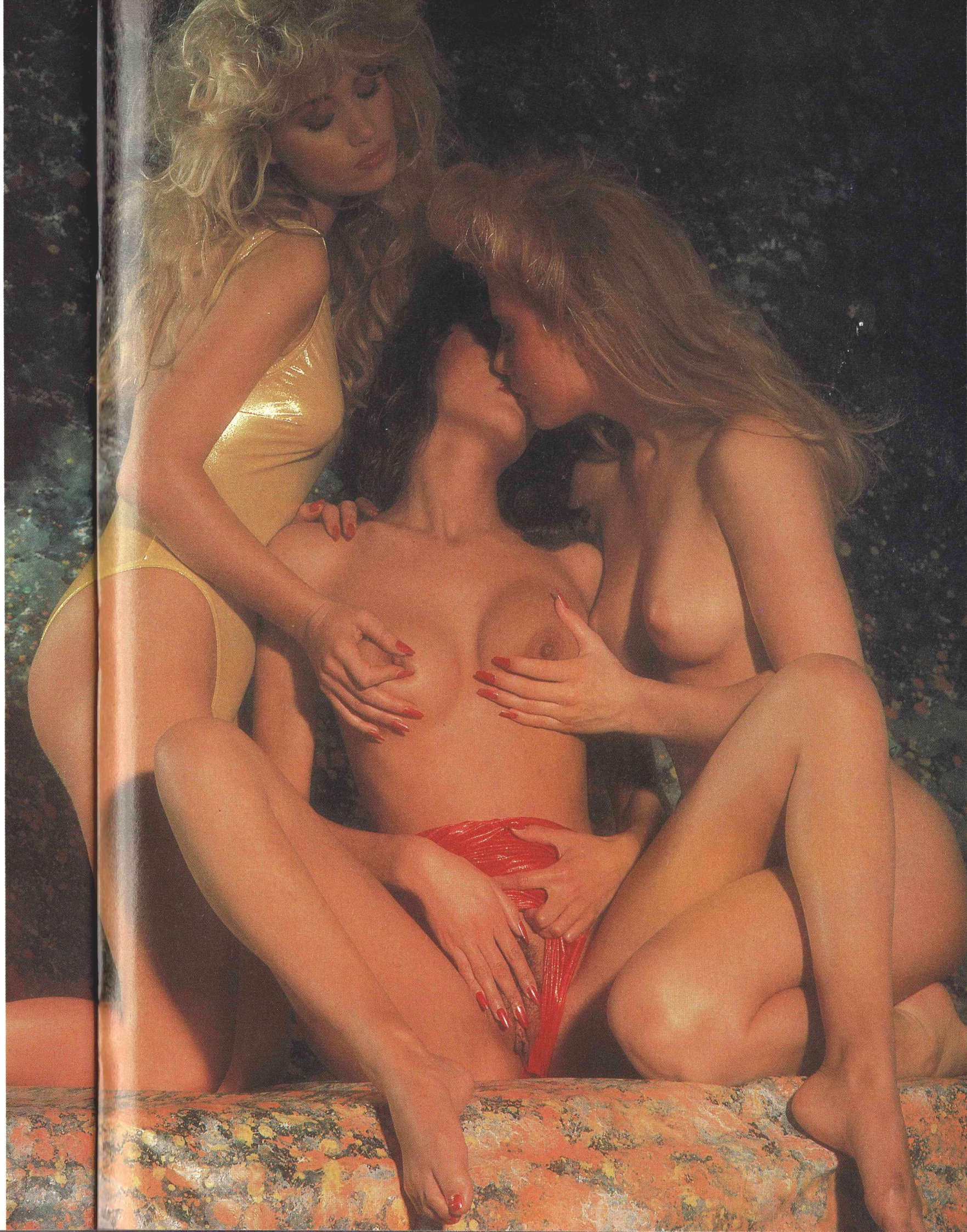


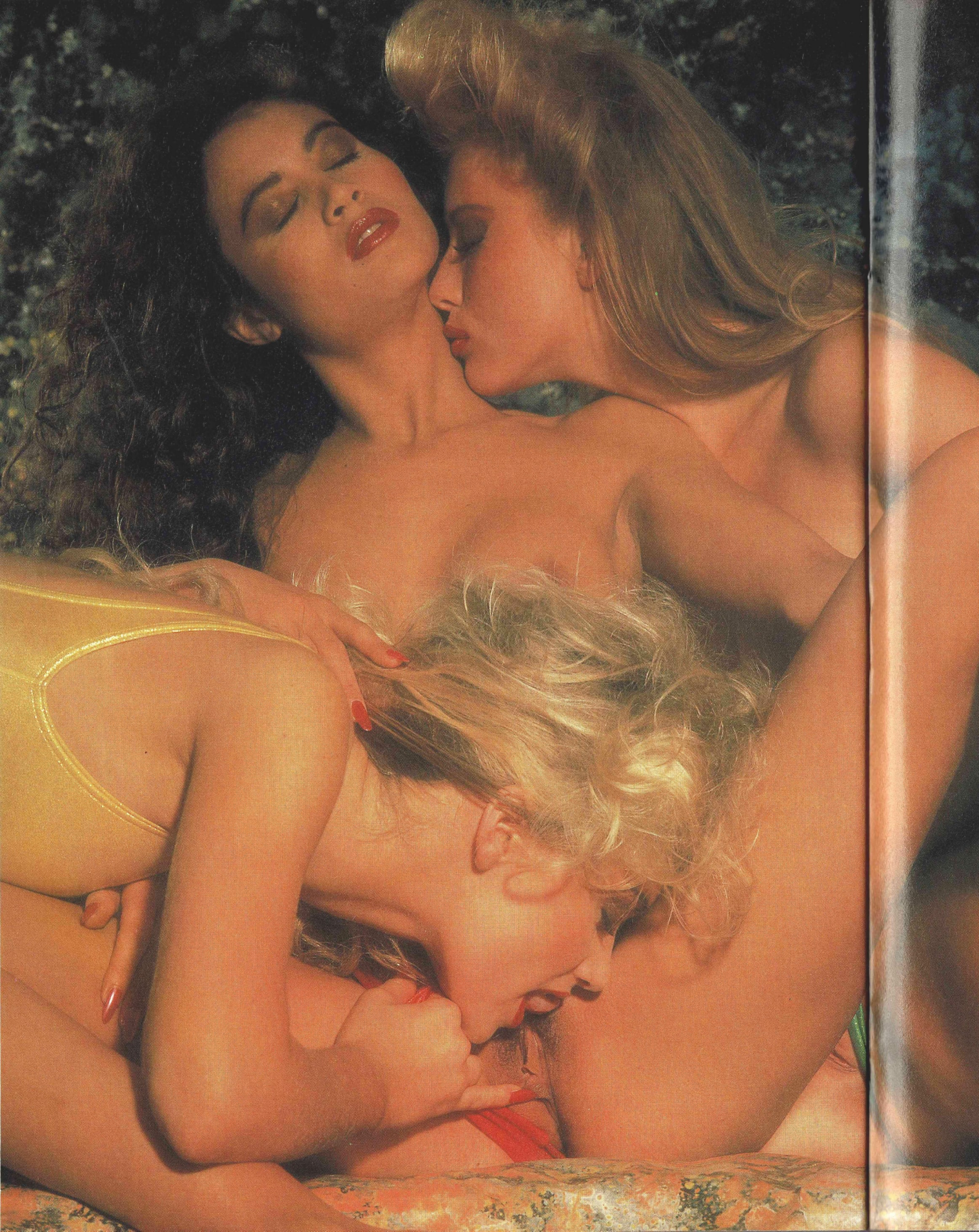
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP MOND



Mikki, Cheryl and Anne

For a long, long time, Mikki, Cheryl, and Anne had dreamed of just such a break. It wasn't that they didn't enjoy modelling for art students. They did. But they knew there was something bigger out there waiting for them. When one of Europe's top photographers accepted all three, a celebration was in order.





The three of them had been close, but now they felt closer than ever before. They were like sisters. Or lovers. Or both. If only their art students could see them now, they said, laughing, knowing that no brush could capture the shifting scenes that unfolded that afternoon as nature took its sweet course.





This was art for art's sake, lust for lust's. Cheryl had never felt such heat. Mikki, usually so proper and reserved, breathed like a panther upon Anne's skin. There was a feeling that whatever the future might hold for them, these secret pleasures would never be lost.



There is nothing on this earth that makes the average suburban motorist more uneasy than the sight of a great horde of filthy Harley-mounted outlaws roaring up in his rear-view mirror.

Over the years Australian bikers have built for themselves a reputation for excess, violence and unpredictability. But at the same time they have come to symbolise the counter-cultural dark side, a kind of Khmer Rouge of the rebellious generation. To some extent, that notoriety has given them a degree of social acceptability.

In an age of alternative lifestyles, the bikers have endured while so many other teen-cults — from Rockers to rap dancers — have long since shit themselves. And of the surviving cults — skinheads, swampies, hippies, headbangers, surfies, mods or whatever — bikers are by far the least likely to one day hang up their leathers and slide into the middle-aged middle-class mainstream. Once a biker, always a biker.

Born of the anger and frustration that followed World War II, when thousands of disaffected American, Pommie and Aussie veterans took to the roads to look for something better than day-to-day tedium, biker culture has matured into a full-time lifestyle. Bikers don't play it, they live it. Along the way they have evolved from their hoodlum origins to become, in the public's mind, a bunch of weird Anglo-Barbarians that roam the edges of society.

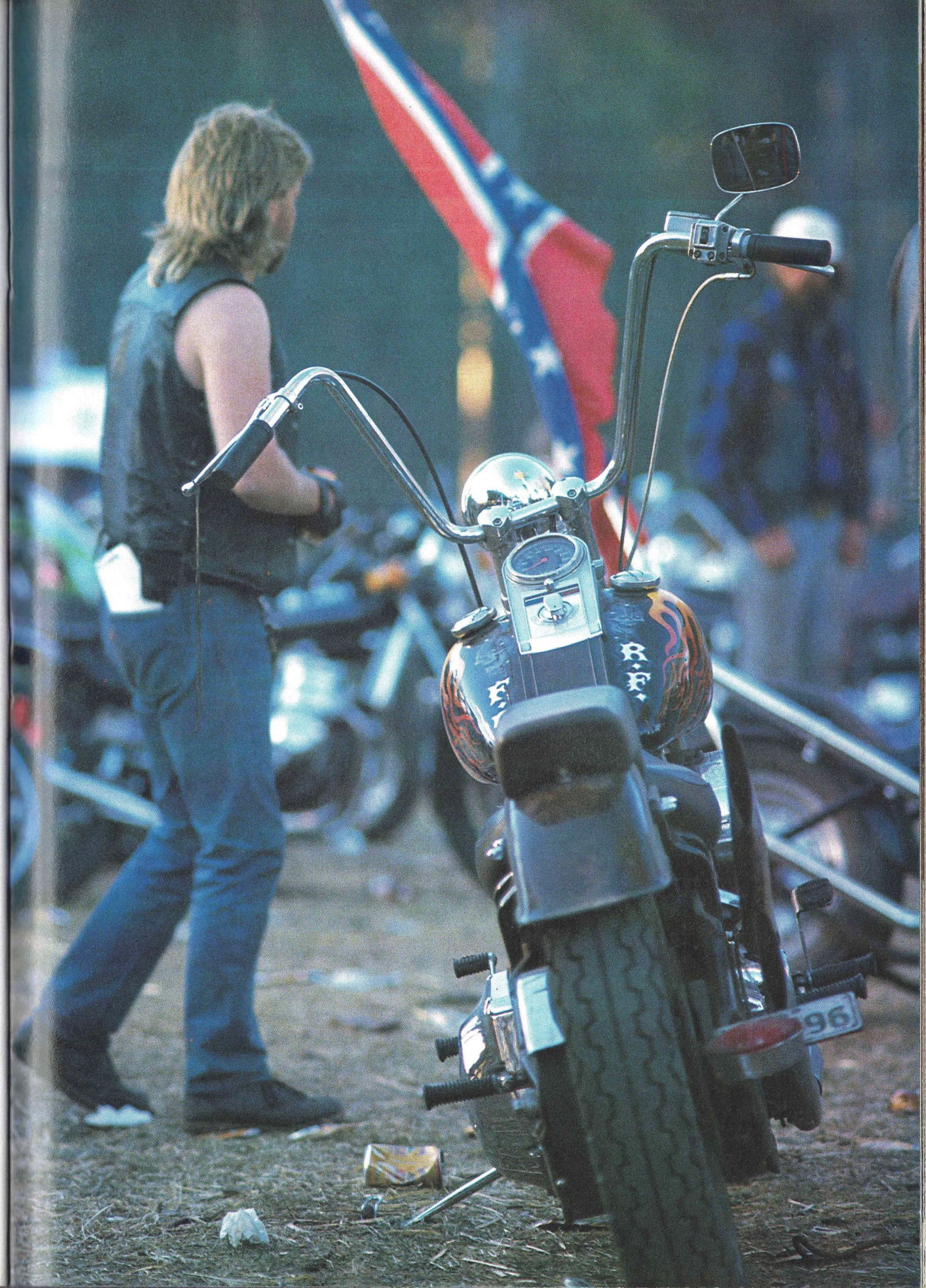
Popular perception, fuelled by a spate of rape'n'ravage road warrior flicks, draws images of a new-world carnivore — motorcycle-mounted, leather-clad, crazy-eyed, greasy-haired, bearded, tattooed and brutal highway mongrels out prowling the roads hungry for meat. They're seen to be dangerous, volatile and always ready to deliver some Sidchrome-slingin' rough justice to any and all who stand in their way. And don't forget the compulsory scantily clad half-child/sex vixen clinging behind like a sacrificial virgin.

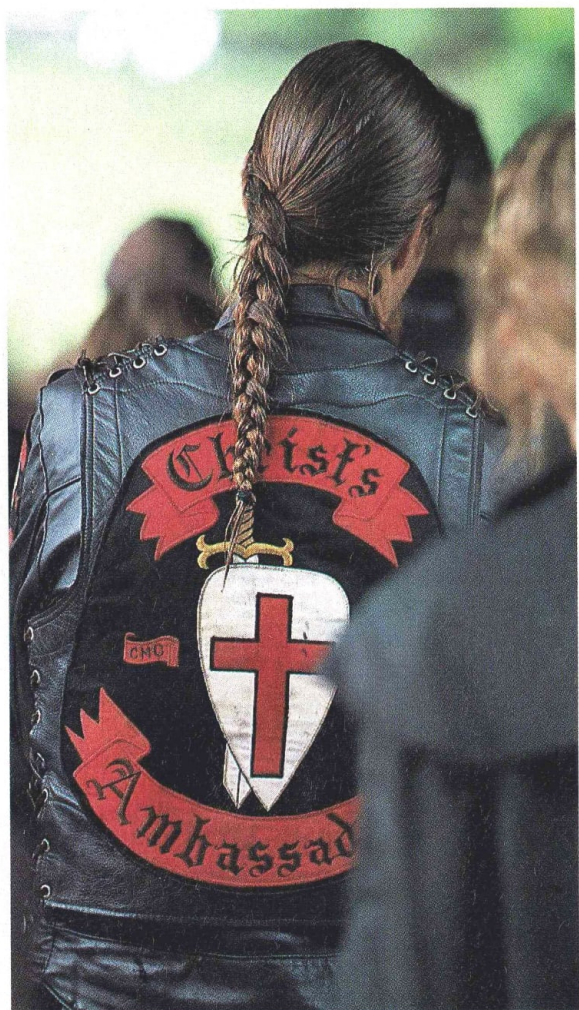
Or worse, in more recent years bikers have been attracting all sorts of good press where they are plugged as the stout, big-hearted blokes with the tats and bikes who take a soft line with kids in intensive care at Christmas. Misunderstood, often maligned, but always

LIFERS

Forty years on, the lure of biker culture is as powerful as ever.

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY JOHN FARRELL





ready to defend the righteous, the good bloke biker has found a place in the hearts of "feel-good" Australia.

But the media-hyped image is based on what people would like to think about their world, rather than how things really are. The misconceptions stem from the deluge of American biker imagery that hits our shores. That's where all the Bros, scooters, sleds, cages, Number 13 stuff and assorted other Yank *Easy Rider* influences come from. But while Australian bikie culture is influenced by its American parent, there the comparison ends. The lifestyle, politics, language and central binding beliefs of the boys Down Under are distinctly and virulently blue-collar Australian.

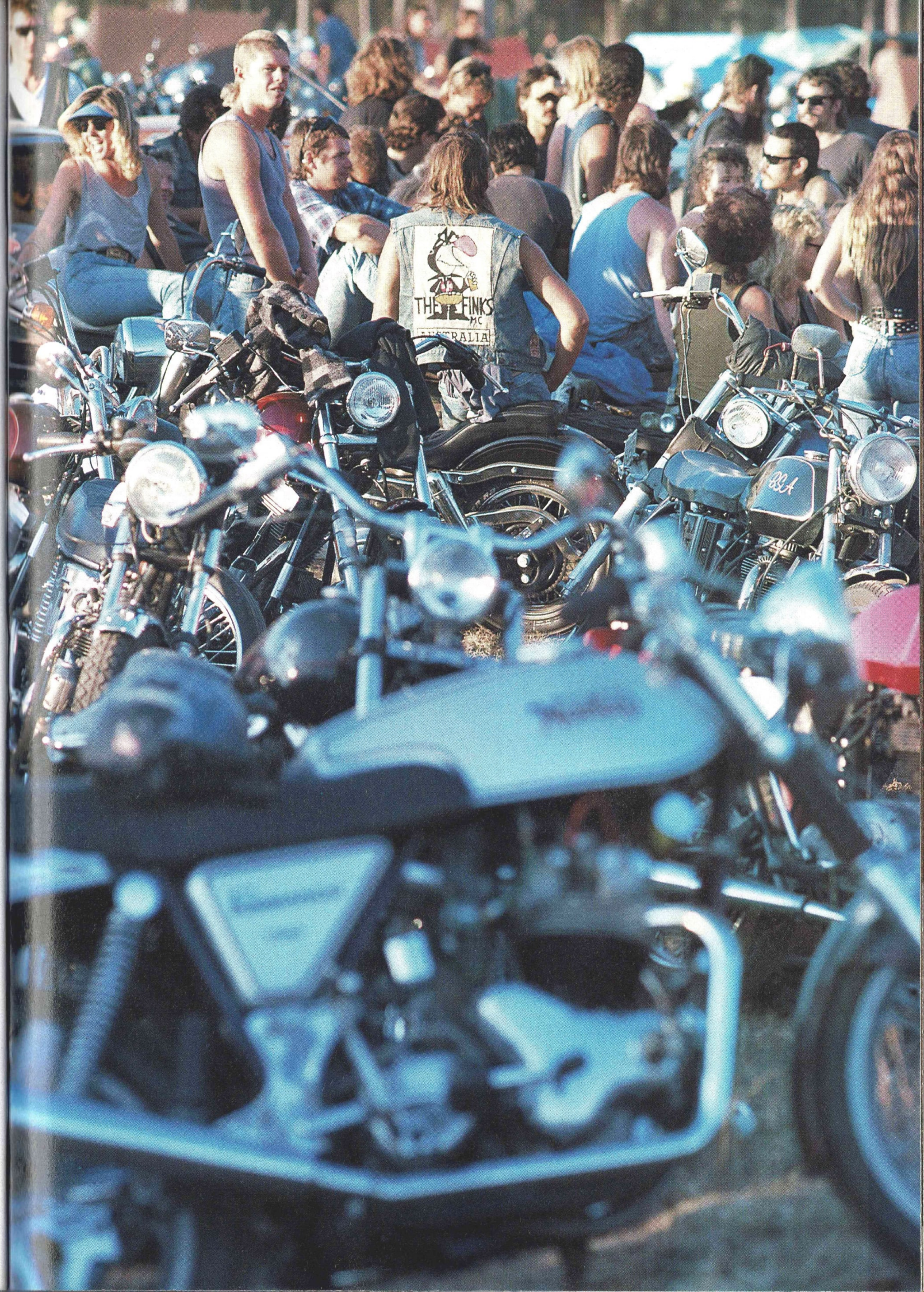
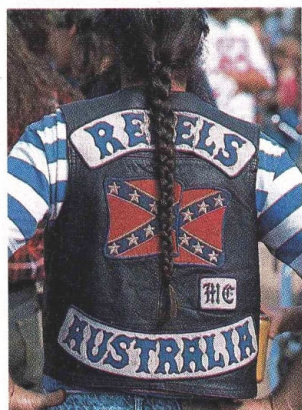
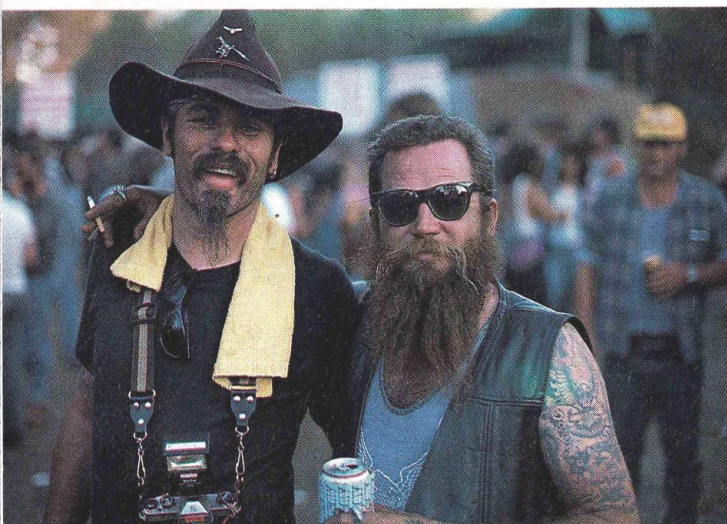
The ethos stems from alienation, from being left out of Bob Hawke's middle-class dream of a "clever country." And from a perception, by the average bloke in a blue singlet, that you're only allowed to throw shit in this country if the target is undereducated, working class and white. The working class man (read Norm, ocker, yobbo, Bevan, Westie) has been collectively stereotyped as a hateful bastard who chops down trees, drives bulldozers, loathes blacks and Asians and belts his wife. In the search for new identities, or at least company in which they can relax and be accepted, the blue-collar boys are steadily finding their way to the biker campfires.

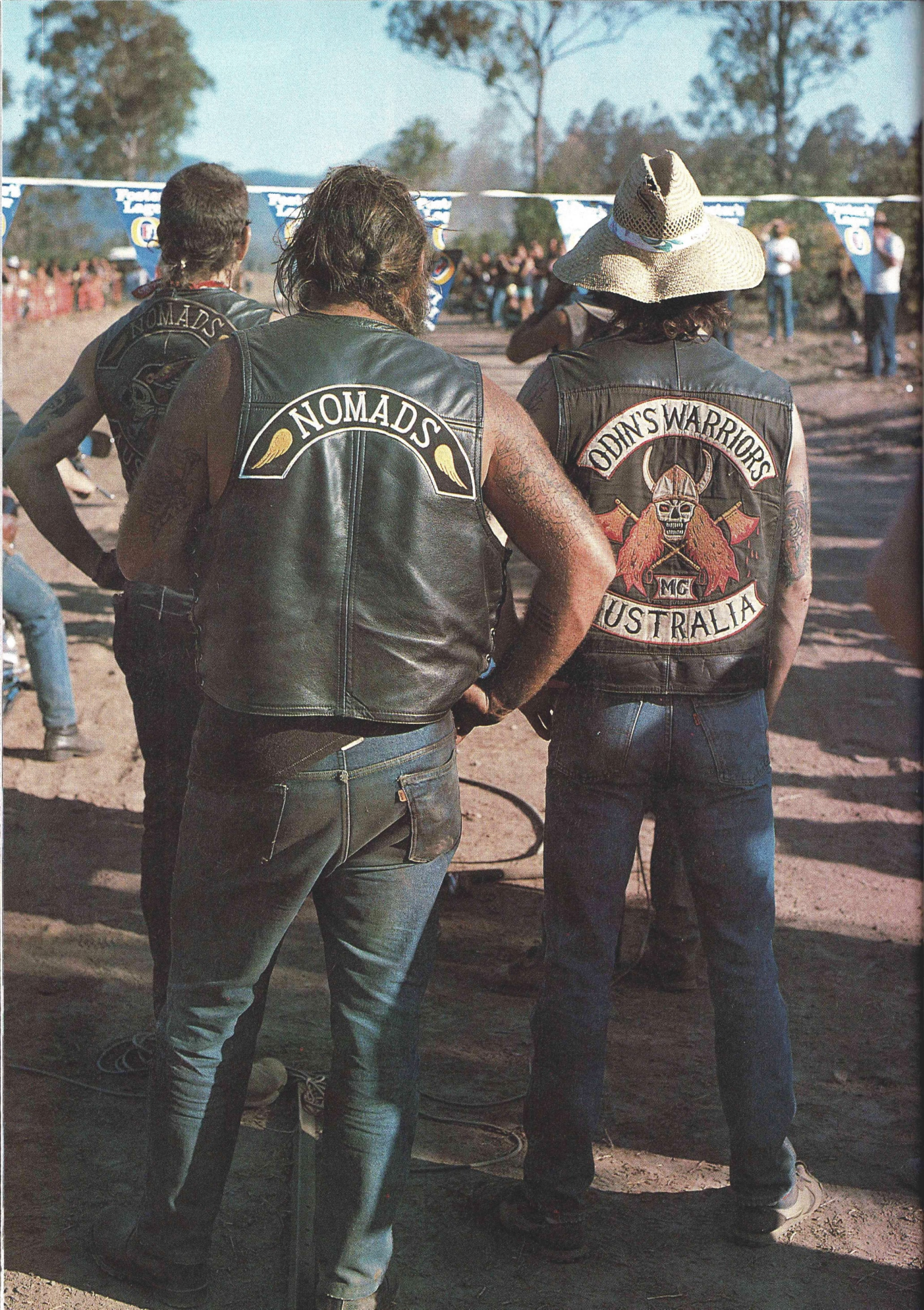
Being a biker is a participatory lifestyle; there are no stars or role-models to worship and emulate, like the teenage music or TV fads. Biker magazines are filled with the rank and file, not superstars and champions. Every biker is the star of his own show, but instead of fame he takes infamy. All he needs is a bike and the appropriate attitude.

Although most bikers consider themselves loners, they are drawn to the neo-tribalism of the outlaw clubs and gangs. Each fully-fledged member of these groups wears his colors, or patch, emblazoned across his back identifying him as one of the tribe. With names such as Rebels, Hell's Angels, Lone Wolves, Blonks, Nomads, Vagabonds, Bandidos, Gypsy Jokers, Odin's Warriors, Gladiators, Satan's Sons, Life and Death, Black Uhlands, Renegades and others, the outlaw clubs conduct their business on both sides of the law. Admission to a club requires a long and tortuous devotion to duty that begins years before a patch is issued, when a hopeful wanna-be has to hang around until he wins enough respect from the members to be nominated as a "prospect."

A "prospect" has the dubious honor of wearing a small cloth patch or club banner identifying him as belonging to the club, but must put in hours of arduous duty ranging from bar service to parking lot minder to partner in crime. After proving himself to the members he will be formally initiated into the brotherhood and rewarded with the coveted colors.

With a little experience it's possible to read the status and vintage of any particular patch by noting the condition of his colors and the multiple run badges worn like campaign medals on his vest. A diamond-shaped cloth patch with the symbol "1%" is worn over the heart by many outlaw clubs. Its origins go back to the early days of the Hell's Angels in the US, where it signified that the wearer proudly identified himself as belonging to the one percent of motorcyclists disowned by the American Motorcycle Association. In Australia the "1%" identifies an outlaw club strong enough to make the claim and with enough muscle





to keep it. It is an honor that is taken very seriously and it has to be earned the hard — and sometimes bloody — way, as a few aspiring clubs around the country have discovered to their dismay over recent years.

Whatever non-public activities the outlaw clubs get up to, they are not likely to tell outsiders anyway. Their simple but effective recruiting techniques make them all but impregnable to infiltration and their highly refined etiquette makes it easy to spot a pretender. Recent allegations on the ABC's *Four Corners* program concerning massive production and distribution of amphetamines via club networks remain allegations. But some highly publicised Hell's Angels busts in Victoria, and some spectacularly high living among certain Sydney biker identities, lend a bit of weight to the theory that there is more to this whole set-up than the thrill of the wind in your face.

All the same, for the majority of Australian bikers, the closed club syndrome is just so much folklore. They don't belong to any clubs and would chafe at the restrictions that such membership entails. They're in it for the fun and the tits — attracted by a somewhat juvenile masochism, hedonism and the lure of easy living and the outlaw ethos. When asked about the underlying philosophy of the whole movement, most bikers will mutter about "freedom" or "the wind in your face" or "a wildness of spirit in a world of straights." A lot of them even say they want to get away from the outlaw concept. But to accept these statements at face value would be naive.

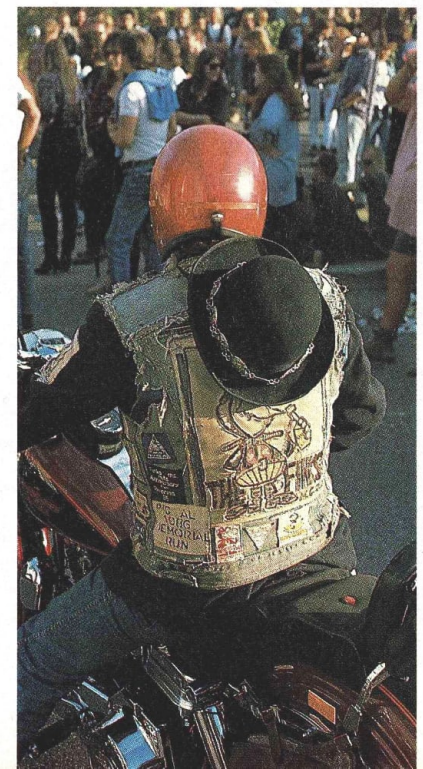
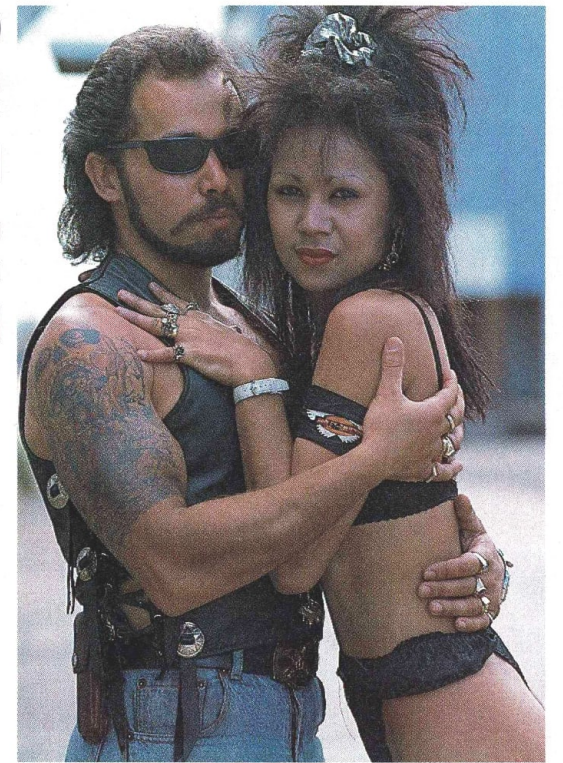
The riots at Bathurst and the shootings at Milperra may have faded into history, but the binding philosophy is still pure Ned Kelly — "I fought the law and the law won." Throw in a little radical reactionism, some republican sentiment, an embryonic sense of *volk* and a Eureka flag or two and you begin to get the picture.

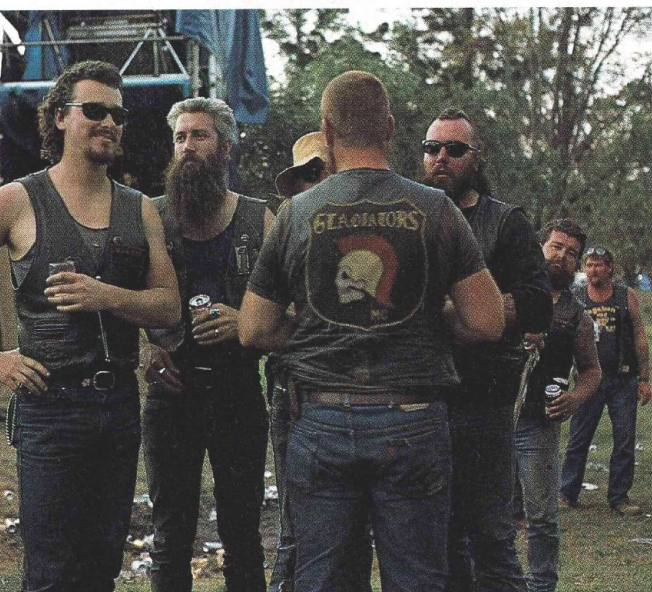
In the past few years the better-known annual "bike shows" — a handy euphemism for what are easily the country's wildest social gatherings — have been attracting huge crowds. The bigger events like the Hell's Angels' Broadford, the Rebels' Aratula or the Odin's Warriors' Perga Creek can attract up to 20,000 purists. They pass through the gates for weekend-long orgies of drinking, smoking dope, general yahooing and the chance to talk shit and motorbikes. They turn up to participate in bizarre events like racing road bikes up and down gullies at great speed while pissed, Japanese bike bashing and burning (a real crowd pleaser), and the "show us your tits" competition where completely ordinary women climb up on stage to shake their usually forgettable tits at a mass of screaming men.

A brief walk through any of these rages reveals a rough and ready tapestry of Anglo-Celtic Aussie ethnicity. The Jack Daniels T-shirts are there, as are many of the other American icons. But the uniform of the Aussie biker is true blue — Jackie Howe singlet, daggy working jeans (compulsorily soaked in something closely resembling liquified pig-dog shit), riding or T-boots, the obligatory tats, and a leather jacket or a sleeveless leather waistcoat to carry your patch, badges and assorted paraphernalia. Hair is long, beards are the go and a beergut isn't necessarily a handicap.

It's a male domain. At most big gatherings the ratio of blokes to women would make most real men cry. A quick talker might get lucky and cop himself a gob-job from a semi-deranged Bundaberg runaway, but on the whole,

LIFERS





even the patches go lonely. And when the fair dinkum biker "bitch" does show her face, she comes in a wide variety of shapes, sizes and degrees of intelligence. As a rule, young, good-looking bikers have young, good-looking women while the older mongrels have correspondingly attractive partners. Just like it is at the golf club.

Many bikies literally wear their hearts on their sleeves — with mosaics of jewel-bright tattoos graffitied down their shoulders and arms. Simple icons — a favorite Harley motor, a club patch, marijuana leaves, a loved one's name, even much-loved pig-dogs — are etched into their skin, creating a malevolent vista of Satanic stained glass.

The bike is all-important. Many are so customised they no longer bear any resemblance to any motorcycle that ever rolled off an assembly line. There is only one unbreakable commandment — the bike must be of British or American origin. Many clubs stipulate in their constitutions that colors may only be worn on British and American bikes over 500cc. While Triumphs, Nortons, BSAs, Tridents and Indians are found wherever bikers gather, the most desired and sought-after machines are without doubt the V-twin Harley-Davidsons.

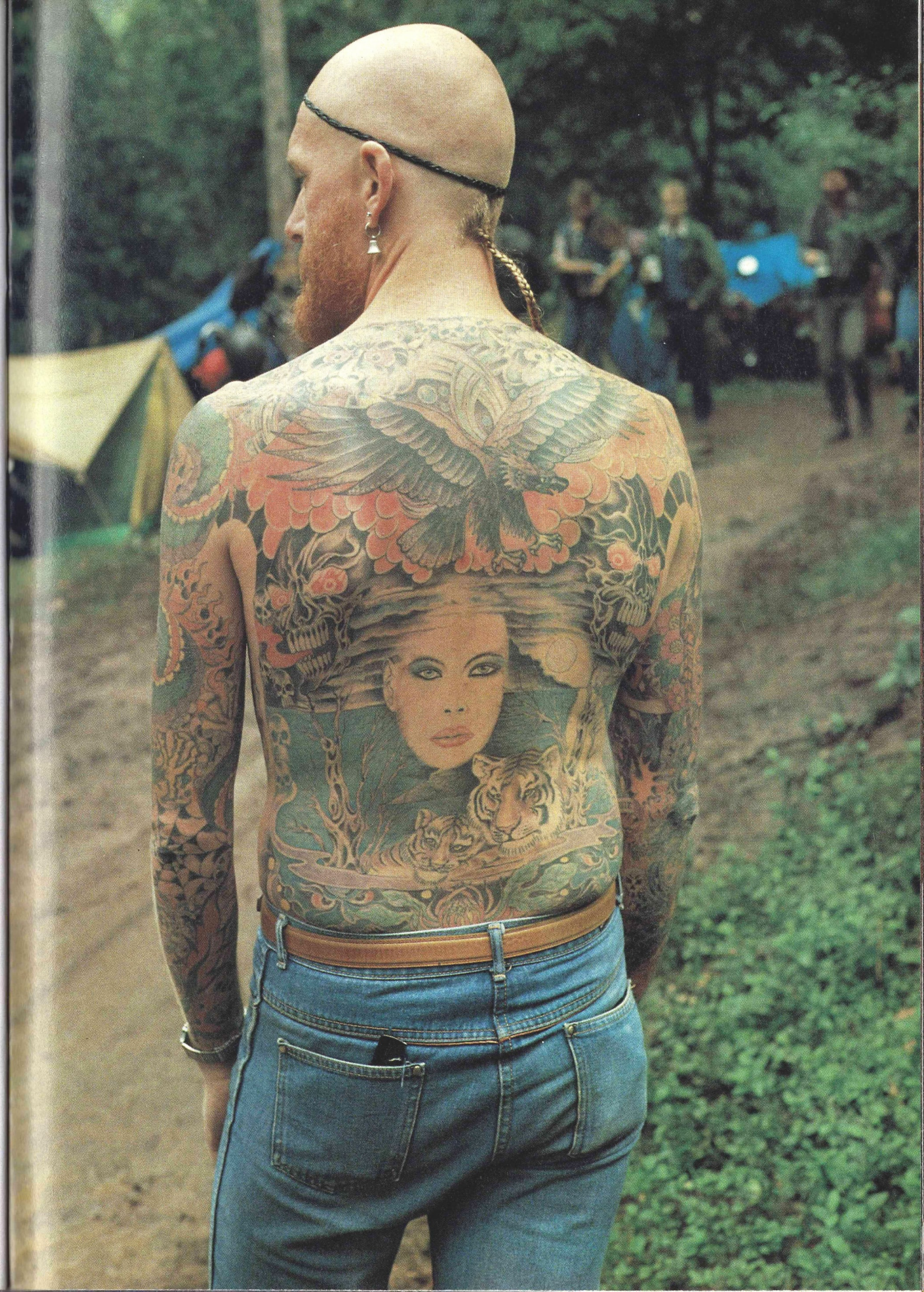
The Harley-Davidson is a truly ignoble beast — a real antisocial bitch of a machine that broadcasts its presence like a mobile air-raid siren and engenders a frightening loyalty from its owners. As soon as an outlaw Harley is booted to life, it's easy to see why these machines have become the embodiment of on-the-road rebellion. The staccato blast of a long-stroke V-twin breaks the silence of the work-a-day world with all the finesse of a .50 cal machine gun. And like the .50 cal, the Harley-Davidson motor is a classic example of American engineering overkill with an outlaw pedigree that goes back decades.

When fully stripped and reworked by one of the better bike customising shops in the country, even the most ugly factory Harley becomes a legendary machine. Bike customisers approach the job with enthusiasm and near religious intensity. Whole sections are machined by hand from metal blocks. Components from different models are mixed and matched. Alternate frames are sought out and no expense is spared in the attempt to fashion that most elusive of creatures — the perfect outlaw Harley.

Personalising an outlaw motorcycle is an art unto itself. All the leatherwork, engraving and artwork is done by hand by some of Australia's least-known but most talented artisans, to a standard that leaves our mass manufacturers drooling. It's nothing to spend \$10,000 over and above the purchase price when customising a bike.

The outlaw biker ethos has not only endured four decades so far — it's set for a big comeback in the Nineties. It's not just the huge increase in crowds at the bikies' "rages"; sales of Harley-Davidsons in Australia have grown by 100 percent in the past two years. Not all those Harleys become outlaw bikes, though; yuppies, too, have had their aspirations. And herein lies the trouble.

They are using Harley-Davidsons to sell expensive liquor on TV, and *Dolly* magazine used one in a fashion shoot recently. Everywhere you look there's another trendy wanker with a Live To Ride belt buckle and an outlaw bandanna wrapped around his head. It's this domestication of the faith that irks the true believers most. Could it be that after 40 years of hell-raising, the wild children of Western society face their biggest threat yet — acceptance? 





from sea to shining sea

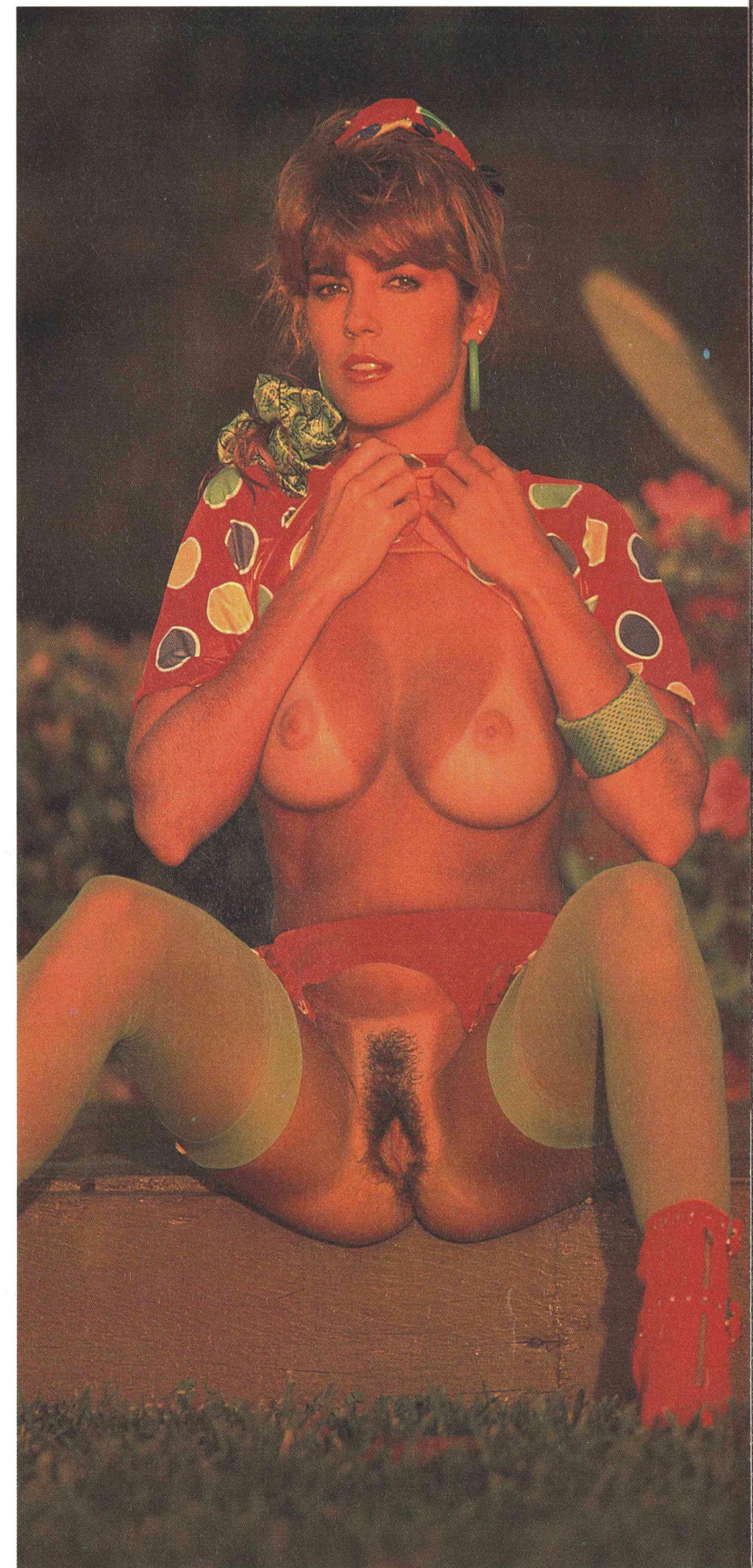
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Somewhere on the Florida seashore dusky Barbie Ashton is probably stretched out on the warm sand counting her blessings. "First and foremost, I'm lucky to be able to play on the beach all year round," she says. "I've lived in Maryland, Virginia and Puerto Rico," reports the 26-year-old sun worshipper. "I love to travel just about anywhere, as long as I can have an ocean and some suntan lotion."





Barbie's favorite sports include roller skating and football. "If I'm ever indoors, I'm either inside a gym or inside a movie theatre," reveals our 36-24-34 Pet. An ardent Stephen King fan, she says, "I'm really into horror and suspense films. I love being kept on the edge of my seat and then jarred by something unexpected."





"My perfect man should have a sense of adventure and a sense of humor," Barbie confides. "Most importantly, he'll have to pass my 'screen test' — joining me in a reenactment of the *From Here To Eternity* beach scene."

WIN

A Pioneer Surround Sound System

Want to be in the thick of the action when you watch your favorite movie? Want to hear James Bond's shots whistling right past your ear, or Tom Cruise's gear changes as he grinds through *Days Of Thunder*? Well, here's your chance. When you slot a video into your VCR you can have choppers hovering above the fireplace, jets screaming through the light fittings or the cavalry thundering over your carpet, just like at the movies. The way





Pioneer

it's done is with Pioneer's Surround Sound unit, which you plug into your video and hi-fi system. Add a couple of extra speakers and it will turn your lounge room into a welter of 3-D sound. The unit usually costs \$2500, but for the price of a single stamp you can have a go at winning one of your own. To enter, scan the details below which explain just what this magic box will do for your ears, then fill in the coupon and send it to *Australian Penthouse* before March 22.

Pioneer's futuristic new VSX-D1S Surround Sound video receiver is only as big as an average VCR unit, so you don't need much in the way of space. However, the ef-

fect it creates is as impressive as having a full-scale cinema under your own roof. All you need to provide is the Coke and popcorn. Or the beer and chips, depending on your plans for the evening.

Surround Sound represents the very latest in audio technology and is a great innovation in home entertainment. The \$2500 unit is one of the most technically advanced audio/video receivers on the Australian market. By adding the Surround Sound unit to your existing hi-fi and stereo video equipment you can create a feeling of being well and truly in with the action whenever you watch a video at home. Five speakers are required, so you might need to add a few, but the end result is definitely worth it.

The unit will direct sound to speakers located in different areas of the room, according to the action on the screen. So as you watch the movie, if a helicopter hovers overhead on the screen, the sound in your lounge room will simulate the effect — the helicopter will be hovering over your head.

Apart from recreating the cinema effect at home, the Surround Sound System can also simulate a number of different sound

fields — a theatre, a jazz hall or a church. So if you don't feel like a night at the movies, perhaps you'd like to go dancing instead.

The Surround Sound unit, working with your hi-fi equipment, will create the reverberations and the atmosphere of a dance hall so realistically that listening to music will never be the same again after you've experienced such sophisticated effects.

You can also extend the system to other rooms with the multi-room/multi-source function which allows a second set of speakers and/or a television to receive signals from the unit in another room. The function can be controlled from the remote location, allowing people to watch different videos in different parts of the house, or to listen to music in one room and watch a video in another — all providing the same sound quality through the one amplifier.

You can therefore have two entertainment systems in one with great flexibility. The unit allows for up to six video inputs and five audio inputs so the possible combinations are endless.

To experience for yourself the effects of Surround Sound you can find the Pioneer equipment at most specialist audio outlets around the country. But *Penthouse* readers have the chance to be among the first to sample its delights. The prize being offered is a Sound Surround VSX-D1S video receiver, one component (about the size of your average VCR). All you have to do is answer a few questions, just to prove that you can imagine what Surround Sound can do for you. The answers are all in the article above. So fill in the details and soon you may be listening to rolling thunder, compliments of Pioneer Electronics and *Australian Penthouse*.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

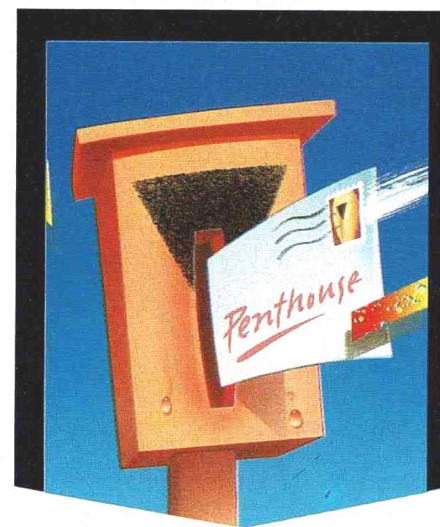
Your entry must be on the official coupon or a facsimile of that coupon. Only one entry per person is allowed and no cash alternative is offered for the prize.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, and the employees of Pioneer Australia and associated companies and their families.

Closing date for entries is last mail on Friday, March 22, 1991. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entrant will be the winner. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The promoters, Pioneer and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to property caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the *Penthouse* Pioneer Competition (including negligent acts or omissions.) This competition is brought to you by Pioneer Australia and *Australian Penthouse*.



forum

Continued from page 13

We moved the table into the family room near our wood fire.

A few drinks and hands of cards later, we were all sitting around in only our briefs. I knew Peter would have a hard-on — he couldn't take his eyes off Rita's massive tits. I thought I'd give Neil something to think about, making quite a few trips to the fridge for drinks, to let him get a good view of my arse. When it was his turn to remove his briefs, I nearly swallowed my glass when I saw the size of his cock.

Unfortunately, he sat back down before I could really appreciate it.

It looked as if the game was over when, to my surprise, my girlfriend suggested another hand: the losers were to go under the table and suck the winners off. The men quickly agreed, and before I could really comprehend what was going on, we had lost and I was going down. I thought this would be a great opportunity to see that massive rod at close range as I sank under the table. I had expected that we would be working on our respective husbands, but by the time I had taken my eyes off Neil's huge cock, Rita was moving her mouth over Peter's cock.

I started running my tongue over this delightful rod. I had always been a bit shy of eating my husband's cock, much to his disappointment, and in our years together had always stopped short of giving him a proper blowjob. But it looked like tonight his luck was going to change. The way Rita was working on Peter was a real incentive, and I soon got carried away. I had never thought I could get so much into my mouth without gagging. It was delightful. Suddenly Neil blew his load down my throat.

We were both soon back on our chairs, enjoying the boys' tongues up our wet, burning cunts. What a night! We never really knew who ate who, but I guess we had our thoughts. We haven't played since, but I'm looking forward to summer

and some skinny dipping in our pool together. Peter is smiling more often — he likes my new-found technique on blowjobs and the more I have the more I want. — *Name and address withheld*

The iceman cometh

I have been married for 21 years to the same beautiful woman. We are both in our early 40s and have enjoyed a great sex life all this time. I suppose what keeps it going so strong is my effort to come up with different sexual games and ideas, some of which she expects and some she doesn't. I've bought dildos, vibrators, oils and a lot of different things. Well, a few weeks ago I thought I would try something I saw on TV — ice cubes.

While my wife was freshening up for bed, I prepared her surprise. I got a bowl of ice cubes, her favorite dildo (this one fits over my cock and I can give her the ride of her life) and a towel. We lay in bed kissing and hugging for a while, then I worked my way from her lips to her beautiful breasts and then down to her cunt. I ate her for about ten minutes but then stopped to reach for an ice cube. I started rubbing it on her nipples, and felt her tense in surprise. I kept rubbing the ice across her chest for a few minutes, making circles around her nipples, watching them grow as hard as rocks. Then I sucked on them until they were standing straight up. I knew she was loving it because when I put

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1. How many video recorders is it possible to plug into your Surround Sound system?

2. Name two of the sound fields the Surround Sound system can simulate in your home?

3. What movie would you most like to watch with Surround Sound?

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forum

my hand on her cunt, she was soaking wet.

I flicked my tongue across her clit as I placed an ice cube into her wet hole. She jumped and then started moving her hips like she was loving it. Actually she was so hot, she was melting one ice cube faster than I could reach for another. I rubbed each ice cube around the outside of her pussy lips and then put it inside her — that really did it. She was going crazy, and so was I. She was so wet that the dildo just slipped into her. I fucked her with one hand and with the other I kept rubbing ice over her hard clit and full cunt lips — she was loving every bit of it. After continuing for a while, I slipped the dildo over my cock and rode her for what seemed like an hour. Then I pulled out and rubbed her cunt again with what was left of the ice. When I took off the dildo and put my cock back in, she felt cold and hot at the same time. It felt so great that we fucked until I couldn't stand it any more. — *Name and address withheld*

Adult classes

I still can't believe it happened. For the past few weeks I've been taking a course in computers, attending classes three nights a week after work. Of the 35 people in the class, one man really caught my eye

— a handsome, dark-eyed Greek. He asked me to cut class and go out for a drink with him. One drink turned to two, then three. Later we stumbled out the door and shared a hot, sexy, goodnight kiss in the parking lot.

I'm married. He has a steady girlfriend. Still, I thought about him every day and finally summoned the nerve to call him. I asked him to meet me at a local club. I got there half an hour early, and waited an additional 20 minutes before deciding that he was a no-good jerk.

At class the next evening I was a little tense about having to see him. When he came in he had a strange expression on his face.

"So," he asked, "did you make it to that club at all?"

"Yes," I said. "I was there."

It turned out that we had just missed each other. I was unimpressed and to tell the truth, I really didn't believe him. The instructor began a boring lecture. I tried to appear fascinated by it, but I really didn't feel like sitting through the problem-solving section that followed, so when he suggested that we leave early for a drink, I agreed. We went to the same bar as the first time.

During the course of the conversation I asked to see some pictures of his girlfriend. He said that he had some in the car so we went out to the parking lot. He let me into the passenger side then slipped be-

hind the wheel. He handed me an envelope with photos in it, while he picked out a cassette and slipped it in the deck. The pictures were great, but I soon forgot about them as his hand slid up my thigh, caressing me through my skirt. We kissed passionately as I got wetter and he grew harder.

His hand was soon under my skirt and he was shocked to find that I didn't have any panties on. I spread my legs wide, letting his finger delve inside my steaming cunt while I massaged the outside of his pants. I had to get inside and feel him. I tugged at the buttons of his jeans and a cloth-covered bulge puffed out at me. I pulled down the waistband of his jocks and uncovered his huge muscle. His fingers circled my lovebutton while I pulled at his dick. He was as hard as a boulder, and we were getting carried away — well as far as we could, all cramped up in the car.

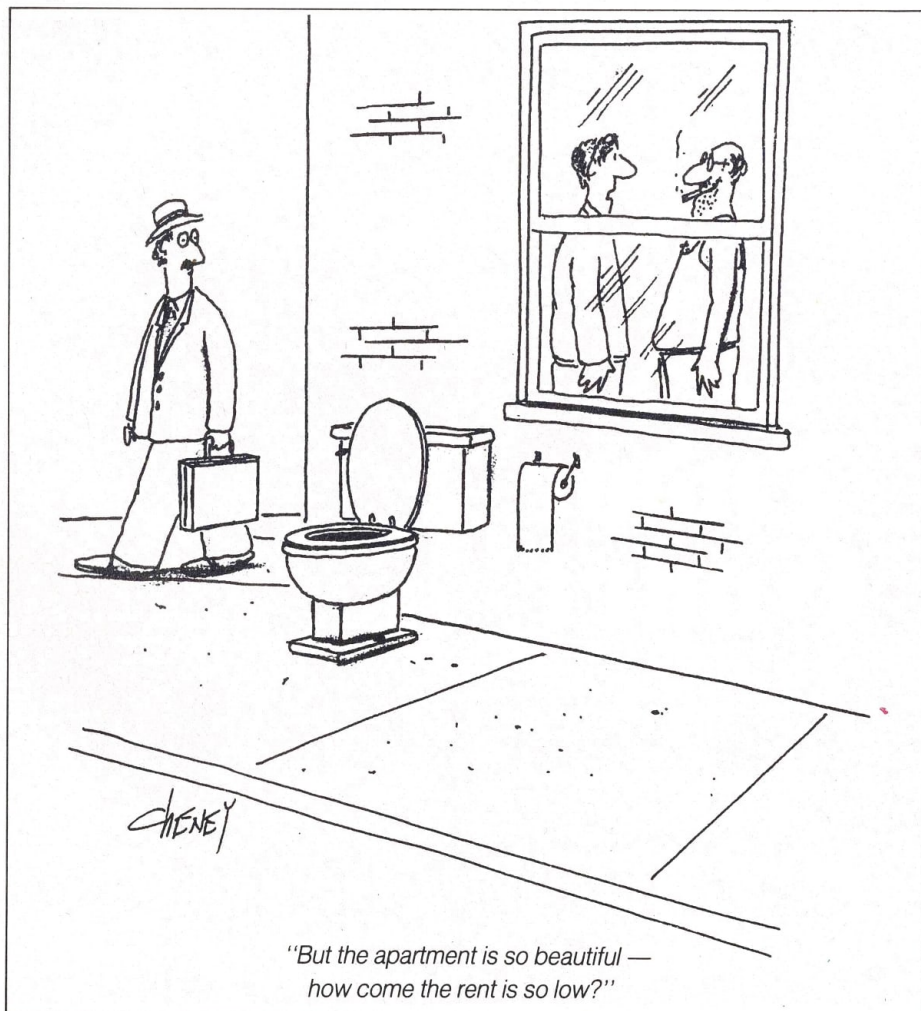
"Why don't we drive somewhere?" I suggested.

He started the car and threw it into reverse with his dick sticking up like a flagpole. The tires screeched as we pulled out of the parking lot and drove to a nearby park where we could be secluded. Within seconds I was moaning and gasping as he savored my clit with the tip of his tongue. He licked my pussy lips all over, so slowly it was maddening, before sliding his whole tongue in and out of my blazing box. I couldn't wait. My hips were bucking wildly and I was coming, but he didn't stop. I was crying out for him to plunge his dick into me. I writhed in ecstasy as his tongue flicked faster over my clit.

"Come again, baby, come for me," he said. With his tongue driving me crazy, he began running two fingers in and out of my soaking cunt. I came instantly, with more intensity than ever before. After I had recovered, I went back to work on his swollen dick, stroking and kissing it around the head and lightly sucking that soft area beneath the cap. I had expected him to come quickly, but he didn't.

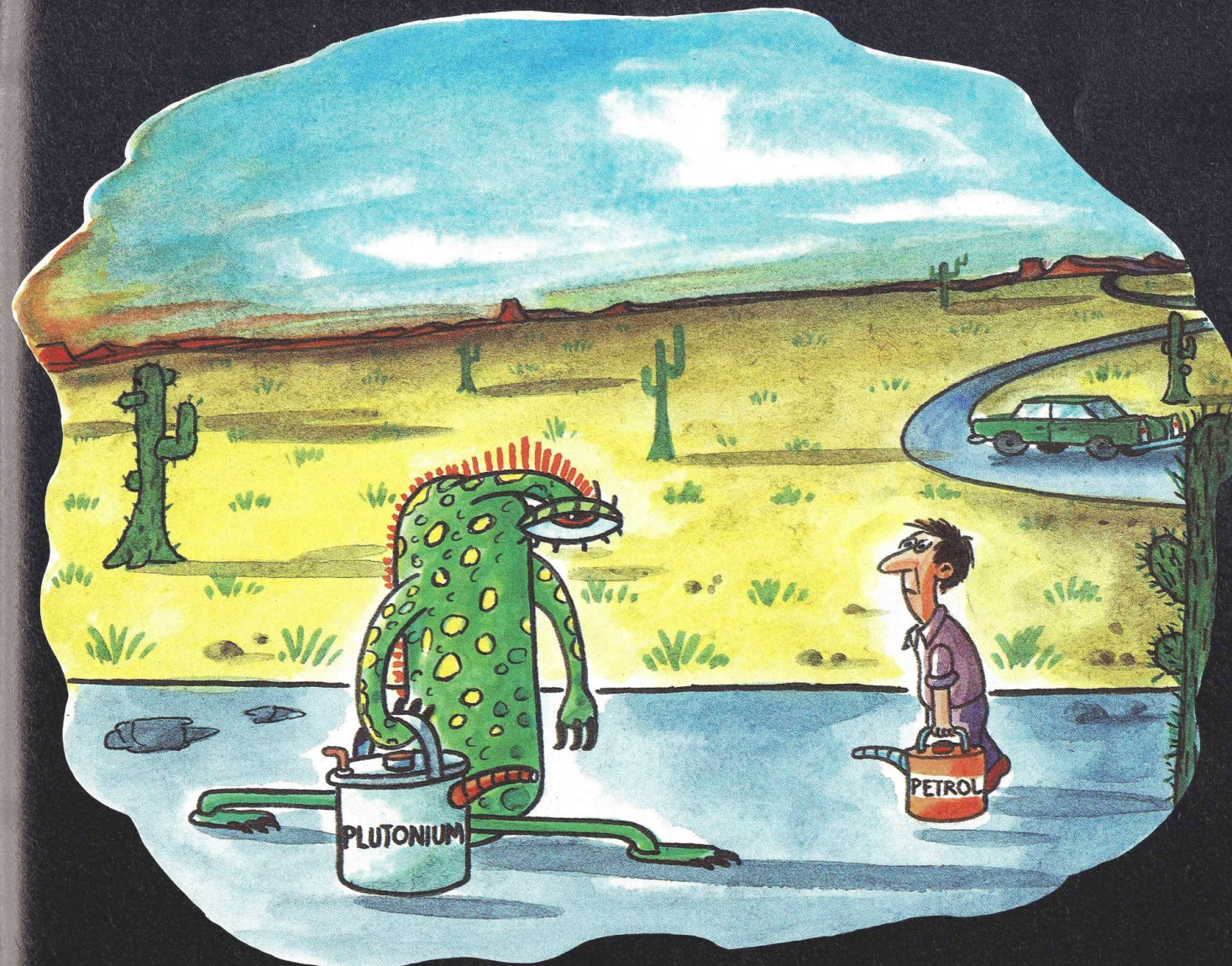
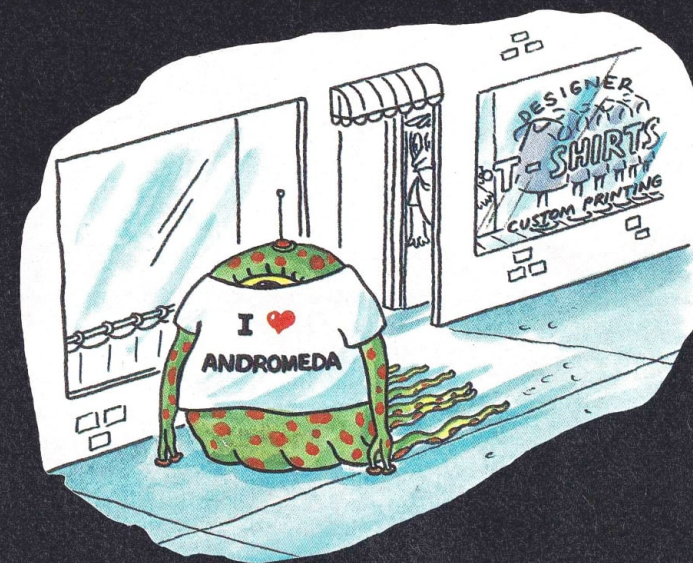
"Stroke it," he moaned. "Suck me." I did. I stroked and sucked the length of his hot shaft. Delicately I licked drops of pre-come from his knob, swirling my tongue across the top of it. He shivered, so I squeezed the base hard, to hold him back. He dipped his head between my legs, teasing my clit yet again. It was throbbing with pleasure, and I came quickly this time, but all the while kept on sucking. He stopped licking and was panting and moaning while I stroked. I squeezed my lips down on his cock, massaging it, and finally got a teasing taste of come. The full load was soon to follow, shooting out of his dick and down my throat as he thrust his hips in an effort to dispel it.

My hand was sticky and we were both spent as we rested in our seats. He drove me back to my car and I said I would see him in class the following week. — *Name and address withheld* ○✎



ALIEN

IN SPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU LAUGH



by Phil Somerville

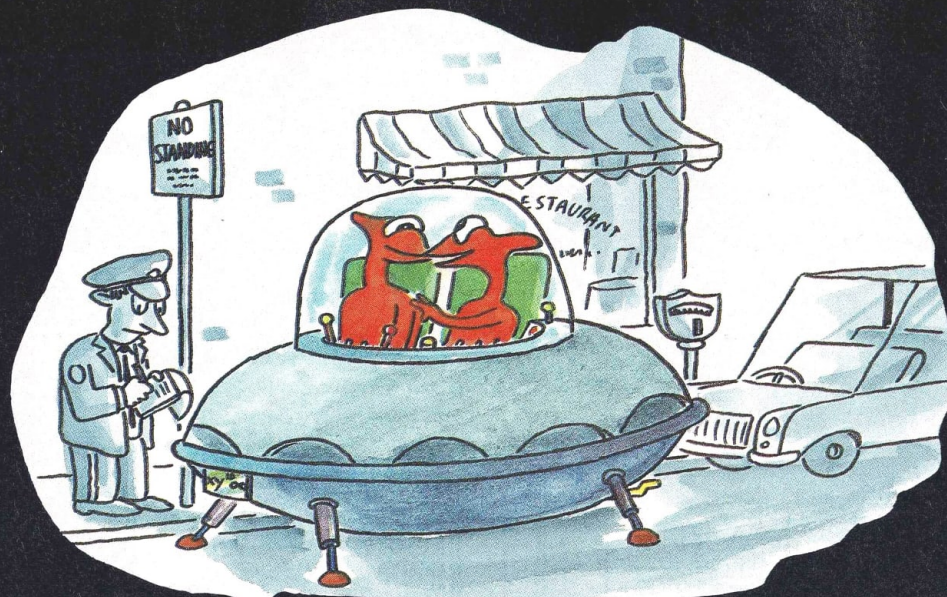
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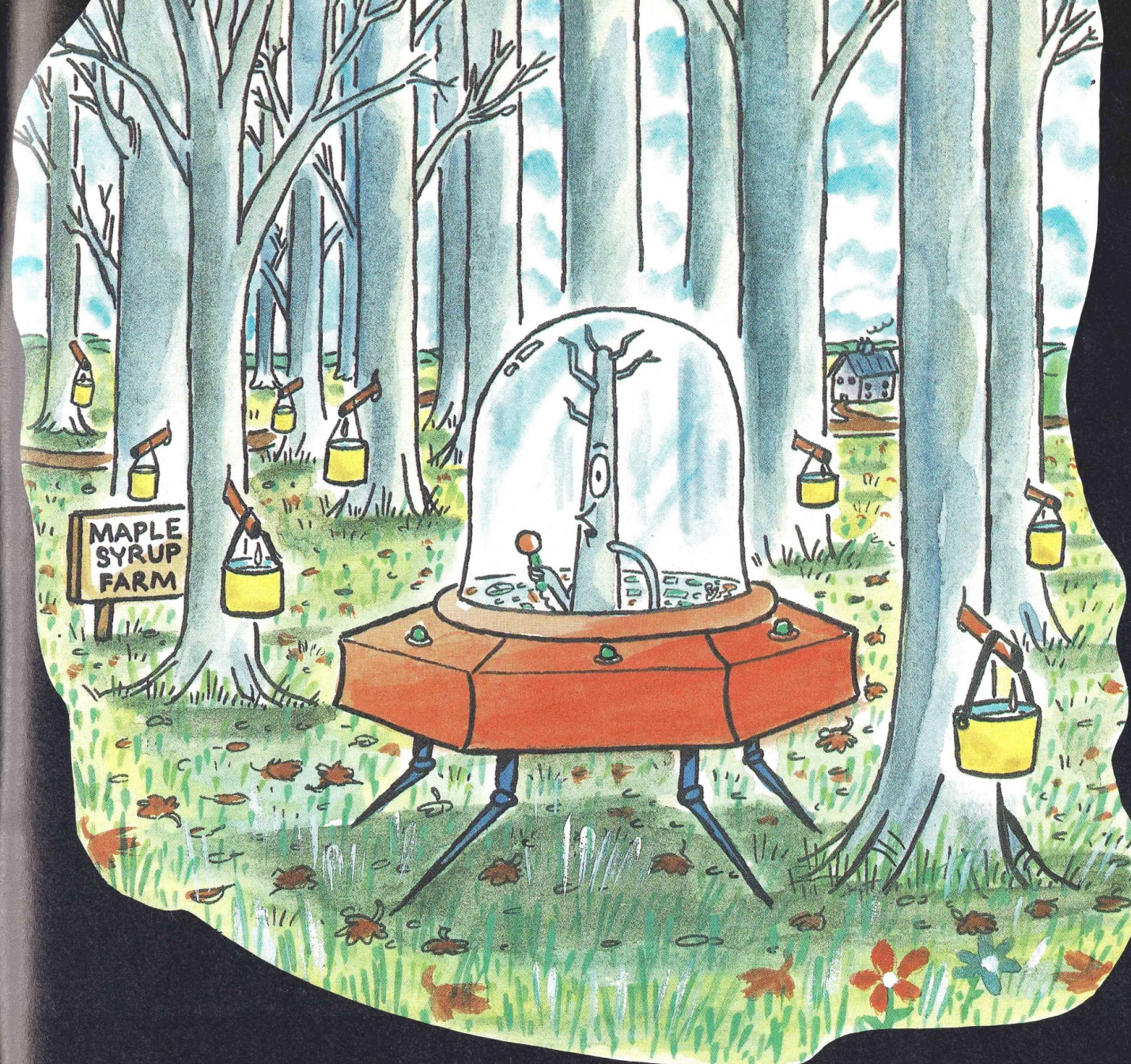
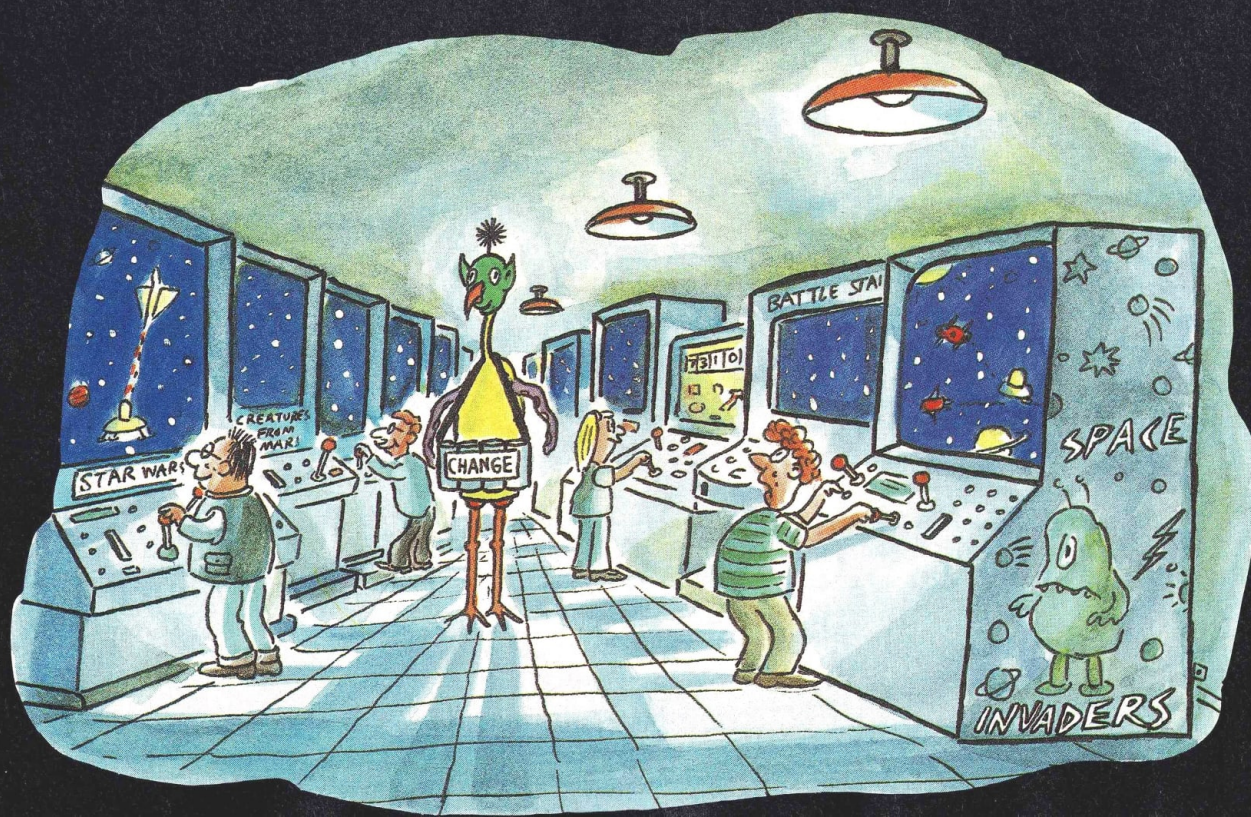
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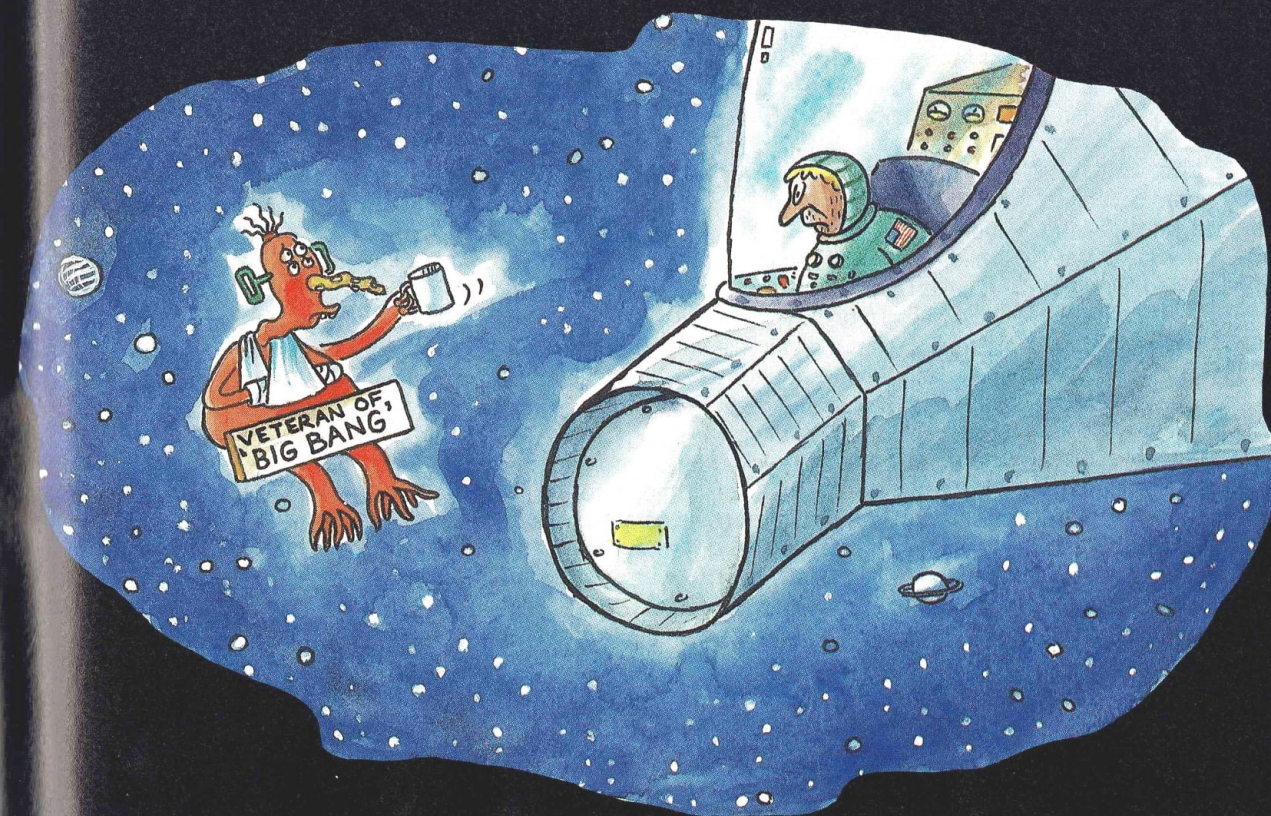
"When we get back to the mother ship, level the planet!"



"Honey, would you bring me a new roll of asbestos?"



"The people here are non-aggressive and suffer severe incontinence."



Weird

Continued from page 53

the twinkle in his eye revealed nothing to me of the extraordinary chain of events which was about to follow.

I saw him walk behind the row of postal boxes, and thinking nothing of it, I proceeded toward my box. Slowly I turned the dial of the combination lock, and as I opened the door of my box, what should be lying in there but the biggest donger that I have ever had the good fortune to come across. Somewhat dazed, I stared at the giant prime cut of beef and gradually realised it was connected to the rest of the swarthy postman. Not being able to control myself, I shoved my head into PO Box 73 and took his throbbing cock into my mouth.

This being somewhat uncomfortable, he quickly withdrew and came around to where I was sitting, practically creaming in his pants. He led me back behind the mailboxes where he eagerly pulled down my Levis and thrust his heavenly hard-on into my already-dripping cunt. We rooted like rattlesnakes on the cold post office floor, and the thought that anyone could walk in on us excited me even more.

We soon reached shuddering simultaneous climaxes, and after he had shot his hot load of come into me, he smiled and said, "Special delivery."

For the remainder of the semester, at least twice a week since that juicy night, I went back for my favorite piece of "male", waiting for me in my love box. When I return to my studies you can believe I'll run to see him post-haste. God help me if my macho mail worker ever goes on strike. — *Name and address withheld*

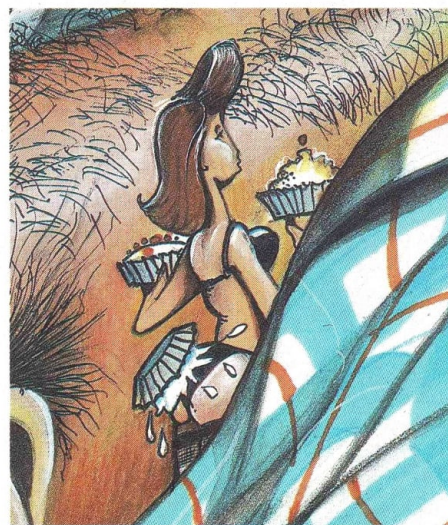
Messy session

I was very interested to read the letter "Slime Queen" in your May 1985 issue, for I, too, am something of a slime queen. I'm blonde with a voluptuous figure (when I watch what I eat), so I'm used to being the object of men's fantasies. I have a few of my own, like sitting at my incredibly boring desk job with a man under my desk eating me out with his head up my skirt. But I never met a couple with the kind of messy fantasies that my current lover and I have. I didn't know he had them until we'd gone out for about two months. Then he told me that what he really liked was a woman drenched in water or some kind of sticky mess.

What I like best about getting messed up is the control it gives me over our relationship. My lover is even more passionate and considerate after one of our pie-throwing bouts. He bathes me, gently washes my hair, and is obviously very thankful and happy to be with me. And it's something I can initiate. I always choose when and where it will happen.

A typical bout will begin with buying the chosen mess that I will ultimately wear. My lover always comes with me on these occasions, and I have special outfits for them. One of my favorites is a pair of old shorts that have frayed so much at the leg that if I'm not careful when I bend over, I flash a lot of bum. This is particularly fun in the summer because I have tan lines, and when people see white skin they know they're seeing something they shouldn't. I also have a flimsy white top that I wear over a little bra.

Wearing this outfit, I make my lover buy me something, usually expensive, and I make a big fuss about trying everything on. I can be rude to him. I can flirt with the salesmen. I can be someone I'm usually not allowed to be. After he's spent his money, I'm usually very ungrateful, and we head to the bakery or grocery store. I select all the food we're going to use. He has no control over this part of the game, but he can see what I pick out, and he can im-



agine how it's going to be applied to various parts of the anatomy.

I've found that things like spectacles and frilly lingerie really help because they add a snooty look that just begs to be shot down. One time I made him sit in the kitchen while I began preparing the mess. I wore black silk stockings, black pumps, a garter belt, and a flimsy black bra. I made him sit in a chair and watch my naked arse and blonde pussy while I poured flour, broke eggs, beat the dough, and set our prebaked cream pies on the counter. Finally, when I didn't think he could take any more of it, I set a cream pie on one of the chairs and then went back to work. A little while later I sighed and sat heavily down on the chair. There was a satisfying splat and I could feel the sticky stuff creeping across my arse. I shrieked in mock surprise and spread my legs, so he could see the thick cream work its way into my pussy lips.

I stood up. The pie clung to my arse a bit and dropped off. He laughed, so I picked up a flat, heavily iced cake, held it in both hands, and walked menacingly toward him. I pretended to trip and dumped the

whole thing down my front. The icing was very sticky, and it slid down my chest and across my crotch in slow chunks. When I thought he wasn't looking I pulled one of my bra cups down to make it look like the cake had done it.

He laughed some more and I charged him, deliberately missing and stumbling into the counter behind him. I pushed my head into the deep bowl of gooey batter I had prepared. I kept pushing until I felt the bottom with the bowl on my head, letting the batter drip down on to my shoulders. After I lifted it off, my hair was a mess of tangles and batter and my glasses were stuck in the bowl. Then I turned around and he hit me in the face with one of my pies. At the same time he grabbed my tits and began toying with them. Without him seeing, I set the half-full bowl of batter on a chair. Pretending to back away from his hand and clear the pie from my face, I sat down and managed to get my arse into the plastic bowl.

Screaming, I stood up, turned away from him with the bowl clinging to my arse and shook it off. It fell off slowly, leaving streaks of batter on my legs. I then bent over the counter again, balancing on my arms. My lover came up behind me and fondled my arse, dipping his hand between my messy cheeks. He felt how wet I was. He fingered my clit, getting me to moan and rotate my arse more. He gently spread my cheeks and I felt his thick cock at my pussy door. He teased me a little bit, rubbing it up and down my crack, and then thrust gloriously home. We became a writhing squishy union of passion and pastry, with him alternating his nibbles between me and the tasty morsels that coated us. He didn't miss a thing, and it was worth the mess I'd made to get fucked like that. — *Name and address withheld*

Good line

I have always wanted to write to Forum about a wild experience, but so far nothing exciting has happened to me. I've tried to make up a letter, but it sounded ridiculous.

But now I have come up with an idea that I think will work. When I start my holidays in two weeks, I'm going to hit the discos and bars and try out my new line. When I meet a girl I'll tell her she's beautiful enough to be in *Penthouse*, and having raised the subject, I'll then ask her if she'd like to help me write a Forum letter. Hopefully, one thing will lead to another and I'll get a letter and a wild experience at the same time.

There is, of course, the very slight possibility that the girl will say no, but I reckon I can meet enough girls in two weeks that the odds will be in my favor. I hope I don't run out of money before I pick a winner.

You'd better keep a page ready for my letter because I'm convinced my idea will work. — *Desperate Dan, New South Wales* 



all mine

"I don't let anybody push me around," says cool tiger lady Natalie Douglas. "I have a hard business edge, and heaven help anybody who tries to pull a scam on me. I have my own firm, and it's paid off. You see this place? This pool? All mine."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER



Natalie, a 26-year-old Scorpio with a sting in her tail, has been in real estate for seven years. "I grew up a little bit tough," she says, "on a farm with four brothers. They all said that to make her way, a girl had to marry well. Well, I'm still single and I've done better than the lot of them put together."





"I find most men are soft inside," Natalie says scornfully. "Got no fight in them. Me, if I was to hook up with anybody long-term he'd have to be a real tough bastard with a business brain and a wallet to match. Then, maybe I'd think about it. But meanwhile, I do quite well on my own."





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"I've always been a blue-water girl," says Dorothea Willis, 23, who has been sailing since she was seven. Now she is a full-time yachting, working as crew on charters and deliveries. "People think it's a romantic way of life," she says, "but often it can be tough, especially if the weather turns bad."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THIERRY DEHERY



Dorothea describes herself as a nomad. "We're always up and off to another island, another anchorage. It's a great way to live and I meet lots of new people, interesting men. Still," she smiles, "there's nothing to beat your first hot bath in port after a rough crossing."







SPEED

Continued from page 40

quit the job or quit the speed; she went with the speed. She bolted for Perth and, with the help of a divorce settlement, became a lady of leisure (if there is such a thing when you're heavily into speed), spending her nights at dance clubs and parties and her days in bed.

Soon she set up as a dealer, buying supplies from a gang of bikers and selling around the Perth pubs. Her 50 percent profit margin was much more attractive than the 20 percent she could make dealing grass. "I never had any trouble with the law. I used to go into clubs and do it so openly. I knew the gay scene, which was full of speed freaks, Ecstasy and acid. They have a big appetite for it."

But unfortunately, so too did Rae. And she found herself using heroin to come down from the speed, or the coke if she could get it. Eventually her bank balance fell from \$40,000 to \$1000. "I had nothing to show for my time there. I invested it all up my arm." Physically and mentally, she was a mess.

Now Rae is a poised, articulate 24-year-old who knows all about how and where she fucked up. But she still has a monkey on her back. She's trying to kick it, but coping with amphetamine withdrawal is no picnic. After two weeks of abstinence she began to suffer bizarre symptoms. "The furniture would move and the ground would move. I'd think people were talking to me and they weren't."

If a speed freak doesn't deal he can

always steal. Next time you find yourself minus a video, microwave oven or leather jacket, don't automatically think: heroin junkie. There are just as many amphetamine addicts caught in the nightmare routine of break, enter, steal and score. The drug may not be physically addictive, as heroin is, but the need for speed can be just as desperate.

All NSW police were warned in a recent circular about the need to wear protective equipment when raiding a speed kitchen. "Entry to clandestine laboratories may expose police officers to hazardous material which may be reactive, explosive, flammable, corrosive or toxic," the circular read. Police are warned not to turn off any lights or power switches or touch any of the chemical apparatus, especially the heating or cooling equipment. Instead, they're ordered to leave immediately and contact their local Physical Evidence Section, which is supposed to make an assessment of precisely what's cooking.

It all sounds as if the authorities are dealing with some sort of slimeball from outer space — or at least, an extremely exotic new chemical, not one that's been circulating on the streets for decades. Law enforcers have largely been concentrating on preventing an influx of phantom drugs like Crack while the speed epidemic has snuck up right under their noses.

In Australia the cooks apparently represent a much wider cross-section of society than their backwoods brethren in the US. Chief Inspector Dave Perrin of the NSW Drug Enforcement Agency: "Everyone had the impression that it was the bikies who were involved, and that was

true historically, certainly in Victoria. Now it seems to be that anybody can become involved in little backyard ventures. The people we catch do a wide range of jobs. Some have no convictions and some have a high standing in the community, such as industrial chemists."

In a case currently before the courts, of the four defendants charged with manufacturing amphetamines with a potential street value of \$10 million, two are company directors, one is a truck driver and the other an industrial chemist.

Two speed addicts interviewed by *Penthouse* professed to know where their supply had been cooked. Paul, aged 20, used to support his habit by breaking and entering after he lost his job as an apprentice mechanic. He said his manufacturer was a South Australian man, about 32 years old, who had studied pharmacy at Sydney University. "He wasn't worried about being busted. He was paying off the police so it wouldn't happen." According to Paul his supplier drove a BMW and had been involved in the speed business for seven years. Paul never aspired to set up his own laboratory: "I was happy with what I was getting — a piece of the action."

Dean, 29, a rock musician, said his manufacturer was an industrial chemist. "He told me, 'I'm making the stuff. I've got a little warehouse. I have a licence and I can get the materials.'" Dean said this man, aged about 37, "owned a beautiful double-storeyed brick home, had a wife and children and drove a 1989 Volvo. He and his wife didn't use intravenously. His parents had left him a lot of money and he had several small businesses. Speed was one of them."

No-one's quite sure what to do about all this. How do you detect an illegal speed lab? The smell is one giveaway if you happen to have your nose in the right place. In the US, drug enforcement officers have occasionally been able to pinpoint laboratories by noting a sudden increase in water and electricity bills. But they don't have any illusions about their sporadic successes; simply, it's a case of too many cooks.

It wasn't until June 1990 that Australian state governments, through the Ministerial Council on Drug Strategy, agreed to develop a national strategy to "control supply and reduce demand for amphetamines." A working party has also been set up by the Australian Police Ministers' Council.

As in the US, the obvious course of action is to try to restrict the availability of some of the precursor chemicals, such as P2P, ephedrine and pseudoephedrine (which can be easily turned into speed). This could be done by issuing permits or monitoring imports of these substances or requiring manufacturers of them to be licensed.

State governments are trying their own ideas. In NSW the suggestion is to amend

the Poisons Act so that chemical suppliers who sell amphetamine ingredients would be licensed; people who want to buy those ingredients would have to provide identification; retailers would have to supply monthly returns with details of sales to non-exempt buyers; and people could be charged with an offence if they supply those ingredients knowing they may be used to make illicit drugs.

Victoria is the amphetamine heartland of Australia. There are at least 20 criminal groups in Melbourne, including some biker gangs, known to be manufacturing speed. Of the 69 illegal labs busted between 1979 and 1987, 36 were in Victoria. A spokesman for the state's Police Minister, Steve Crabb, admitted that illicit drug manufacturers were able to "walk in and get drumloads of chemicals" in Victoria. Legislation needed to be introduced forcing buyers to declare in writing why they wanted the chemicals. Regular buyers, who may have to provide references before the purchase, could be screened for criminal records.

The man in charge of the operations of Victoria's Drug Squad, Detective Chief Inspector Jeff Morphett, is sceptical about state legislation. He says the biggest problem facing police is the lack of national legislation controlling the sale of chemicals used to make amphetamines. Any state legislation would have to be uniform throughout the country so that policing sales of chemicals could be workable and effective. Prospective sales would need to be reported to a centralised agency and a decision would then be made within a specified time as to whether the sale could proceed.

But it's not as simple as that. As Morphett himself points out, there are 400 chemical companies in Victoria alone. Holding a wholesaling licence allows them to deal in virtually anything they like. If a restriction were placed on a particular chemical, the very nature of chemistry means that the chemical could be synthesised by combining others, or a similar chemical could be substituted to produce much the same result. Manufacturing speed is far from an exact science — remember, every cook has his own recipe — and as one chemist told the *New York Times* in October 1989, the chemicals used to manufacture amphetamines "are so common that controlling them poses insurmountable difficulties."

Then, of course, there's the usual array of legal technicalities expertly exploited by defence lawyers. Det-Sgt Ian Kennedy from the Support Unit, NSW Drug Enforcement Agency, was recently involved in a massive joint amphetamine operation with Victorian police. He says: "It's a fairly easy thing to prove in this sense: say somebody gives you information on a laboratory and you raid it. They have to explain what they've got all this equipment for. If they say they're making perfume and we call in

the experts and it turns out they are not making perfume, then we have a case."

But prosecutors are less sanguine. To start with, only one of the eight to ten precursors — P2P — is a restricted substance in NSW, available only on prescription. (It's used among other things in manufacturing cosmetics and in the tanning of hides.) But even so, it's not an offence to have P2P in your possession, as long as it cannot be proved you were using it to manufacture speed or supplying it for the same purpose. NSW prosecutors confronted with alleged speed manufacturers have found the defendants claiming they were making P2P in order to sell it on the black market in Victoria. This is technically a legal venture in NSW, so the alleged cooks have been laughing all the way out of the courtroom.

Then there's the problem of finding expert witnesses to testify that a particular laboratory was used to make speed. This can be crucial, because often at the time of a raid the speed itself is not lying around in buckets, so a conspiracy has to be proved against the people arrested. Simply, the trouble is we don't have any expert witnesses here; we have to import them at great expense from the US and their "expert" status is constantly questioned. What police need to do is cart along a few boffins when they raid speed labs so we can produce our own experts, but at present this isn't happening. The authorities don't yet have their act together.

One anonymous lawyer who has conducted several defence cases told *Penthouse* that police would always have a hard time getting convictions because commercial chemists and drug wholesalers regularly turned a blind eye to suspect transactions: "The real drug pedlars are the chemists. They want to hunt with the hound and run with the hare. They're playing both sides." The lawyer predicted that in the next two years a lot of chemists would be granted immunity from prosecution in return for information on the buyers of chemicals they had supplied.

But even that would only be a start. Importation of precursor chemicals is a piece of cake for Australian cooks. A senior police officer told *Penthouse* he had tried calling a major chemical company in the US which had a toll-free number. "We talked to the bird on the other end. We said we wanted to buy a certain chemical and she said: 'No problem. It'll be on its way to you immediately.'"

Obviously Australian authorities have a lot of loose ends to tie up if we're going to have any chance of avoiding a full-blown epidemic. And they'd better get started right away. But maybe in this case, education will turn out to be the only remedy.

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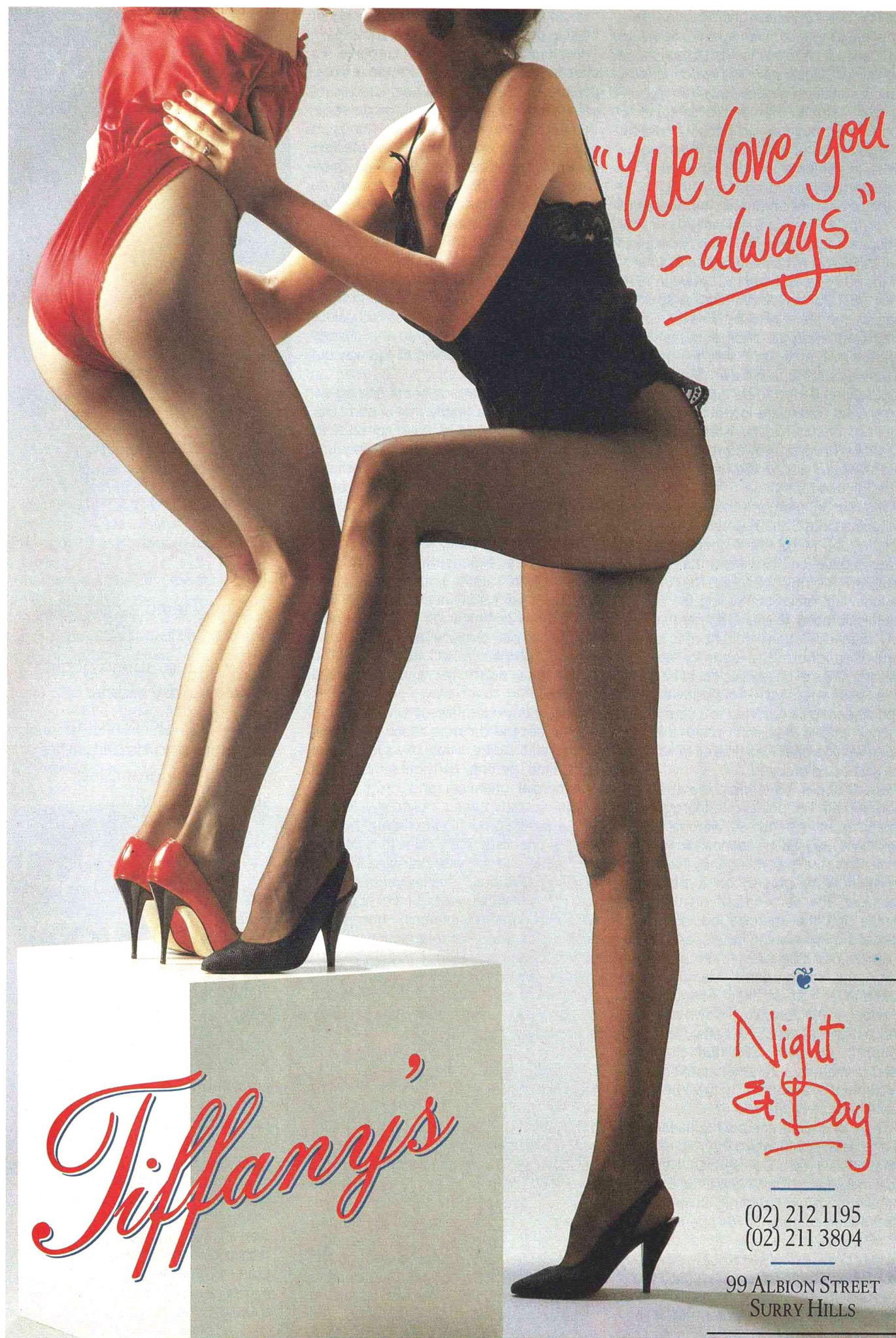
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THE WAR ZONE

Continued from page 78

nothing better to do.

Tim takes the money he earns felling his customers — most of them married, most of them much older — and blows it on smack. Sure, he has AIDS, but who cares? It doesn't matter. Most of his life is spent in an opiated stupor so he can avoid confronting his intolerable reality. Nobody takes any time out to help him, so "What the hell? It doesn't matter. You just get on with it." Tim hasn't even started shaving yet.

Paul also spent a part of his youth on the streets because there was nowhere else to go. "When I left home, I found out exactly how hard it is to live on the streets. I've slept on so many street corners I've lost count. I mean, of course things happened to me. I've been lucky in that I've never involved myself with drugs — no way, no thanks. I'm partially blind in one eye — it was almost gouged out when I was 16. I was severely beaten by a group of guys who just happened to come across me while they were drunk. See my nose? That's had \$25,000 worth of reconstructive surgery. They pulverised it. Let me tell you, I know when a storm's due!"

He suddenly leans over and removes his socks and running shoes. He extends his feet, stretching the toes out. When he moves his toes, there is an ugly crackling sound, the sound of bone grinding bone. All of his toenails are dead — crushed into the cuticle — and the area is completely scarred. "Both feet have been broken two or three times. See that scar there? That's where a guy dropped a sheet of glass on my foot. This was the punishment for squatting where they were squatting. Several of them held me down while he did it. I've also had just about everything broken street-fighting."

Down on the dock walls, they have a form of street-fighting called "knuckle fighting." A circle is drawn with chalk. Two men step into the circle and fight. No gloves, no shoes, just a pair of shorts. For eight to ten minutes straight, they fight for their lives.

It's not easy to get into the audience for one of these fights. The business is strictly word-of-mouth and closed to women and strangers. Large amounts of money are placed in bets. Very large amounts. The teenagers who fight are called "pigeons" and many ships, particularly those from Asia, have a "pigeon" on board. These boys are paid a pittance to fight, but they quickly learn how to make money by placing bets on themselves or on their opponents.

There are casualties, of course. The occasional death. But this is a world within a world, and a faceless one.

"You must remember," Paul observes, "that I learned to fight very young. I was the smallest kid in the school and an asthmatic, so of course I was the object of a lot of ridicule. One day my father decided that enough was enough, and he started me on weights. My uncle, who was a self-defence instructor, taught me the basics. I took it from there."

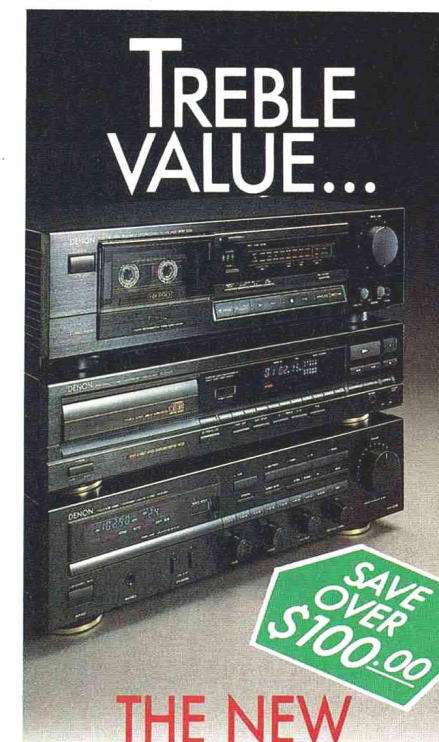
Internalising a great deal of anger for a long period inevitably leads to its manifestation in self-destruction. Prostitution, say. A person with an emotionally brutalised upbringing is not going to wake up one morning equipped with the stability which will enable him to lead a normal life. You work with what you have.

Tim entered prostitution because he had to support his heroin habit, and nobody is going to employ a junkie. "I don't know. It's degrading. It's degrading. It's humiliating. It disgusts me. I'm not into men. I'm not into men at all. They're so ugly, most of them, and they treat you — they treat you like . . . I don't know. It just makes me feel sick, but I don't think about it too much. I was raped once, down Rushcutter's Bay Park (a popular gay haunt after dark). A guy raped me at knifepoint. It was . . . I mean, it was really bad. Now I don't let them get anywhere near me there and I'm really careful. I just do what I have to and then come back here." He scratches at the trackmarks on his hands. "I tried to give up heroin, but I couldn't. I really tried, but I just couldn't. I tried to give up — to give up doing this — and I burgled houses, but I was caught. You've got to be better than I was. And so now, you know, I'm back here. Where else is there?"

Paul drifted into prostitution on the encouragement of a friend. "When I first got into this business, I thought, 'Great! Uncomplicated sex.' It's the most complicated sex imaginable. One minute you're her lover, the next you're her husband, the next you're her priest, the next you're her schoolteacher or her father or the fucking plumber. One minute she and I will be having a nice dinner — everything will be just fine — and then suddenly she'll break down crying, or she'll turn around and out of the blue her personality will change because she's letting her barriers down."

"She is paying somebody to be there, somebody who won't ring the doorbell at nine the next morning asking if she has a place they can stay. Somebody with whom she knows exactly what's going on. Somebody who knows when to be gentle and when to be strong and who will listen to her and not put her down. She's paying good money and she needs good service. I find that in general, the crux of each meeting is the *confession*. I don't think most guys *listen* to women. They just see them as extensions of their own egos. That's why women are beginning to need people like us."

Tim's experience of his customers is a



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little different. "They don't give a shit. They just want to come in your mouth. They just want to feel big and strong and they need you to feel small and weak. Half the time these guys are loaded, and what they're into is small boys, you know, the younger the better. It's disgusting. Sure, you know, I think they're fucking pigs and I hate myself for doing it but there's just no other way to keep the heroin going. If they could tread on you, they would. They're not interested in anything except their own cocks. Who am I? They don't care. They just want, you know, their blowjob. They like the fact that it's illegal. These are guys who are running a business and who have families. And, you know, people spit on us. They think we're the problem. They think that if they sweep us off the streets the problem will go away. It's not us. It's the guys with the money. *They're* the problem. You know, a lot of them go East or to Morocco, where they can buy seven or eight-year-olds and keep them. They talk about this shit. They think it's *funny*."

Paul finds the prostitution stressful, but in a different way. "I have to shoulder the stresses in these women's lives. They need someone to lean on. Privately, I can get very angry with people when they tell me their personal problems. A lot of the time you get the feeling that they couldn't

give a damn about you, even though they do treat you nice. Also, a lot of people lie to you. They lie all the time — all the time. There's not a lot of respect. If they see you in public, it's as if you're invisible." He pauses and shrugs.

"You soon know about it, when you've gone into an area you shouldn't have. It hurts. It burns inside you. Sometimes the fantasy goes too far. I know several people, a whole lot, who have been in this business very successfully over a number of years, and they're emotionally nuked. There are a lot of suicides in this business." He looks uncomfortable for a moment, and shifts in his chair.

"The really ugly side of this business is drugs. A lot of people get into prostitution because they have habits. I'd estimate it to be 60 to 70 percent. They are weeded out so fast it's not funny. Eighty percent of the people who begin in the business are out in a fortnight. They just don't make it. Some end up on death row on the streets. A very select few actually stay at the top." Paul splay his hands out and smiles without feeling.

"You have to become a psychologist. You have to know what people are on about immediately. If someone's strange, you know generally the minute they walk in the door. You just *leave*. I've been in situations where I've been attacked, sure, and I don't even do guy-on-guy stuff."

Paul's clients run into three categories:

professional women who don't have the time to develop a personal relationship; prostitutes who want to "put back what they've given out"; and couples. Sometimes it's "fun", and other times he finds himself followed and threatened by jealous husbands, or a witness to grief which he can hardly bear to listen to.

The business of prostitution is not run by criminals in this country, as it is in the US. It is run by people in the entertainment and hospitality industries, people who have tried to make a go of top-class businesses and who have been floored by the Taxation Department. So why not screw others when you yourself have been screwed?

"These are people," says Paul, "who know what it is to work a 20-hour day. They're there before the cooks in the morning doing the orders and they're there when the last person leaves. These people get into the business because they're tired of not having any money." Paul's voice becomes angered. "It's a business, right? You go into that room, a clock is punched. You come out of that room, a clock is punched. The client coughs up, and the worker receives a paycheck. It's that simple."

As in any other business, the workers find themselves most at ease with their own kind. Relationships with "normal" people tend to disintegrate once they find out about the prostitution. Paul has been in love twice, but both relationships were ruined by his refusal to stop working.

But *is* it work? Doesn't the struggle for social status for prostitutes disguise the actual social injustice involved? What actually happens when we act as if prostitution were a profession like any other? Doesn't that simply help to perpetuate the humiliation and abuse?

Paul's reasons for being a prostitute are no longer the ones he began with. He is now the father of two young girls who are cared for by their mother and supported by him. "I'm not sure I'm ever going to tell my daughters. That's one issue I will confront when the time comes. At the ages they're at now — so young — it's just not on. I wouldn't be too bothered if they went into the business as long as they followed a few basic rules — no drugs, condoms, that kind of thing. Should I be bothered?"

It's nearing midnight at The Wall and an expensive white car draws up to Tim's bench. Tim stubs his third cigarette out under his foot and briefly glances at the man, who is staring at him, the engine purring, without blinking. The man is in his mid-50s, with a heavy black moustache and wearing a white shirt. Tim stands up and brushes the ash from his pants. "That's my man," he whispers and begins to walk towards the car.

He suddenly stops, and turns around. "Take care, won't you?" he says softly. "Take care." ○✚

TONY AND JANINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

For actress Janine Lindemulder, the fantasy to be played out seemed natural. Was there anyone who *hadn't* daydreamed of a magical encounter on a secluded South Sea beach? Certainly not she, and not Tony. This wasn't acting as either of them knew it.



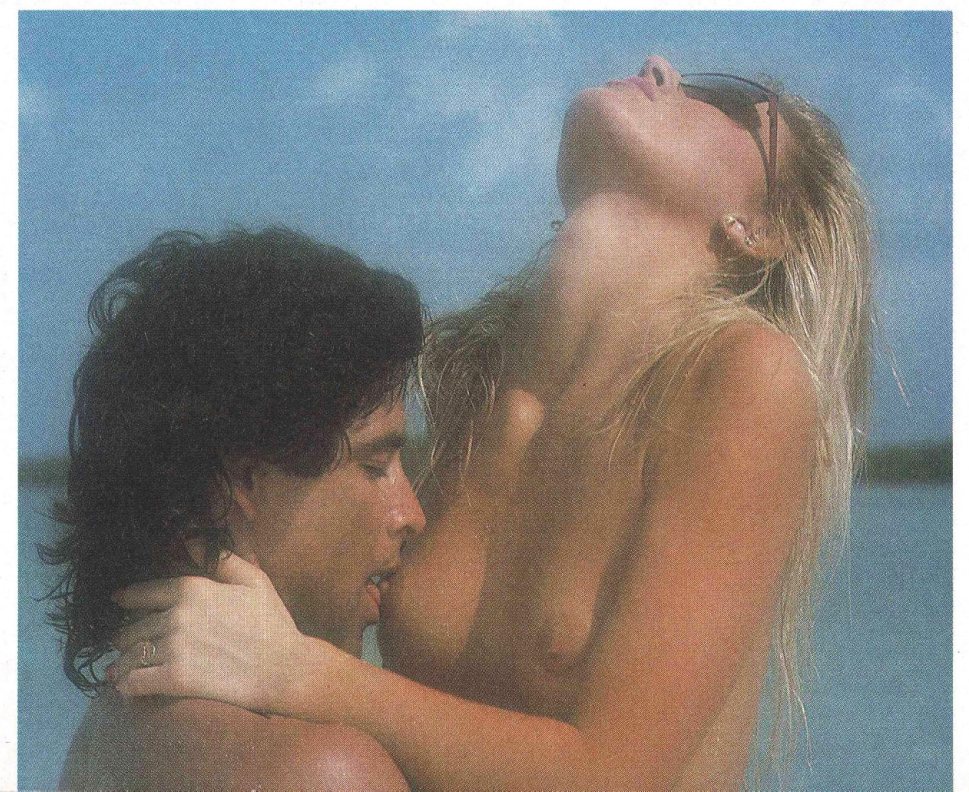
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The island was found, the cameras loaded. But there was an unforeseen beguiling here: a silent seduction of sweet breezes playing upon a crystal sea, of soft platinum-white sands, of sunlight that fell like golden sighs.



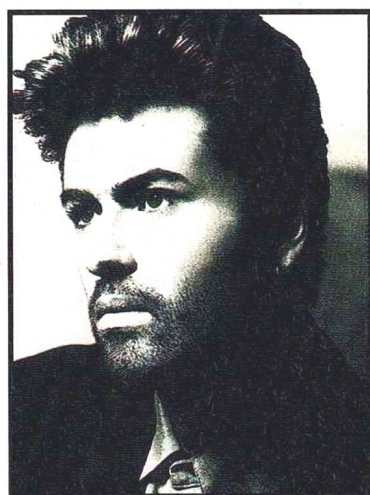


As Janine saw it, no fantasy was needed here; this was a realm of dreams, a siren place unto itself. The warm sea shadows caressed them. The camera seemed to vanish. Theirs was no longer a strangers' embrace. Janine's legs grew taut, then loosened. No, it wasn't work. It was paradise.



CHANGES OF HEART

The prospect of turning the corner into the ultimate decade of this century obviously stirred some deeper response in **George Michael** than "I want your sex." What he does want is for us to *Listen Without Prejudice* (Epic) to his change of heart. Putting on pop sack-cloth and



Clockwise from above: **George Michael** has produced a beautiful pop album; **Wendy Matthews** is all soulful grace on *Emigre*; squishy synths from **The Human League**; and **Tina Arena** makes an authoritative disco debut.



ashes (and cavernous acoustic guitars and cellos), he implores his audience to catch up with him ("Why can't you reach inside like I have?"). Just in case the inertia is too strong, he's crafted a sublimely beautiful pop album — probably can't help himself.

He now appears to be a paid-up member of Karl Wallinger's World Party both politically and in terms of musical derivatives. The flesh of many of these songs hangs on the bones of older classics. "Praying For Time" owes much to the Beatles' "Something In The Way" and "Waiting For The Day" quotes directly from "You Can't Always Get What You Want." There are enough fashionable shuffles to appease club-tuned ears but he also has some fine quieter moments.

George Michael has been publicly chided in an LA paper by Cranky Frankie (Sinatra) for renouncing performing in the pop circus. Frank claimed that George was at the height of his

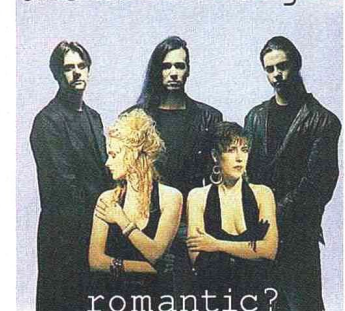
creative powers and owed it to his fans, who put him where he is, to keep singing for them. "Freedom 90" may be Michael's declaration of independence from his own pop enclave, but tracks like "Cowboys And Angels", ethereal pop at its best, prove he is getting more and more listenable as the years roll by.

Wendy Matthews is a well travelled *Emigre* (roo Art) from her native Canada. To Australia via LA and Glen Shorrock, she has flexed her vocal chords with Barnesy, the Models and most recently Absent Friends. Her solo release takes to heart the "gentle and sad" mood of the traditional Scottish tune "Long Way From Home", which she sings to synth and 40-gallon drum accompaniment. Most tracks percolate with understated groove — hints of R&B, South African jangle and smokey jazz club ("Square Moon"). She tackles the songs not with an evangelical holler fit to get feet and tambourines tapping, but with a soulful grace.

Perpetrator of a bona fide disco hit ("I Need Your Body") is the professionally effervescent **Tina Arena**. Her fully stocked debut *Strong As Steel* (Avenue/EMI) is well-crafted homegrown disco pump. The album shows she can deliver the vocal goods with more authority and "grunt factor" than the "singing" aerobic mannequin Collette.

Old hands at disco fodder, **The Human League**, are back in a *Romantic?* (Virgin) mood. Still sporting their squishy synths and Phillip Oakey's cheerless

the human league



monotone, they bring to mind the old adage: "I don't know much about music, but I know what people used to like."

One apparent hook to **Living**

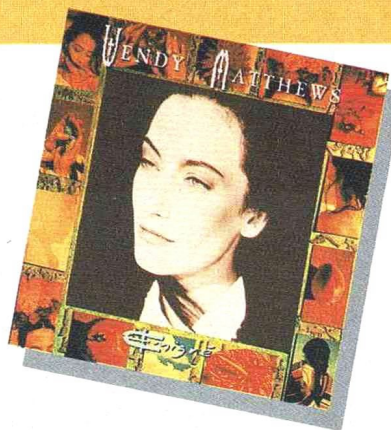
Colour at their "Vivid" release two years ago was that these black Americans had done a devastatingly successful raid on the "white" territory of thrash metal — albeit with a funky edge. While most heavy metallurgists trade in the (sometimes) loosely-veiled misogyny of Spinal Tap's "Smell The Glove" (life mirrors art once more), **Living Colour** espouse a more humane sensibility. On their latest *Times Up* (Epic) they also create a more lively, crunchier groove. "We are the children of concrete and steel," they sing, and there's enough musical piledriving here to lay the foundations of several city blocks.

Adelaide's **Primitive Painters** work very much from the palette of gangly inner-city rock as they launch themselves on to the *Sea Of Art* (Greasy/Festival). The lads seem generally bummed out by the urban experience ("A world of stone . . . let me grow!") and unnecessary recreational chemicals ("Well shooting this poison is going down and this stinking ship has run aground"). Musically, if not lyrically, they touch on the rough-hewn fun that those garage maestros, the B52s, elevated to time-capsule status.

The sumptuous promotional package belies the simple down-home feel of much of the **Slow Club's** *World Of Wonders* (Virgin). Pastoral fiddle and guitars follow in the footsteps of the Goanna Band and Colin Hay, perched resolutely on "The Great Divide" where "dreams fall out of the blue."

Bob Dylan has penned some truly classic songs in the last 30 years. None of them can be found *Under The Red Sky* (CBS) unless "Wiggle Wiggle Wiggle . . . 'til you vomit fire" holds some hidden majesty. Despite the all-star cast (David Crosby, George Harrison, Elton John, etc) methinks the bard's pencil was blunt this time.

— **Jeremy Cook** ○ +



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MIXED BAG

In *Postcards From The Edge*, based on actress Carrie Fisher's wacky book, Meryl Streep is the spoiled actress-singer-daughter, Shirley MacLaine is the overweening stage mother, and the crisis is drugs. Imagine *Terms Of Endearment* crossed with *Clean And Sober*. Directed by Mike Nichols, the script (also by Fisher) is acidly funny at times and creaky with trite sentiment at others, but the blunders are saved by the cast-



Clockwise from above: Dirk Bogarde and Jane Birkin star in the French film *Daddy Nostalgie*; The Mark 13 picks a victim in *Hardware*; Stacey Travis plays the girlfriend in *Hardware*; and Dennis Quaid and Meryl Streep give smooth performances in *Postcards from the Edge*.



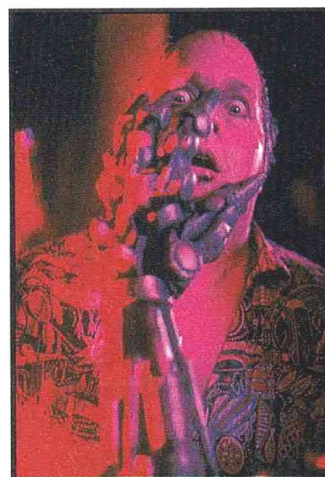
ing. Streep's timing is flawless, creating the perfect sardonic petulance, and her singing shows an appealing range from vulnerability to sass. MacLaine's no-nonsense self-absorption is winningly on the mark, Dennis Quaid is the smoothest of cads, and Gene Hackman — as the paternalistic director — is every girl's wish for a daddy. ***

In *The Icicle Thief*, actor/director Maurizio Nichetti plays a young film-maker in the Woody Allen mould — bespectacled and bungling — who's promoting his "art" telefilm on poverty in Italy, a wondrously impish take-off of Vittorio de Sica's *The Bicycle Thief* that nabs neorealism down to the sweaty underwear. In spite of Nichetti's earnest persuasions, tube watchers prefer the commercials. *The Icicle Thief* is the best sort of zaniness, ingenious and smart, where cinema pokes fun at itself. ***½ — Marcia Pally

In *Hardware*, Mark 13 is the ultimate soldier, a hi-tech fusion of spider and samurai warrior, designed to tip the balance on the battlefields of the next American civil war. It moves faster and more quietly than a thought; its hypodermic fangs drip with a mind-warping toxin worse than nerve gas. When a government test goes wrong one of the Mark 13 prototypes is seriously damaged and its components find their way into the hands of scrap metal dealers who make their living from the war. Ultimately they become the property of one Moses Baxter (Dylan McDermott), a hustler, black marketeer and sometime soldier of fortune. Moses, sick with radiation poisoning, is heading for home, crossing a landscape laid waste



by war, famine and environmental collapse, to see his girlfriend Jill (Stacey Travis) one last time. The Mark 13 travels with him, biding its time before reawakening. Directed by Richard Stanley and also starring John Lynch and John Lydon, this is what you might call a cyberpunk splatter flick. **



The saccharine-titled sequel to *Three Men And A Baby* — *Three Men And A Little Lady* — finds baby Mary now grown into a five-year-old. She's been living with that wacky trio of yuppie dads until her mother Sylvia decides to return from London. Faced with the prospect of losing their family, the three men frantically search for a way to keep their makeshift home intact. Now, would you go and see a movie with a storyline like that? *

Scenes From A Mall is a story of marriage and infidelity, wherein director Paul Mazursky explores the fears, jealousies and double standards of a married couple on the day of their 15th wedding anniversary. Stars Bette Midler and Woody Allen. Very neurotic stuff. **

Daddy Nostalgie, a semi-autobiographical film from celebrated French director Bertrand Tavernier, sees the comeback of Dirk Bogarde, a superb actor who hasn't been seen on the big screen since 1978. He plays opposite actress Jane Birkin, around whose character the film is centred. It concerns her quest for the love of her parents during a turbulent period of their lives. *** ○ —

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hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

SPORTSFISHING
THAILAND

Suggesting to Australians that they may want to go somewhere else for deep-sea fishing is a little like telling the Pope to check out the ceiling murals at a local disco. Australia is, of course, the destination most dreamed about by trophy hunters and fishing tourists alike, and the phantasmagoria of fish off the Great Barrier Reef is one of the great wonders of the fisherman's world.

But there is a second best, and it is within easy striking distance of Australian sport fishermen who want novelty, the flair of the unfamiliar, or the honor of boasting about being the first to discover it.

Thailand's Andaman Sea is



not exactly undiscovered, but it is only within the last few years that fishing charters there have reached the level of sophistication that the trophy hunter requires.

The Andaman Sea pools to the west of the Malay Peninsula, cut off from the Bay of Bengal by the sentry line of the Andaman Islands. To the north, there is Myanmar (Burma) and its capital Rangoon, but the whole country is so xenophobic that tourism is a daunting prospect. Likewise Malaysia itself. But Thailand — which sweeps down to take over the peninsula from Burma at Chumphon, before giving it up to Malaysia at Satun — Thailand is the country of the welcome, the country of the smile.

Much of the time that smile is on a woman's face. The most famous reason for going to Thailand, of course, is for what the Japanese call the "boom-boom" tour: the sex tour. If you fly into Thailand at Bangkok, you will have plenty of chances to taste the salubrious pleasures of Thai women, either in the capital's Patpong Road or Cowboy District, or further south, in the boomingly decadent resort community of Pattaya.

But keep your eyes on the prize. The Andaman Sea is reached from the west coast of Thailand, and the centre of the west coast is Phuket. In the midst of an almost dizzying rush of development, Phuket is nonetheless the gateway to much of what Southern Thailand has to offer. If you missed it in the north, there is even a chance to go boom-boom on the garish strip of go-go bars near Patpong Beach. The beaches — the Thai call them chaihats or haats — are still exquisite, despite the hordes of people who will tell

you that they have been ruined by overdevelopment.

Phuket is an island (Thailand's largest) and a town, and the sport fishing charters depart out of Chalong Bay, south of the city. From the airport, you can take a taxi or a less expensive tuk-tuk into town, to stay at the mid-range Pearl Hotel, with its rooftop restaurant and full-sized swimming pool, or the Merlin, likewise graced with a pool. On the beach you can try bungalow living at Club Andaman or Patpong Beach Bungalows.

I chartered a 50-foot fishing yacht out of Chalong Bay for around \$A650 per day, and it was well-rigged and serviceable. I brought along a heavy-duty Penn International reel and a lighter Shimano, but I needn't have bothered, since the

"The Andaman Sea sailfish offer superb action, with stupefying clear-air jumps and churning pirouettes."

charter captain offered everything I required. An old-hand trophy hunter of the order of Zane Gray or Lee Marvin might find conditions at Phuket a little on the primitive side, but they would consider the lure of the sport fishing irresistible.

In fact, I saw several tan-blackened trophy hunters hauling up their catches to be photographed on the wharf of Chalong Bay. The season runs from September to February to avoid the monsoons, but on one recent visit I had good luck in late August. We set out from

Chalong Bay and trolled for wahoo, skipjack and the larger trophies: marlin and sailfish.

The sailfish is the Andaman's main claim to fame, and it is superb action, with stupefying clear-air leaps and churning pirouettes. My wife snagged a beautiful 48kg trophy, and while I battled a black marlin to death, the sailfish eluded me. All the better to whet my appetite for the return bout.

My most dramatic foray out of Chalong was at night, up the peninsula to the waters of Burma, casting out chum in pursuit of the Great White Shark. Again, Australians are no strangers to shark fishing, and I can only offer the chilling sight of what seemed like a hundred spotlight sharks, roiling and thrashing after our chum, to indicate the level of the action in the Andaman.

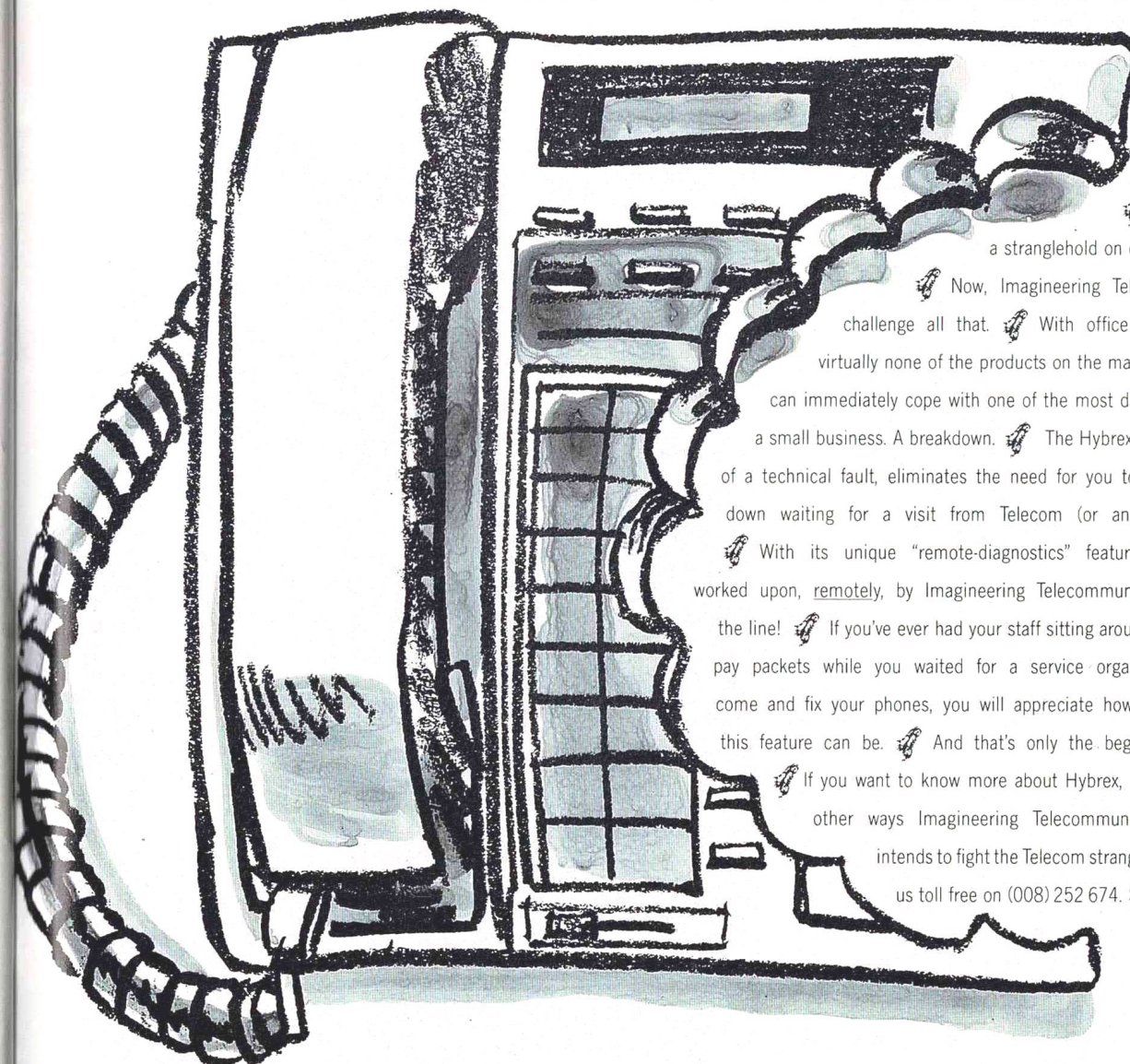
Like all great seaside communities, Phuket excels in seafood, and since the cooks are Thai cooks, the spiciness is ferocious and delicious. The finest meal I had was in the middle of the Andaman Sea, of grilled skipjack fresh out of the water, but the second and third and fourth best were in the restaurants of Patpong and Phuket. Right on the pier at Chalong is Kan Aeng, a great seafood restaurant that is very cheap.

The development pressure on Phuket is intense, and I wonder how much longer it will deserve its reputation as a pristine paradise. It is fast on the way to becoming an international resort, but so far seems to be avoiding the pitfall of chaotic Thai overbuilding that Pattaya suffers from. And the development of a charter boat service industry out of Chalong Bay is all to the good. It can only open up the Andaman Sea for more trophy hunters. 



Photo courtesy APL

We want to break Telecom's stranglehold so bad, we can almost taste it.

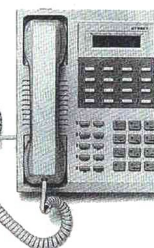


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If you're looking for something to fiddle with at boring boardroom meetings, this is it. The Game Boy pocket video games machine is about the size of a Walkman. It's a powerful unit for its size, with interchangeable games cartridges, stereo sound, high-resolution LCD screen and video link. Extras include game packs such as Solar Striker (in which you command a spaceship engaged in ferocious combat). Also available is carrying case with earphones and video link cable. A rechargeable battery pack or four AA batteries keeps it running. Released by Mattel Toys Australia, the Game Boy costs around \$170 and is available from selected toy and department stores.

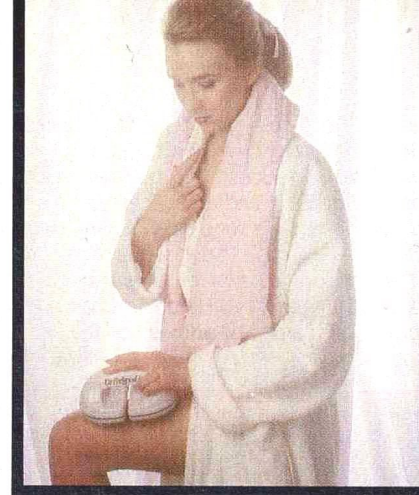


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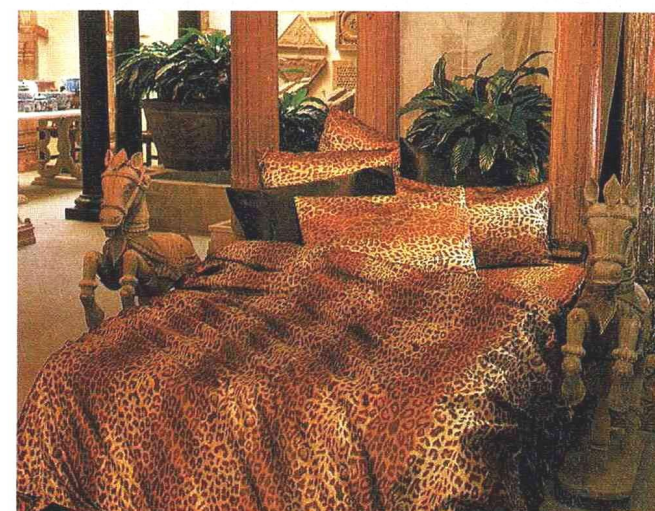
FEELGOOD

Designed and manufactured in Europe, the Dr Feelgood Celly Massage is a powerful modular hand-held unit designed to relieve stress and tension in the back, shoulders and lower neck. It's also great for relaxing tired arm and leg muscles. The Celly offers three function settings and comes with a use and care book which incorporates practical guidelines on massage. From Black & Decker, the Celly Massage retails for \$89.

Putting 'em on their faces — top surfers Damien Hardman, Nicky Wood and Gary Green show off the latest in surfing sunnies from Rip Curl. The range includes wrap-around Rip Raps for added protection on the water, and Rip Crystals with clear or fluoro frames and matching lenses. All the sunglasses have light nylon frames, shatterproof lenses and give 100 percent UV protection; they come complete with 12-month warranty, Rip Curl pouch and rubber securing cord. They retail from \$69.95 and are available from surf, ski, sports and OPSM shops.



RIPPER SHADES

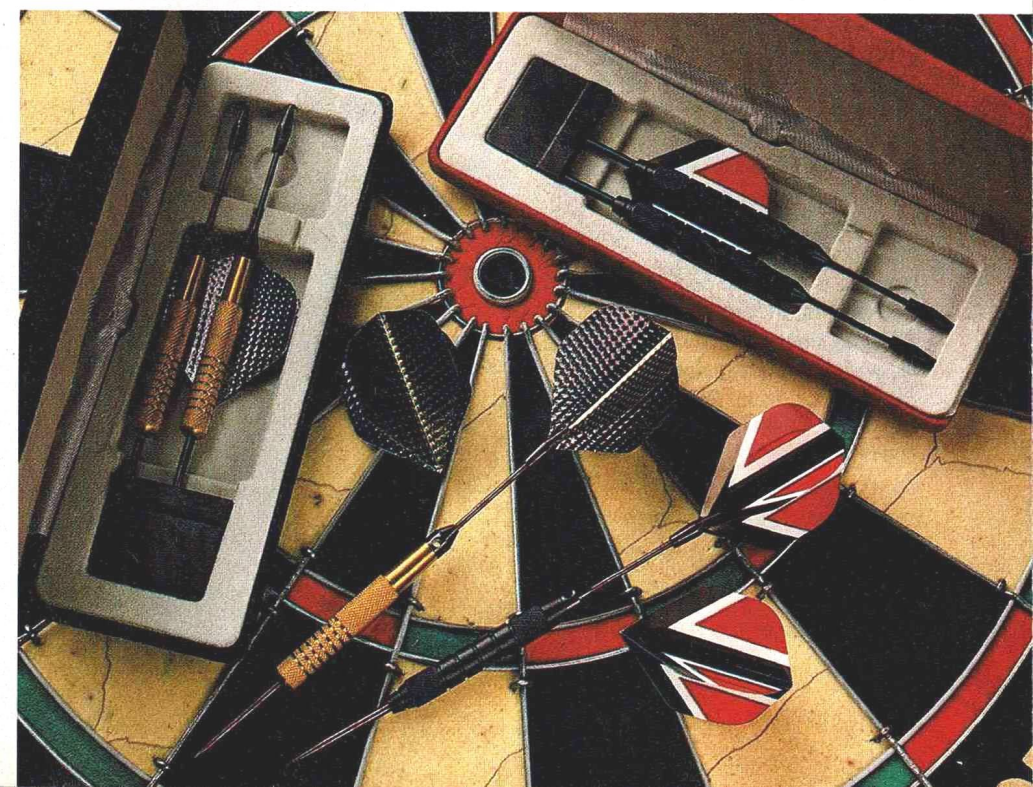


bedroom animal

Here's something wild for the predatory male this summer: exotic leopard-print satin sheets from Satin Affairs. Their new Kenya Print range will add decadence and splendor to your den, and with luck, bring out the adventurous side of your intended quarry. If she isn't laughing herself silly. They're available from selected department stores Australia-wide, or phone (02) 968-1866.

Bullseye

Strike a bullseye for style with these top-of-the-range alloy darts from P.E.N. The Black Hawks are cobalt tungsten, while the New York range is gold titanium tungsten. Both types cost \$80 a set and are available in 22gms, 24gms and 26gms with detachable wire shafts and flights. CDS Darts Supplies, importers of P.E.N. products, has a huge range of darts, boards and accessories. Phone (02) 623-3248.



LOOSE ENDS



FOREPLAY

Here's a board game that — if you dare to play it — will lead you down avenues of erotic delight. Called Foreplay, it's designed for lovers and if your sex life is a tad jaded, it will give it a boost in the right direction. The Perth couple who invented it have been married for 15 years, so they should know. The game centres around two sets of cards: one encourages discussion ("What does sex mean to you?") while the other encourages action ("Slowly undress each other while blindfolded"). An evening playing this could turn into a thousand and one nights of delight. Foreplay costs \$50 and is available from major retailers or from GPO Box 279, Perth, WA 6001.

BOILING POINT



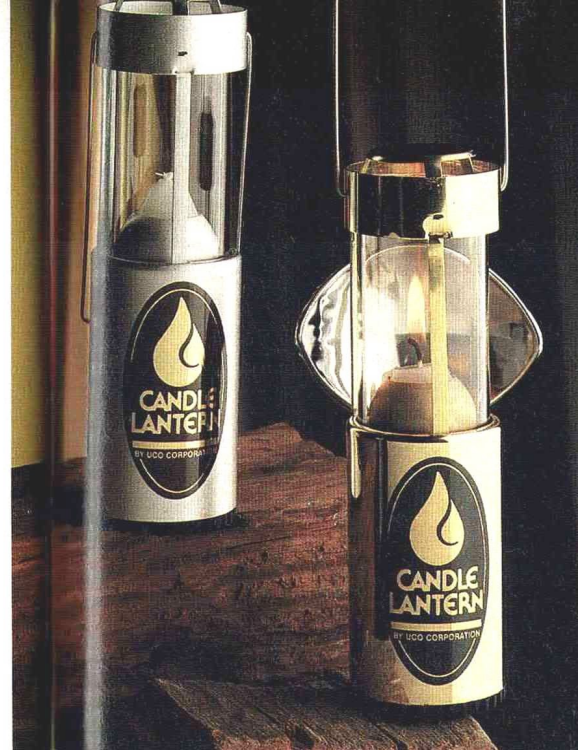
This bizarre example of contemporary European design is in fact a kettle,

conjured up by Frenchman Philippe Starck, the artist whose every work sends aesthetes and collectors of late 20th Century design into paroxysms. One of the latest homeware offerings from the celebrated house of Alessi, the kettle is of aluminium casting colored by a grey silicon resin, with a polyamide handle and spout. Like all Starck designs and Alessi products, the kettle is perfectly functional, although many fans of these streamlined items may prefer to display them as contemporary sculpture. The kettle and other Alessi pieces are widely available across Australia. For stockists phone G. & C. Ventura on (02) 555 7277.

Feeling heroic? *Penthouse* has ten travel packs of Prince Matchabelli's spicy new men's fragrance, Hero, to give away. The kit includes travel bag with cologne, shaving foam, aftershave and anti-perspirant. Also included is a Hero T-shirt. It's wine-colored, long-sleeved and pure cotton. All you have to do to acquire a gift pack is write to *Penthouse* — the first ten letters received will get the goodies. Address it to Hero Gift Pack and remember to put your name and address on the back of the envelope.



Hero Giveaway



The Candle Lantern is designed for safe use in a tent, but is suitable for lots of other applications, such as aboard boats or simply as nice outside night-lighting. The upper body, including the glass cylinder, pushes down into the

Candle Power

lower body for compact storage. The candle itself has a nine-hour life, and a little reflector dish is available as an extra accessory. The alloy unit is light-weight and costs \$37, while the more romantic brass unit is heavier and more expensive at \$54. Replacement candles cost \$4.55 for a pack of three. Available from Paddy Pallin stores.

SUMMER SHELTER

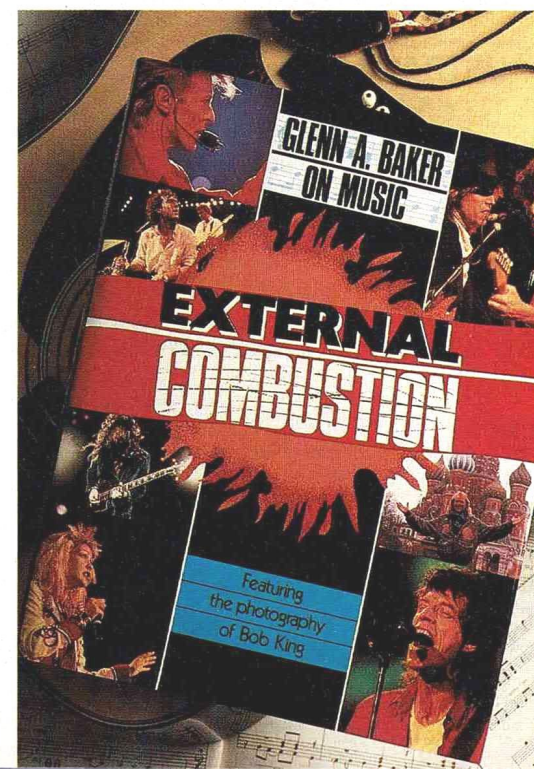


The Meteor Light is a state-of-the-art two-person tent which weighs 2.6kgs and is a cinch to pitch. Gone are the days of hunting vainly for the missing section of your tent pole (or of needing a mule to lug the tent to your chosen campsite). The fold-up alloy supports click together and slip into sleeves on the tent. A see-through panel allows you to gaze at the stars while protected from mosquitoes and bugs, and also facilitates good ventilation. If the weather threatens, the fly sheet can be thrown over the top to keep you dry. Made by Sierra Designs, the tent costs \$399 and is available from Paddy Pallin stores.

fire

"External Combustion" is a well-illustrated anthology of work by Aussie music journalist Glenn A. Baker, who has entertained *Penthouse* readers with his observations for more than a decade. Baker's book includes many interviews with music greats (and some also-rans), both international and local. I mean, whoever would have thought that the one-time manager of the Ramrods would become the World's Greatest Treasurer? The book is available through all branches of Grahame bookshops.

and rain



SOUTHERN STYLE

George Dickel started making whisky in the town of Tullahoma, Tennessee, in the 1860s. Using sweet water, rye, Indian corn and barley to distil his brew, he then developed a mellowing process which gave the whisky a smooth, dry, mellow palate. Today George Dickel Tennessee Whisky is still hand-made to the same recipe. For the first time, it has become available in Australia in limited quantities, and you can find it at the better liquor stores. Happy sippin', y'all.





Pet Of The Month Lucinda Foster

A QUICK PEEK AT MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Prime Time Crime — It's the biggest growth area in the American media. Real-life crime documentaries like *America's Most Wanted* are huge ratings winners. But are they getting out of hand? March *Australian Penthouse* investigates the exploitation of crime and its victims by ruthless TV networks.

Private And Confidential — In an age obsessed with privacy issues, from direct mailing lists to electronic surveillance, legal loopholes still allow the average Australian to be the victim of outrageous invasions of privacy. Next month's *Penthouse* exposes some of the astonishing liberties available to Australian investigative agencies.

Strange Behavior — Sexual fetishes range from the horrifying to the ridiculous. March *Australian Penthouse* illuminates the boundaries of unusual sexual behavior in which one man's pain is another man's pleasure. If you thought stealing ladies' underwear was a little strange, then you ain't read nothing yet.

Pet Of The Month — March Pet Of The Month Lucinda Foster didn't think twice about posing for next month's issue. You'll see why she's so confident about her assets in March *Australian Penthouse*. Don't miss it.

THE INDY CAR INVASION

Continued from page 57

black. Many questions can't be answered until March. The volatile nature of the sport and Australian politics means the picture has been changing almost daily since the controversy erupted in the middle of 1990. And anything may have happened since the writing of this story. In the end, rhetoric will count for nothing.

The show itself, which CART presents as being very fan-friendly, takes a back seat to no other form of open-wheeler racing. And the people are warm. When visiting an Indy car championship race in Vancouver, Canada, last year, your correspondent was killed with kindness and co-operation. "Let me know if we can help you — this is not warfare, this is sport," said a smiling PR man, adding, "You're not in feudal Europe." Certainly, the atmosphere is different at an Indy car race. Smiling isn't a federal offence. Introspection isn't obligatory. Drivers are way more accessible than the cosseted heroes of Formula One. And the racing sizzles.

While CART insists it is not in direct competition with Formula One, it likes to suggest that its champion is a multi-purpose driver who can successfully handle street circuits, short ovals and superspeedways. "Our drivers and cars have to be changeable and adaptable," said Porsche team boss Derrick Walker.

The 2.6-litre turbocharged V8-powered Indy machines are bigger and heavier (700kgs) than the Formula One cars, and a little more powerful. They're also clumsier than the precision grand prix instruments, which means they're not so predictable. The big differences, though, between Formula One and Indy cars are the pit stops and the yellow flag caution laps which bunch up the field. The Indy cars carry 180 litres of methanol fuel but have to make a couple of stops each race for replenishment, sending their pit crews into a frenzy of activity.

The global donnybrook hasn't dampened the enthusiasm for the Down Under tour. The Indy car fraternity is looking forward to strutting its stuff under the Aussie sun. Al Unser Jr, the 1990 Indy car champ, says the 4.5km street circuit at Surfers looks fast and challenging. "Street circuits show up the cars and drivers best," he adds.

It remains to be seen if Main Beach Parade, Surfers Paradise, becomes as famous in international motor sport as the Australian Grand Prix circuit's Dequetteville Terrace, or Monaco's Casino Square.

To be determined, too, is whether, in the year 2016, Queensland will be celebrating the 25th anniversary of the Gold Coast Indy Car Grand Prix — a round of the world series, starring Al Unser III and Christian Fittipaldi. 



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music
lovers



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these receivers offer full system remote control. Both models boast motorised volume control, video inputs, digital preset of your favourite AM and FM stations and Extended Bass Boost (EBB) that improves tonal range with added low frequency impact for sound of true integrity. Treat your ears to perfection at your nearest Marantz dealer.

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